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THE BLACK LEGEND

BY IVY LEE

I

ELEVEN years ago, the United States of America came out of its remote isolation — in European eyes — to loom upon the horizon as the hope of the world.

In 1917, Europe saw us suddenly, dramatically, in a time of extraordinary emotional tension, as the heaven-sent deliverer, heroic in stature, ardent, young, dauntless, irresistible, and, above all, splendidly just. We brought hope to peoples who had almost ceased to hope. The generosity of the American people touched the imagination of the whole world and aroused an unparalleled feeling of good will toward us everywhere.

That emotion — heightened by the arrival of our troops in France — came to its climax when Woodrow Wilson appeared in person in Europe to meet everywhere demonstrations of passionate and popular fervor such as have not been equaled in our time. The peoples of Europe counted upon us, as the clear-eyed and confident architects of a New World, to help them replace the European system with something nearer their hearts' desire. To-day these hopes and expectations are replaced by a complex of suspicion, misunderstanding, and fear.

Europe clearly does not see America as America sees herself.

It was inevitable that reaction should set in when peace came. Europe, facing the realities of the aftermath, began to count the cost of war. And, in her eyes, we failed her.

1. The enemy countries had counted upon us to effect a magnanimous peace in the spirit of President Wilson's fourteen points. They consider that we failed them in that.

2. The Allied Powers, so they say, sacrificed their better judgment and some of their plain interests to sign a Peace Treaty largely designed by President Wilson, because they wished to respect what they believed to be the wishes of the United States. Having accepted what they considered in substance an 'American Treaty,' the people of the Allied countries were amazed and disheartened to learn, later, that the United States declined to honor it.

The Senatorial prerogative of vetoing or ratifying a treaty, — of which the European people have heard so much *since* the war, — however real to us, is in European eyes only a pretext. This suggestion occurs again and again, sometimes explicitly, but more frequently by implication in the use of such words as 'betrayal' and

'dodging' as descriptive of our failure to ratify.

3. As with the Treaty, so with the League of Nations. The idea of the League of Nations was conceived in the United States. Most of the practical politicians of Europe were in 1919 frankly skeptical of it. At the best, they argued, it could not be workable until at least ten years after the Treaty was signed. But President Wilson wove the League into the fabric of the Treaty. The Europeans gave way, in deference to American wishes and against their own desires. European statesmen accepted the League, not as a plan by which Europe was to work out her salvation by herself, but as a coöperative world scheme in which the United States would have an integral part. It was not intended to be merely a League of European Nations, nor yet a League of Nations exclusive of the United States. The United States was an essential, an indispensable, element in the structure. Yet to-day, ten years after the signing of the Peace Treaty, the United States is still outside the League.

The situation was put pointedly enough by so cultivated and well-disposed an observer as the Bishop of Aberdeen. 'The Americans are a strange people,' the Bishop told his countrymen, through the columns of a great London newspaper, on his return from a visit to our shores. 'They invented the Treaty of Versailles and refused to sign it. They invented the League of Nations and refused to join it. They invented the cocktail and refused to drink it.'

4. And so with regard to our failure to ratify the specific treaty, signed by President Wilson, Mr. Lansing, M. Clemenceau, and M. Pichon, whereby the United States, recognizing that 'adequate security and protection to France' might not be provided by the

Peace Treaty, agreed 'to come immediately' to the assistance of France 'in the event of any unprovoked movement of aggression' by Germany. That agreement was arrived at on the same day that a similar undertaking was made by Great Britain — subject to the treaty with us being ratified. By our failure to ratify, it is contended, we threw the whole of Europe back into its ancient and vicious system of alliances. As Clemenceau said publicly on his visit to the United States, 'But for that undertaking by you, I would have demanded the Rhine!'

5. In European eyes, again, we are responsible, through our unwillingness to cancel the war debts, for the financial and industrial disasters which, after the war, came upon great parts of Europe. From the position of 'defaulter,' in the sense that we failed to implement the fourteen points, ratify the treaties, and join the League, we are lampooned as 'Uncle Shylock,' rapacious and heartless taxgatherer, concerned with the rest of the world merely for the purpose of exacting all he can get out of it in payment of war debts. The fluctuations of the franc in France, the heavy increase of the income tax in England, the burden of reparations in Germany, have all been ascribed — at least in part — to the exactions of 'Uncle Shylock.' We are said to be the one participant nation which 'made money out of the war,' and that not alone because we lent money, but also on the ground that we profited unconscionably in supplying munitions and other war materials, and, as a result of our profiteering, achieved our much-trumpeted prosperity. A very conservative Englishman and friend of America stated not long ago that he had only just been convinced that all American foreign policy was not controlled by a debt-collecting mania.

II

The transition to the next stage in the growth of the Black Legend — America an active menace to the rest of the world — followed almost inevitably.

First, we are Americanizing the world. Our material products, our ways of life, and our ideas are ousting others by more or less peaceful penetration. The menace is looked upon as perhaps unconscious on our part, but none the less profound. American goods, the foreigner contends, spread American habits and ideas. American films, complains a British publicist, have caused an appreciable demand for American manufactures; must we, asks a German, surrender our methods of production, our slow-going thoroughness, to compete with American efficiency? M. Tardieu indicates that France will have to give up her preoccupation with politics and pass into the American field — of economics — before she can treat with us. Mr. G. K. Chesterton notes the decay of the English inn and longs for the day when someone will throw a stone through the plate glass of an American-type palace hotel. The activities of Mayor Thompson of Chicago suggest to Englishmen that not only the future, but history, must be forced to bow to the dominant idea of America. One cannot walk a mile in any European capital without a hundred opportunities to buy an American cigarette; the cocktail, theoretically driven out from its native land, supersedes the *apéritif*; plays and novels are written in every country with both eyes on eventual sales in America — and if they are not, this excuse is given for whatever is cheap or tawdry in them.

With American habits of living come American habits of mind, to threaten traditional culture in Europe just as

the Kultur of Prussianism threatened European life before 1914. Expressions of this dread are voiced not only in Europe, but in other parts of the world, where men cherish the spiritual heritage which has come down to them from ancient days. In Japan to-day the popular cry is, 'Back to the old!' A Belgian paper declares that Europe faces a more dangerous barbarity from the United States than from the East; from South Africa comes the remark that America is 'exerting an influence upon other nations which grows more marked. The whole of the English-speaking world is feeling the effect — an effect upon its culture and therefore upon its very existence. This is the real American danger.'

A correspondent of the *London Times*, in what in substance is a conciliatory article, remarks: 'When we say "Americanism," we mean a point of view about life that is new and alien to us.' Mr. Bernard Shaw instructs his secretary to write that 'an asylum for the sane would be empty in America.' Karel Čapek, the author of *R.U.R.*, denouncing what he conceives to be American conceptions, tells us that the watchword 'Success,' as exported from America, 'begins to demoralize Europe.' The *Kölnische Zeitung* summarizes the general fear by asking: 'To whom does the future belong? To the new mechanized civilization of America or to the old culture — which opposes the conquest of spiritual things to that of material things?'

Against the American language, against high buildings, mass production, standardization, materialism, hustle, self-assertiveness, vulgar wealth, mob-mindedness, electric signs, big headlines, ubiquitous advertising, the deification of self, of big business, and the machine — against everything, in short, which is or is supposed to be typical of America and Americans, a

not negligible part of the foreign world protests with considerable fervor and unfeigned alarm.

Americanization was heard of before the war, but not so loudly then, because we did not bulk so large in the eyes of the world, nor had our economic power grown to its present gigantic strength or made its presence felt so widely. The present-day fear has a new incidence. It is based not so much upon the voluntary adoption of American methods, the contagion of American ideas, or the growth of American export trade, or even upon the unfair assistance which the war debts are said to give America in competition. It is based to a much greater degree upon the unparalleled increase in our power as a creditor nation — for, leaving aside the war debts, our post-war investments extend to every part of the world. It is the effect of these post-war investments — precisely because they are infinitely greater than the war debts and go so much deeper — that gives the world anxiety.

At the beginning of 1927, the political or war debts to the United States were divided into two classes: those already funded, amounting to seven and a half billion dollars; the unfunded, amounting to three and a half billion — a total of eleven billions. At the end of the same year the nonpolitical investments of Americans abroad (not in Europe exclusively) amounted to fourteen and a half billion dollars. In the year 1927, two billion dollars were loaned either publicly or privately, or by purchase of foreign internal securities or properties abroad.

To understand the magnitude of these figures it is necessary only to make a single comparison. The financial centre of the world was established in London at the end of the Napoleonic Wars; Great Britain became the great creditor nation. A century later the

foreign investments of Great Britain amounted to twenty billion dollars; whereas at the end of a *decade* of American lending the sum is twenty-five billions, and to this may be added the five billions which America owed in 1914 but which have now been paid — making a total change from one side of the ledger to the other of thirty billion dollars. As Dr. Max Winkler says: 'We lend money to public utility, railroad, and industrial enterprises in Canada. We finance machinery companies in Germany and Japan; steel companies in Germany and Luxemburg, Bulgaria and Rumania; plantation companies in the Dutch East Indies; oil companies in Australia and the Dutch East Indies; banks and financial institutions in Austria and Germany, Holland and Hungary, Colombia and Australia; hydroelectric companies in Germany and Italy, Norway and Japan; railways in Belgium and Argentina, Chile and Colombia; department stores in Germany and Great Britain; street railways in Germany; rubber and oil concerns in Bolivia; rubber and mining companies in Brazil; textile companies in Germany; automobile companies in France and Italy. We acquire telephone concerns in Austria and Brazil, Chile and Uruguay. We buy public utilities in Brazil; land in Panama and Guatemala. We secure oil concessions in Colombia and Venezuela and rubber concessions in Brazil. We buy real estate in Cuba. We finance steamship companies in Great Britain and France, Germany and Italy; sugar companies in Mexico; and even lend money to banks in Iceland.'

The history of economic penetration as practised by the great European nations gives reason to believe that economic penetration is almost always followed by political domination. The logic of events, more than determined

policy, has usually brought marines and warships to follow traders and missionaries. So that when our official spokesmen talk of America's 'moral obligations' in places like Nicaragua, the foreigner retorts that there is n't a pin to choose between that phrase and the older, franker term — imperialism. The less instructed Europeans concentrate on the war debts because they have there a sentimental argument. Wiser people abroad, in Europe and elsewhere, know that even if those debts were suddenly to vanish the world would still have to face the supervening fact of the immense financial power of the United States, its enormous industrial strength, its commercial aggressiveness. That fact underlies, much more than war debts, the movements of foreign diplomacy and the utterances of its publicists. So the menace grows. Americanization as an influence, probably unconscious and undesigned on our part, in peaceful penetration, now becomes 'American Imperialism' threatening the peace of the world, with a sinister and concerted plan, the conscious authors of which are variously represented to be our politicians, our Wall Street magnates, or our industrialists — or all three in unholy alliance. And their purpose is said to be — domination. In so many foreign eyes, these factors in America constitute a homogeneous entity, as compact and concentrated in purpose as was Kaiserism before the war.

Thus, as often as it is suggested in Congress that the United States ought not to assist Europe financially, either by remitting debts or by allowing new loans to be floated, because Europe will only spend the money on armaments, just so often Europeans reply that America is trying to use its money as a lever by which Europe will be forced into virtual subordination to American

desires. Europeans felt that American pressure on Belgium was exerted to compel a reduction of defensive forces as one of the conditions of a loan. In 1926 and 1927 it was freely rumored that American bankers were trying to lay hands on French railroads and German shipping, beginning that economic penetration which, in small countries, leads to supervision of taxes, customs, and budgets. Czechoslovakia to-day frowns on loans from America lest they constitute financial colonization. English financial experts protest that Threadneedle Street has become a back alley of Wall Street, and a writer who takes the Anglo-American situation humorously suggests that England surrender its sovereignty to America — thereby compelling Americans to pay part of the British income tax — and then, 'since we have the better brains,' take control of the new Anglo-American Empire.

III

It is an odd fact that the three countries in which the United States is most popular to-day are those — Germany, Russia, and Japan — which have the least ground, by reason of our recent acts in relation to them, to like us. We were an enemy of Germany during the war, and the war fever cooled but slowly; we scorn to have any relations with Russia, yet even Stalin himself writes, 'The union of Russian revolutionary inspiration with the American practical spirit — this is the essence of practical Leninism.' By our immigration law, we cast a slur upon the Japanese people. Yet in all these countries there is much popular good will for us.

The Germans remember with gratitude the help we gave them in their great effort at reconstruction. The Russians turn to us eagerly for technical and financial coöperation in building

up their industries and developing their vast resources. They have little fear of imperialism from America, although they fear it acutely from Great Britain. One prominent Russian leader expressed a general feeling when he said: 'The United States is the only great country in the world whose interests do not impinge upon those of Russia at any point. I believe, and our people have always believed, in America and have always had a traditional friendship for the American people. The ambassador from no other country would be or could be listened to at Moscow with the same friendliness, consideration, and influence as an ambassador from the United States of America.' The Japanese, who had been told constantly by their Junker Party that the United States was waiting for an opportunity to crush them, became extremely apprehensive when that opportunity seemed to present itself at the time of the disaster in Japan in 1923. When, instead of stepping in to exploit the calamity, we sent money and other tangible proofs of our sympathy and genuine desire to help, the great masses of the Japanese responded with gratitude and good will, which still animate them in their attitude to us. The Junker Party, which had been preaching enmity toward us based on the insult of our immigration exclusion, was exposed and nonplused.

There is plenty of good will for America, too, in the Balkans and in Central Europe. Czechoslovakia is extremely cordial. So is Poland. In Bulgaria, Hungary, and Austria, while the feeling persists that America failed to carry out President Wilson's fourteen points, we are liked, and one meets with frequent expressions of gratitude to the United States for the help it gave in feeding the starving peoples and rehabilitating those countries after the war.

Even in France, where criticism of America is so pointed with Gallic wit and irony, there is little aversion to us on any deep, metaphysical, or even imperialistic grounds. The French, at heart, are not afraid that their culture, their conceptions of life, or their institutions are imperiled by the 'American menace.' They are a practical people and their concern is much more with their pocketbook. France's attitude is influenced primarily by the debt question. If any signs were forthcoming that the United States was prepared to wipe off the debt due from France, French criticism of us would be transformed into an outburst of eloquent and vociferous good will.

It is in England that the distrust of America goes deepest, that dislike of Americanization is most intense, and that the challenge of American domination comes to a head. 'There is daily proof of increasing misunderstanding between England and America . . . enmity grows apace,' Mr. Andrew Soutar, the novelist, testified recently. 'Never since the Boston Tea Party have the two peoples watched so closely for an opening through which to pour ridicule. And yet quiet reflection should convince both sides that, from the point of view of the welfare of the world, there are no two nations which should be so solidly welded in friendship.' 'Granted that the American has many noble and charming qualities,' Mr. G. K. Chesterton declared in a speech 'violently objecting' to the Americanization of England, 'granted that he has retained a great fountain of simple enthusiasm, — almost always turned to absurd objects, but still genuine, — affairs have come, I think, to the point of defending our native land and damning all Americans to hell.' The financial editor of one of the greatest of the English newspapers remarked recently: 'What disturbs me

about this whole situation is the feeling that somehow or other America and England do not seem to think alike any more on what some of us feel are great problems of international morality.' Mr. Ramsay Macdonald admits that Great Britain is 'getting out at elbows' with us. Sir Auckland Geddes speaks of many Chinese 'Westernized,' 'Americanized,' 'anti-Britishized,' implying that British troubles in China may be traced to our influence. Lord Riddell tells his countrymen that America's imperialistic, naval, military, and commercial policy is 'fraught with menace to the rest of the world.'

America is blamed in Britain for the failure of the British scheme to keep up world prices of rubber; she is blamed for buying Soviet oil and for trading with the Bolsheviks in other ways; she is said to be attempting to supplant British trade in South America; upon her is put the responsibility for a preference for certain American manufactures in the British Dominions and Colonies. America is seen as a menace to British traditions, British culture, British trade, British respect for law, British standards of sportsmanship and morality, the British countryside, and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

While nowhere in the world has America keener adverse critics than in Britain and its Dominions, probably nowhere, also, has she truer and more discriminating friends among thinking and responsible people. Nowhere, too, is the demand for understanding and constructive coöperation with America more genuine or more dependable than it is in Britain. Fortunately, the leader in seeking to promote Anglo-American good will is Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister himself. Indeed, Sir Austen Chamberlain may be regarded as voicing the sentiments of the British Government when he recently said: 'We have no

nearer and dearer friendship than our friendship with the United States. As we seek to be loyal to other friends, so we will seek to be loyal to that nation which is nearest, most akin, in racial and in moral outlook of all nations of the world.'

Both friendship and adverse criticism have a common basis in our interests and our relationships. For long, Great Britain was the dominant Power in the world: we have come at least to share that position with her. Hitherto, because of our common speech and tradition, understanding has been taken too readily for granted; divergences and different interpretations have not been sufficiently allowed for. The post-war years have accentuated the differences without giving sufficient time to comprehend them and make clear the ways in which they may make for mutual strength because they spring from qualities which may so readily complement each other.

Meantime there has arisen the question of naval parity. It is complicated; the technical points confuse the layman, and the political questions are involved in sentiment. The fundamental disagreement at the Geneva Conference was due to the fact that the United States and Great Britain each held to a programme apparently unsuitable for the other. Great Britain, with strategically situated naval bases, thought she needed cruisers of greater range. The British programme, in American eyes, meant saddling us with the expense of an unserviceable cruiser fleet; the American programme, as England saw it, meant assent to America's building a fleet mathematically equal to the British, but effectively superior. According to others, the failure at Geneva finally translates the fine-sounding phrase 'naval parity' into 'naval competition.'

The ostensible misunderstandings at

the Conference were abysmal. One of our admirals there told the British First Lord, 'I cannot understand why you attach so much importance to food supplies.' The British delegates were irritated by the fact that the Americans had to refer back to Washington, and were totally unprepared for the violence of the American press in discussing all proposals. After the breakdown, the press of each country accused the other of bad faith, and instead of discussing the reasons for the failure — which go back to fundamentally different conceptions of sea power, commercial rights during war time, the vexed 'freedom of the seas' — both brought on the spectre of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. British papers insist that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was dropped out of deference to American sentiment and in consideration of the creation of the 5-5-3 ratio at Washington. Their editorial writers say that as soon as the agreement is renewed, with an implication that it must be directed against the United States, the implacable attitude of this country will change. The *Washington Post*, in answer, writes: —

'The Geneva naval fiasco is followed by a secret understanding between the former proprietors of the Anglo-Japanese treaty . . . which we thought we had got rid of at the Washington Conference at a terrible price. The full extent of the way Uncle Sam has been "gypped" will convince the American people some day that they need the kind of navy they need.'

The *Round Table* wrote gravely: 'If the two halves of the English-speaking world continue as they are at present, it will be very difficult for them to avoid drifting into antagonism and competition. If they think only of themselves — the scene will have been set for a world war which will end civilization.'

Since that warning was sounded the

Anglo-French Naval Pact proposal and President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech have again focused attention upon the subject. Doubtless the first influenced the second; if one had not heard of the Anglo-French Naval Pact, President Coolidge would probably not have commemorated Armistice Day with such pointed references to the 'value of our treasure to be protected' and the need for larger warships for the purpose. One would have been spared a jingo press campaign demanding 'the right kind and number of submarine fleet, air fleet, and swift cruisers, always kept up to the mark, always excelling in power the fleets of any other two nations on earth,' on the ground that 'the only way to secure respect is to *compel* respect.'

On the other hand, we should not have had the striking evidence, on both sides of the Atlantic, of increasing appreciation of the dangers and of a corresponding determination to avoid them.

Commenting upon the effect caused by the Anglo-French Naval Pact proposal, Lord Grey said: 'We are going to pay the price in a temporary political estrangement between the British people and the United States.' True — but why?

How did it come about that such an unfortunate misconception was created, not only in the United States, but also in Germany? It came about, as Lord Grey said, because the matter 'was so extraordinarily badly handled,' in his own opinion, by the governments of France and Great Britain. The world was left for weeks to feed on forgeries, garbled versions, and rumors. By the time the official papers were issued such a storm had been aroused as made clear thinking difficult and left the way open for the impression that publication of the agreement, instead of being voluntary, had been forced

by public pressure. It is equally clear that the 'Anglo-French Compromise' was killed, while yet in its swaddling clothes, by liberal opinion in Great Britain itself, utterly uninfluenced by pressure from the United States.

The underlying public feeling in England was again made clear when recently Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington, intimated that Great Britain would yet seek a renewal of naval limitation with the United States. The British Government next day announced that that intimation of the Ambassador should not be taken too definitely, whereupon there was an immediate outburst of protest from the British press. The British people apparently want not only peace with the United States and the rest of the world — they want an assurance, indeed a guaranty, of permanent peace. There are many judges of British politics who feel that the next general election may turn upon that very problem.

IV

Sentimentality is now at a discount. Many impeding illusions have been dispelled. The nations of Europe are being asked, by intelligent publicists like Garvin and Wickham Steed and Spender and 'Pertinax' and Romier and Bernhard, to cast off slogans and easy formulas and to face concrete issues in the light of clear facts. This is an essential preliminary to genuine understanding between Europe and America. It makes possible, for the first time in any general sense, the sane and balanced recognition of divergences which both sides must respect. Until now very few people in Europe, especially during the war, could see plainly, much less consider, the many factors — historical, geographical, racial, social, and economic — which of necessity have differentiated American ways of

life, American conceptions, and American purposes, from theirs. Befogging sentimentality and a distorted brand of patriotism have not been confined to one side. But the new spirit of critical realism is doing much to dispel the mischievous effects. As with the Geneva Conference, divergences, once clearly formulated and grasped, have brought concrete issues into the open, and future endeavors to achieve understanding will, at least, not be baffled by the polite fiction that those issues do not exist.

There may be a ray of light in a recent article in the *Round Table*, which said: ' . . . The nations of the British Commonwealth should make a much more serious effort to understand the problems and the difficulties of the United States. They have, no doubt, much ground for resentment against her since 1919. But resentment is a poor guide in the matter of policy. If the United States is to be brought into the family of nations for the sake of world peace, it will be because the limits of what she can do are clearly understood. The United States is quite unlike any ordinary "nation." . . . She has a form of government totally unlike the Parliamentary and responsible systems usual elsewhere. . . . The Government of the United States is weak and public opinion dominant, to an extent almost unintelligible to the stay-at-home European. If we are to have confident relations with the most powerful nation in the post-war world, our diplomacy must understand and accommodate itself intelligently to the constitution and the political necessities of the United States. . . . One of the first necessities is that those who take part in the public life of Great Britain should try to understand the public life of America better.'

Mentioning the great central plains

of our country, Professor A. P. Brigham, of Colgate University, told an English audience recently: 'It is not an easy field for internationalism. Its deep, black prairie soils are better for corn, wheat, and cattle, and for resultant roads and great cities. It has little contact with Europe, or any other continent. It does not "go down to the sea in ships." Its people, most of them, have never seen an international boundary and never will. They know only their own language. They are safe from invasion. Who cares for abroad? You meet charming folk from Chicago, St. Louis, or Minneapolis, but the mass of good common folk you never see. They are looking in on their own things. Hence Washington is sometimes slow to international action. But time tells. . . . No nation can escape the era of international co-operation which is coming.'

'We on our side often fail to appreciate the American point of view,' Sir Rennell Rodd, the distinguished British diplomatist, pointed out, following a recent visit here; '. . . imperialism is a state of mind which the majority of the American people cannot understand anyone accusing them of entertaining. After talking to men of all grades and classes there, my own experience has led me to the conclusion that the average American is generally a very fair-minded man, inclined to think things out for himself with a direct and simple mentality which on matters outside his own country is indifferently informed. But if facts are put before him straightly he sees straightly, without prejudice, and he is pretty sure to arrive at a just conclusion.'

Who is to interpret 'the mass of good common folk' to corresponding masses of 'good common folk' abroad? Who is to give truer expression to that spirit which animates us as a people, con-

scious, indeed, of our wider powers, but conscious, also, of our greater need for understanding and for friendly collaboration in the larger tasks which lie ahead?

Emphatic testimony to the need for truer interpretation was provided, both by President Coolidge in his Armistice Day speech and by Mr. Stanley Baldwin in his comment upon it. President Coolidge said: 'It is always plain that Europe and the United States are lacking in mutual understanding. We are prone to think they can do as we do. We are not interested in their age-old animosities, we have not suffered from centuries of violent hostilities. We do not see how difficult it is for them to displace distrust in each other with faith in each other. On the other hand, they appear to think that we are going to do exactly what they would do if they had our chance. If they would give a little more attention to our history and judge us a little more closely by our own record, and, especially, find out in what directions we believe our real interests to lie, much which they now appear to find obscure would be quite apparent.'

Speaking in the House of Commons, two days later, Mr. Baldwin agreed that 'there is lacking between Europe and America mutual understanding'—and he gravely and profoundly regretted it. What is more, he made two helpful suggestions. The first was to acknowledge that 'it is most important that all of us who may be called upon to speak about America in her foreign relations or about our relations with America should really get to understand, by studying its political system, that country, because it is so different from any European system. On that difference shipwreck has more than once been reached. It is important for the avoidance of future shipwreck and for the avoidance of possible ill

relations after such shipwreck that we should be familiar, on this side, with the marked difference in political systems in the two countries.'

Like other friendly observers, Mr. Baldwin pleaded for more frequent personal contact. In Europe all the statesmen have got into the habit of meeting at Geneva and talking together. They learn not only each other's point of view, but each other's idiosyncrasies as individuals. There is consequently coming into European statesmanship, between European statesmen *inter se*, a desire in negotiations to see the other point of view and to compromise, if something can be effected by compromise, far more than before the war. But European statesmen do not know American statesmen. The intercourse that takes place is largely by written dispatches across 3000 miles of ocean. It is difficult to get mutual understanding in those circumstances. Some of the most effective efforts made financially since the war have been in the process of financial reconstruction in which America has been engaged with England and other countries. This effectiveness was due largely to the fact that not only were the protagonists, the Governor of the Bank of England and the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, close personal friends in constant touch, but every time a difficulty was seen coming ahead one or the other would cross the Atlantic at once, either the Englishman to New York or the American to London or Paris, as the case might be, and discussions would take place instead of dispatches.

V

To dispel a legend which has taken so firm a hold upon the European mind it is hardly enough to say that Europe must 'give a little more attention to

our history' and 'find out in what directions we believe our real interests to lie.' Our work of interpretation must be more constructive information. Personal contacts are infinitely worth while — whether between humble mortals, bank governors, or statesmen. Lindbergh's good-will flight, the success of Mr. Dwight Morrow in Mexico, and Mr. Hoover's South American tour have abundantly proved the values of personal contact. Above all, nothing has so impressed the British with the good will of America as the sincere sympathy manifested by the American people over the illness of King George. There is nothing like human contact to produce understanding among men.

Among the happy agencies for sharpening intelligence and encouraging a longer view seems to be that group of associations, such as the Royal Institute of International Affairs in Great Britain, and the Foreign Policy Association and the Council of Foreign Relations in the United States, which devote themselves to a sympathetic study of world affairs. Unofficial as these organizations are, they watch the formation of policy and they help increasingly to create that atmosphere of sane judgment and good will upon which statesmen may rely later to give time for negotiation and adjustment. Such bodies perform valuable work of interpretation. Through them we can become aware of tendencies before they reach a point of tension. They act, moreover, as guides and checks. Similarly, the new International Chamber of Commerce serves to smooth out differences before they become acute. Indeed, if the Chamber succeeds in breaking down some of the barriers which unduly restrict international trade, it will have done more for international prosperity than all the chancelleries put together. How trade

agreements promote peaceful understanding is seen in the friendliness between Germany and France brought about in 1927, through the cartels arranged by industrial leaders on both sides, at a time when 'the spirit of Locarno' was imperiled and political cordiality was chilled.

Foreign offices of governments seldom frame policies long in advance or give careful consideration to tendencies. They cannot do so. Practical problems arise in foreign affairs every day, and foreign offices of every country are very apt to decide the questions of the day in the light of practical and immediate considerations and let the future take care of itself.

In our military establishment we have a War College, which carefully studies every possible contingency that might develop in case of war with any country in the world. This War College is not related to the actual administration of the army or navy of the moment, but merely plans for all possible future contingencies. It looks ahead. Would it not be extremely helpful if in our State Department there was a similar group studying fundamental tendencies and seeking to anticipate possibilities of friction in the future?

Yet, helpful as an International Affairs College might be, and valuable as the various existing methods making for contact and understanding undoubtedly are, something at once simpler, more direct, and more authoritative is needed if America is to be interpreted worthily and decisively, and if the fog of misunderstanding and fear which hangs over Europe in particular is to be removed.

In the next three years this work of interpretation can be done only by conscious acts of statesmanship conceived in a new spirit and, in turn, engendering a new spirit. It will have for its basis the good will which exists

in the hearts of the American people. It will challenge crude symbols, fantastic legends, and outworn conceptions at home and abroad. It will be conscious of our greater power, our widened interests, and our profound responsibilities. The interpretation will be not only to the world, but to ourselves. It will speak for us and to us, not only as a nation, but as a partner in the family of nations.

It is related that at a partners' meeting of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, some years ago, there was much discussion of the attitude of certain sections of the public toward the firm. The late Mr. J. P. Morgan is said to have directed the discussion with this observation: 'It is not of so much importance what the public thinks of us; what really matters is what is our attitude toward the public, and what do we deserve to have the public think of us.' While it is of interest for us to know of the Black Legend Europe is conceiving about America, it is of primary consequence to consider what America's attitude is toward the world.

Shall we so fear entanglement with other nations and consequent subversion of our policies to theirs that we shall in turn become slaves to events we shall have refused to help shape before they become critical? What do we propose to do when complications grow out of our economic penetration in various parts of the world? Shall we bring political pressure or attempt political intervention when our investments abroad are endangered or when foreign countries default on their debts to Americans? Shall we leave our protection in such matters to other nations, or shall we join in advance in responsible and coöperative efforts so to shape events that independent or selfishly protective action by any nation will be unnecessary?

THE MAGISTRATE'S INDIAN DIARY

A Tour of Inspection

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

I STARTED off, a week ago, for a tour in camp which will — if the gods are good — last for many months. 'For lo, the summer is past, the rain is over and gone,' to paraphrase Solomon. We in India have more excuse for writing about the weather than Solomon had; for, when all is said and done, climate is one of the basic inescapable facts that govern, in the last resort, everything of importance here. Through the long ages it has made men of our own stock into the Indians of to-day. Looked at from a more personal angle, it changes India in a couple of months from a land where joy can run high to a field of strife where, at times, the balance sways uneasily between human beings, and insects and all manner of creeping things; where life is one long misery of physical unhappiness; where the will doggedly holds on, and week after weary week drives the reluctant body along the mapped-out course.

But all that, I thank whatever gods may be, is over and done with for another six months. I am lapped in coolth; around me are fields of an incredibly vivid green; the air, night and morning, has the unmistakable tang of the fast-approaching cold weather; the age-old scent of wood fires permeates everywhere; and in the early mornings it is now cold enough in tents to afford one the delicious joy of sending down

an exploratory foot to the cold recesses of one's bed, and of drawing it up hastily again to the warmer regions of the equator. Sounds childish, but none the less it is as deliciously enjoyable as childish things usually are. 'The hot weather,' 'the rains,' are now but dim, unhappy, far-off things, and there are six months of glorious camping before me; vast plains to ride over, much interesting work to do, forests to hunt in, rivers to fish in, camp fires to talk by. Could one ask for more?

You, I gather, are perturbed about India. You have been shocked by *Mother India*; Gandhi has shaken your faith; Moti Lal Nehru has unsettled your beliefs; you wonder whether Sir John Simon and his Commission can do anything helpful; and you feel more than a little doubtful whether England's right hand has not lost its cunning. Is the old faith dimmed? Do the English, in their relations with India, still love righteousness and hate iniquity? Are they prepared to hold fast, through good report and evil report, to the basic principles that most Americans and Englishmen agree in considering fundamental? Are they resolved to build deep and strong, sure in the faith that their edifice will one day stand foursquare to the winds of heaven? Or will they 'balk the end half-won for an instant meed of praise'?

Much that you ask I cannot answer. I do not suppose that anyone can.

But I feel quite certain that the most important question — and the one regarding which there is least knowledge and least information — is how matters go in the districts. That is the vital point of contact. It is in the districts that the Government really touches the people. Probably 85 per cent of them do not know what the system of government is. For them 'the Government' is the district officer; they look no further. If things are well in the districts, then 85 per cent of the people are reasonably contented and happy; if things are wrong in the districts, then assuredly the end of the present system — probably the end of any possible system based on English ideas — has come. I have no intention of embarking on a political discussion; it may, however, assist in giving you some sort of living perception of how 'the wheels go round' in India if I take you with me, as it were, on my tour through the district.

Dr. Johnson's explanation on a famous occasion, 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance,' has a wide application as regards most things Indian. The cold-weather visitor talks disparagingly of the supineness of the Government, to take the first illustration that comes into my head, because an important river, possibly 150 yards wide in its winter bed, is left unbridged; he would revise his opinion if he could see that same river leaping down from the hills, fourteen miles from bank to bank, and these banks falling in, in hundred-yard slices, with a noise like fifteen-inch guns. Even from the safe shelter of a high bank, it is terrifying to watch the Ganges in flood stoop down to some impertinent groyne in one long, smooth, powerful spring, and hear — a mile away — the screech of the grinding boulders. But I apologize; my business is to get on with the washing!

II

Spartan and I, then, left headquarters just seven days ago for a tour that will, I hope, last for five months at least. Let me introduce you to Spartan. A Waler, fifteen hands two inches, bright chestnut — with the traditional temper of the bright chestnut. His trot is a devastating earthquake; his canter is powerful, but infernally rough; his gallop is as smooth as oil.

A notable steeplechaser in his day, his heart is entirely in the right place; and if St. Paul's Cathedral came in front of him he would try to jump it, if asked to do so. He reaches out, with effortless ease, tucking his great thighs under him at every stride. All round, the country is emerald green — the vivid green of the young wheat or barley that has just pushed through the soil. The land is flat, almost dead flat; there are scattered trees, mostly mangoes with their dull, heavy green foliage, which in the mass, and over the distances that one has here, produce the impression that one is always at the centre of a great plain ringed round by dark green forest. On my right, throughout the ride, the Himalayas jut up, white and glittering, into the pale blue sky. One will lose them soon, when the dust dims the air; but for some weeks the rain-washed atmosphere is incredibly transparent, and Trisul, Nunga Devi, and the other giants of the north peer out from the roof of the world over the green plains of Hindustan.

One rides from village to village, carefully choosing a route by which one is *not* expected. If one goes about surrounded by a cloud of subordinates, one learns little or nothing. I always cut out all that by riding seven miles or so out of my way, and then taking a line for camp. When I am alone, the talks with the villagers are delightful — and

informative. The other morning, for example, I pushed into Talpore, when I was officially expected ten miles off. The Muhammadan whom I met outside the village — tall, straight as a ramrod, courteous in his manner, with a long beard dyed a bright henna-red — gave me his views on education.

'There is but one thing worth knowing — the Koran. That contains the sum of all human wisdom. Your schools! They teach little worth learning, and that badly. It is all deceit and make-believe. Religion is shaken; respect for the aged and for parents is destroyed. We Muhammadans cannot make our brains turn and twist like the Hindu — nor is that a man's work.'

There was a lot more of it, of course. I asked him if he had boys. 'Yes — three.' Were they at school? 'No.' 'Why? Any special reasons?' To that I could get no reply that was not a masterpiece of nebulous evasion.

I left him, and wandered along to find the school; things promised to be interesting. The first man I met did n't know where the school was, though it was quite a small village; he did n't think there was a school. Gradually the usual little crowd tacked on; and by dint of repeated questionings I got 'warmer and warmer,' as the children say. At last I found the school. It was a rather decent building, as rural schools go in India; but it seemed strangely silent and deserted. Again as usual, the people gave no assistance, volunteered no information. I entered the main classroom, to find no boys, but two well-fed and sturdy-looking country ponies! The other rooms were locked. Of course no one had the key, or knew where it could be found; so I solved the problem by getting the village blacksmith to wrench out the staple. One room was used as a storehouse for cheap cloth; in the third I

found the school furniture, registers, and so on.

Without comment, I went through the attendance register with the crowd. It had not been written up for twenty days. 'Who is Ram Sahai, son of Ram Lal?' 'There is no such person in the village.' 'And Maqbool Husain, son of Abdul Ghani?' 'There is no such person.' 'Dullo, son of Kesri?' 'Ah, yes; but he died four months ago of the evil eye.' And so it went. Roughly, out of thirty-odd names, twenty-five were fictitious; there were five pupils only, and they enjoyed what was practically a perpetual holiday.

When the facts were clear, the crowd — again as usual — became informative. The teacher kept school occasionally, but usually he sold cloth in the surrounding villages. That was what the ponies were for. There might possibly be five pupils. The registers were fudged — the people evidently thought that reflected the greatest credit on the teacher's ingenuity and resourcefulness. 'Oh, yes — the inspector sahib has been here quite often to inspect. When he comes, the school is always full. The teacher arranges with relatives of his, teachers in villages not too distant, to send boys over, so that the classes will be full, and the inspector sahib will have boys to examine.' Everyone in the village knew of the fraud; no one did anything to stop it. The hard-working inspectors of schools, with an enormous area to cover, and dependent to a large extent in practice on local hospitality, could not make surprise visits. Everything fitted in nicely — but no one in the village got any education.

The people thought the Government had a bee in its bonnet on this matter; it preached the virtues of learning, in season and out of season. But the villagers were not impressed with the 'educated' products of the system; and

boys were useful, from a very early age, in herding goats, doing odd jobs about the house or the farm, playing with and looking after the younger children. The parents had got on without being able to read or write; that was, quite clearly, the business of the priest, or of the village accountant. One could not do everything. To send their children to school meant some hardship — some inconvenience, at any rate; and this thoughtful teacher had evolved a sound method which conciliated village opinion, avoided all difficulties with the powers that were, and incidentally gave the villagers something of a hold over him, which, they doubtless hoped, might materialize into cloth fractionally cheaper than otherwise obtainable.

III

At one of the smaller towns I have been visiting there is a very famous Hindu shrine, which attracts pilgrims from all parts of the country. I have the mythical history of the place rather mixed, but the essentials are that Krishna, in one of his incarnations, amused himself there, — there must have been many milkmaids in the vicinity in these days, — and when he left, pushing off to ascend to Heaven, his foot struck a deep hole in the solid earth. The temple is built over the hole, and adjoining it there is the inevitable and essential sacred tank for the bathing of the devout.

The temple is a source of considerable revenue — I happen to know, as for various reasons I, in my official capacity, have a fourth share in the proceeds! One passed along in a constant stream of pilgrims, through narrow, tortuous passages, turning right-angled corner after right-angled corner, till one came to the central core — the little white temple, pierced with four openings at the ground level, and of

the typical Hindu form. Inside, one descended a few steps to the holy of holies. The floor was of black and white marble; in the centre, under the vaulted, flat-arched roof, blackened with soot from the saucers of cocoanut oil, each with its little wick overlapping the edge, which constituted the sole illumination, there was what looked like a well, the rim being of alternate squares of black and white marble. This rim stood perhaps a foot and a half above the floor; the mouth of the well was about a yard and a half across; and each marble square had a golden sovereign inlaid in its centre! Occupying the central position in the well was the usual vertical and roughly cylindrical stone, the top of this reaching to within six inches or so of the level of the rim. Inside the well was a disgusting mass of flour, clarified butter, water, red dye, marigolds, and heaven knows what else. And deep down under all that lay the rupees and the smaller silver, the copper and the nickel, all the mass of coins which the faithful threw in with prayers and devotion, and which the practical realists grubbed out each evening and solemnly divided.

The priests of that particular temple — and for various reasons I had to know them intimately — were a peculiarly hard-bitten lot. On one occasion, when my partner the chief priest was enjoying the hospitality of the local jail in connection with a peculiarly bad case of murder and dacoity, I had to keep him alive with laudanum. He was a confirmed opium eater — the only one, by the way, that I ever encountered in all my time in India. But all that, which was of course common property, naturally made no difference whatever to the sacredness of the temple.

One sees the Indians at their best during these religious pilgrimages. They come in family groups, usually: *papa, maman, et bébé*. The womenfolk

are decked in their best and wear all their jewels. They glance up coyly as one looks at them; shift their position to make their silver anklets jangle and ring; and the sari, a corner of which they hold in their teeth to hide their face, performs its functions but half-heartedly. In that intense sunlight and in that variegated crowd one seldom sees colors out of tone or harsh. It is like a flower garden — all beautiful, and all harmonious.

The streets are lined with thousands of small booths, and the happy crowd pushes round the popular stalls in an unending flux and change. It is like a bed of flowers swayed by a wind. Behind the shops creaks, everlastingly, the merry-go-round; four uncomfortable little square boxes are hung to four rough-dressed wooden arms, and the owner grinds perspiringly at a crank that turns the crazy contraption round and round, while the children in the ascending and descending boxes squeal and shriek with joy. The crank man is naked to the waist, and his bronze muscles ripple and bulge in the sunlight. Everything is incredibly cheap — and incredibly nasty. The thumb rings that the women buy are made in Birmingham; they are scarlet and green and gold, have a little mirror about the size of a shilling in the centre, and cost about tenpence! The glass bangles run about twopence each. Prints from Manchester and Japan, cheap scent from Kobe, mysterious foodstuffs, beads of every color, and the ever-popular 'ring game' and lottery wheels, which we frown on and usually eject from the fair. The people are too simple to make anything that savors of gambling safe or desirable. And through it all the crowd moves and flows, cheerful and talkative, happy in the knowledge of having combined religious duty with pleasurable excitement.

A fair of this kind requires a good

deal of arrangement. Cholera is a spectre one cannot ignore. Sweepers have to be collected from towns often hundreds of miles distant, and special police have to be provided. The plausible stranger, of their own caste, who marks down the prosperous family party and persuades them to eat the sweetmeats he provides — sweetmeats containing the deadly *dhatūra* — is a standing feature of every big fair. He is a professional poisoner, and often reaps a rich harvest. He robs his victims as soon as they are dead or unconscious — little he cares which — and disappears again into the countless millions of India. And so special police, knowing some of these men by sight, are posted on all roads and at all the stations; the roads to and from the fair are patrolled by mounted and unmounted men; and the 'criminal tribes' within striking distance are held firmly at their own settlements. But, when everything that can be done has been done, there are always some who get through the net; and each fair has invariably its record of petty and serious crime.

I visited the chief school at this centre shortly after the fair. The boys in the highest class were eighteen to nineteen years of age, and at the end of their — purely vernacular — education. They had been taught, from the age of about seven, in their own tongue. Of the thousands who had been poured into the funnel, perhaps fifty had emerged. I was particularly interested in this final product. At mental arithmetic they were astonishingly good — far better, low be it spoken, than I myself. And yet they were not nearly good enough for the local bunnias and shopkeepers; *they* wanted something much better than the school could produce. The customer in India buys in ridiculously minute quantities, and the arithmetical problems are disturbing in their complexity. So the local

people had set up a school of their own, and the results were amazing. The most complicated calculations — which would have taken me minutes to do, with a pencil and paper — were solved instantly, and correctly, by boys of fifteen or thereabouts. They wrote the cramped Hindi, which is the language of the accountant here, with extraordinary ease. And, apart from these two acquirements, they knew nothing. They were not interested in anything else, nor were their parents.

In the government school, the spreading of effort seemed to have produced even less result. The boys could read — even read well; but they seldom knew the meaning of the words they used. 'What does *intizam* mean?' Followed a succession of shots, most of them very wide of the mark. The boys were told, given synonyms. 'And *hugqiqat*?' *Même jeu*. One wondered that the mere context did not give some idea — but it did n't. I would then make them close their books and repeat, in their own words, what they had just read. Off they would start, pell-mell, reproducing the lesson word for word, without a slip. But they could not give the substance in their own words; they did n't really know what it was all about. Memory — and nothing else.

I asked them who the Emperor of India now was. One boy finally hazarded the opinion that he was called Akbar! When it came to geography, things were more amusing. By chance, I asked if the sea was deep. Instantly they all burst into song; the deepest sounding was 5674 fathoms — or whatever it was. That was in the Pacific. I then asked how one went from Bombay to England. That was a 'stock question' too; they simply rushed to Aden, and the Canal; told me how many miles long it was, — which I did n't know myself, — how

one turned round at Gibraltar, and all the rest of it.

'What about the nighttime?' I asked. 'Oh, the ship ties up then.' 'But you showed me on the map how it went direct from Bombay to Aden. That is all sea. What does it tie up to?' 'There are barrels to which it ties up.' 'Why should it tie up at all?' 'Well, no one can see to go in the dark.'

'And what are the barrels tied to?' No one could answer that. They finally agreed, after much discussion, that the first answer was wrong; the ship must clearly creep round the coast, tying up at night where it found itself.

'What makes the ship go?' They did not know. 'How can it find its way to Aden? One can't see Aden from Bombay.' Again they did not know.

They were very learned about the submarine cables shown on the map, and pointed out the route they took to London. 'How are these cables laid? How are they arranged?' They were carried on poles! We hunted up the soundings given on the map, and I urged that it would be difficult to find poles 18,000 feet long. They saw that, and then suggested that the cables were hung on poles which were supported on barrels. I sent for a cork and some matches; and they tried to make the cork, with a match stuck in it, float upright. It was also suggested that cables hanging from poles supported in barrels would hinder shipping. Every effort to make them think it out failed. Their final solution, which is typical, was '*Ap log sab chiz karsakte hain*' — 'You people can do anything.'

Curiously enough, they were in general very good at mathematics. But they seemed to have no capacity for reasoning, apart from mathematical subjects. In one of the lessons they read, a reference occurred to the Himalaya; and there was a rather good

description of the hills as seen from a distance, and then again close at hand, as one climbed the lower slopes. 'Where is the Himalaya?' They did not know. And we were sitting outside the schoolhouse, in the shade, with the giant peak of Trisul cleaving the sky in front of us! 'Have you ever seen the Himalaya — the home of snow?' They had not — and they were n't interested in it, either.

I agree with Roosevelt, — was n't it he? — who said that the Romans had never done anything half so fine as the English achievement in India; but 'this person,' as Kai Lung would say, thinks that on their roll of honor the word 'education' will not be found.

IV

I had another glimpse into Indian mentality the other day which amazed me, hardened as I am to these surprises after twenty-odd years of them. I had to go back to headquarters for two days, to count the cash, stamps, and so on, in the treasury. The district officer is personally responsible for every rupee in the government treasury — and there are usually well over a million of them! He must count them, with his own fairy fingers, once each month; but when he is on tour, and as a special act of grace, he can depute someone else to perform that uninteresting task for one month — not more. So back I had to go.

My bearer accompanied me. He has been with me for many years; he is well educated, learned some English at a mission school, reads and writes his own language fluently and easily, and has been living with better-class English people all his life. Well, I gave him an urgent letter to post one evening. The post office was perhaps three hundred yards away. The sun had just set. Half an hour or so later, I asked

him if the letter had been posted. He said it had; but his manner suggested to me that it had not. I pressed him, and he finally admitted that he still had it. When I 'pitched into him' he gave as his excuse the following extraordinary reason: —

'Sahib, it is my fault. I admit it. I have done wrong. But I had not the courage to go to the post office. The *momai*-sahib is about. That — the chance of meeting him — made my bones water and my liver melt. Even for you, I cannot do it. Fear has eaten me up.'

'Who is the *momai*-sahib?' Even as I asked there came back to my memory, like an underdeveloped plate struggling to build up an image in the solution, something I had read in *Sleepman* many years before.

'The *momai*-sahib! Ah, he is terrible. He is all-powerful. One is like a reed in his strong hands. He has authority from the Government to wander about, like a bat in the evening, choosing his own path. He takes those he likes. There is nothing to mark him; he is like other sahibs. But, as one meets him, he slowly pushes near your face a little stick — a tiny little stick like the chewed twig we folk use for a toothbrush. And he looks at you, without saying a word. Then you become senseless. Fear eats you up and overpowers you; you cannot cry or speak; and you must follow him wherever he leads. Your liver melts; your head swims; but you walk on, walk on, with him striding in front, never turning round, never speaking. Passers-by do not see you, or him, once he has secured a victim. You pass invisible.

'He leads you on and on to the deserted places — anywhere far from the town, where there is a tree. When you get there, you lie down. He takes from his pocket a little pick; and he drives, with one swift blow, a small round hole

in the top of your skull, at the place where we Hindus wear the *choti* [the unshaven tuft at the top of the head]. Then he strings you up by the heels to the tree; your head is in the middle of an iron pot that he has ready there; he lights a fire of wood beneath; and your brains drip out slowly, slowly, into the pot, and sizzle and splutter there till your skull is empty. You die slowly, and the pain is great.'

'And what is all this for?' I asked.

'The roasted brains make a very powerful medicine that the Government uses in all its dispensaries. It is a medicine of very great price, and without it many miraculous cures could not take place. It is wonderful medicine. The Government must have it, to cure the sick; the English doctors cannot work without it. That is why the Government every now and then allows the momai-sahib to walk abroad in the land. The bodies of his victims are never found; no one ever sees them following him to the fire. They are never burned as Hindus should be, nor can their sons perform the funeral rites. That is a very great calamity.'

Now think what this means. Here was my faithful bearer quivering with fright at the mere recital of the awful activities of the 'momai-sahib' — which, by the way, means the 'sahib who makes wax.' After twenty years of life and work with Indians, I had stumbled on the real hidden motive for what would at first sight have seemed to be merely a careless neglect of duty. Would any European have conceived that a man could believe such a farrago of nonsense who had lived with English people all his life, who had been educated mainly by English teachers, who had unrivaled opportunities for observing the principles on which English people act, their outlook on life, their invariable kindness, and their revulsion from acts of torture or cruelty? Yet

believe it he did, and all my efforts to shake that belief were useless. He still believes the story; and I have no doubt that his son's son's son's son's son — to the *n*th — will believe it, and shake with palsied fright when the rumor goes forth that the momai-sahib is wandering about at the hour of the going down of the sun.

V

If you are not surfeited with horrors, you may be interested in the details of a characteristic little murder which took place near here recently. It is interesting because it is typical, and because it discloses the working of one of the safety valves which the operation of our laws possibly renders necessary.

Ram Gopal was a bunnia, about forty years of age. He came, ten years ago, to the little village of Kumheria, which nestles among the nim and peepul trees close to the bank of the big river. Behind the village the forest begins; it stretches on, for miles and miles. Kumheria is, as you see, rather isolated; with the river in front and the impassable forest behind, the only approaches are parallel to the river, and the nearest villages are many miles away, over rough and difficult ground.

Ram Gopal had prospered exceedingly. He lent money, and he lent grain for sowing; he sold cheap cloth; he supplied funds when a marriage or a death forced the cultivators to spend largely in order to maintain their prestige, to follow the custom of their fathers, and to conform to the rules of their caste. The normal interest he charged was 60 per cent; but sometimes he did much better than that. Further, he kept the accounts; his clients could neither read nor write.

In brief, Ram Gopal was greedy and cunning, and entirely without bowels of compassion. Little by little he got

the whole village into his power; they must work hard, all their lives, for him; and when they died their sons, and their sons' sons, must still carry the burden. All that they bore, patiently, though it was grievous enough. But when Ram Gopal had squeezed the village dry as a gourd in the hot weather, he felt that something more was wanted. He began to insist on 'payment in kind' — to interfere with their women. When that stage was reached, matters developed rapidly.

One fine night Ram Gopal was murdered. His body was found on the *charpai*, or string bed; the throat was cut so deeply that the head was almost severed from the body; the small room in which he had been sleeping was a shambles.

As usual, the police got hold of the *kachchha hal* — the 'raw facts' — very quickly. Ram Gopal had been murdered after a village council had been held on the subject; the murder was, as it were, a communal affair — all were in it. Not an atom of information, or of evidence, could be obtained. No one knew anything. No bloodstained clothing could be discovered, no bloodstained knife; no one could give any clue; nobody was suspected. All the account books had been burned — which, I may say, is an almost invariable feature when a bunnia is killed.

I went to the village myself to verify the position. The facts were as reported by the police. I spoke to dozens of people, old and young, taking each alone. They were not uneasy; they showed no undue anxiety — but they knew nothing! It was of course distressing that the bunnia had been murdered; it was possibly unusual that they knew nothing about it; but these were the facts. No strangers had come to the village — though of course dacoits might have been prowling about; one never knew. They, at

any rate, had seen nothing and knew nothing. And that was that; it was impossible to get further.

I did a little duck shooting along the river banks, and took the village *chaukidar* with me. The *chaukidar* is the representative of the police — of law and order generally — resident in each village. It is customary for him to accompany sahibs when shooting, as he knows the ground and the local conditions better than anyone else. When we were well away from the village, and alone in the wide spaces that flank the cold-weather bed of the river, I began to talk of Ram Gopal.

Yes, he had been a hard man. He gave unwillingly. He took heavy interest. He ground them as the barley is ground between the millstones.

Bit by bit the *chaukidar* became more talkative. I then put it to him that he must know what had happened. He must have been in the village that night; it was small enough for everyone to know all that happened — and this was a big happening. I told him I wanted to hear the story from him; I was not going to use it, but I wanted to know what had happened. He told me, frankly enough, the details.

Matters came suddenly to a head when Ram Gopal demanded that the young and good-looking wife of the potter should come to his house at night. Kallu, the husband, went immediately to the village elders. A special council was called; they did not debate long. Ram Gopal had earned death a thousand times; he must be killed. The whole village — a small one of about ninety people — was with them in that decision. They rapidly arranged the details.

Three young men were chosen as the executioners. They were to enter the house at a fixed time, naked except for small loin cloths, provided for that purpose by one of the council. After

the execution, these loin cloths would be burned; and the young men would swim in one of the great pools left near the village by the shrinking river. In this way there would be no bloodstains. Further, each would still have his own loin cloth, and clothes, unmarked by blood. Each of the chosen three was also provided with a cloth mask (a most unusual feature, this, in my experience) so that they could not be identified by the bunnia or his family.

They had explicit instructions. The whole village would assemble, opposite the bunnia's house, under the great peepul tree, and would sing *bhajans* (hymns) there. This would drown any outcry. The three would dress in their own houses in the new loin cloths, and would fix their masks; one of the village elders would see that this was properly attended to. They would then pass by the singing crowd, and would enter the bunnia's house by the main gate. They knew his sleeping room; they would, if possible, cut his throat while he was asleep. If they could not, he must be dispatched, somehow or anyhow. Then the account books must be taken and burned in the courtyard. The three executioners had to do this, and the *bhajans* would continue until they had returned. The bunnia's family was not to be interfered with. The servants would be decoyed away if possible; but they would doubtless offer no opposition, and in any case the crowd would guard the door if necessity arose. If anyone else had to be killed to prevent detection, the three young men must kill him.

It all worked out according to plan. The crowd started its hymn singing; the three young fellows — chosen for their strength from among those with special reason for hating Ram Gopal — entered the house under cover of the

noise, found the bunnia asleep in his usual room, and cut his throat. They had little difficulty in forcing the recess where the books were kept, and they burned them in the courtyard of the house. Gory with blood, they walked past the singing crowd, followed by one of the village elders. They swam for an hour in the great pool, while their loin cloths and masks were burned by the old man who accompanied them. They took their knives in the water, and also cleansed them by plunging them into the sand of the river bed. The police found no finger marks of any kind — that too had been attended to!

The chaukidar, of course, knew everything. But he too had his private interest in the disappearance of Ram Gopal; and he was told that if he disclosed the facts he would share the same fate. The village felt safe — and with reason. Clearly there was nothing which one could put before a court. The chaukidar was willing to tell me the facts, privately; he had undoubtedly given them to his subinspector of police; but, even had we been stupid enough to try to get him to give evidence in court, he would have denied all knowledge of the affair, rather than run the risk of reprisals by the villagers.

There, you see, is the safety valve which has been evolved! When oppression becomes intolerable, when forbearance has been pushed to the limit, there is what one might call a communal murder. On the theoretical side one could deal with it easily enough; on the practical side there seems — for the time being, at all events — no practicable solution. And yet — murder as a kind of unofficial safety valve gives one furiously to think! It is a disconcerting idea, but the actuality exists, all the same. Such cases are rare, but they occur.

(Succeeding papers will deal with other aspects of India to-day)

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC GIVING

BY JULIUS ROSENWALD

I

THERE are few colleges in the land to-day which are not striving for 'adequate endowment.' Museums, orchestras, operas, homes for the aged, hospitals, orphanages, and countless other charitable and remedial organizations, are aiming at the same goal. It was recently estimated that more than two and a half billion dollars were given to various endowments in this country in the last fifteen years. The sum is vast, equal to the total national wealth a hundred years ago, but institutions continue to solicit more and greater endowments, and men of wealth are encouraging them with ever-increasing gifts.

All of this giving and receiving is proceeding without much, if any, attention to the underlying question whether perpetual endowments are desirable. Perhaps the time has come to examine, or rather reexamine, this question, for it is not a new one in the long history of philanthropy.

I approach this discussion neither as an economist nor as a sociologist, but simply as an American citizen whose experience as a contributor to charitable causes and as a trustee of endowed institutions has given him some insight into the practical side of the problem. My only purpose is to raise the question of how best we may aid in the advancement of public welfare.

We can learn much from British experience, which has been more varied as well as longer than our own.

Monasteries, in the earlier centuries, received such enormous grants that Edward I and his successors undertook to limit their possessions. Despite these efforts, it is estimated that shortly before Henry VIII secularized the monasteries between one third and one half of the public wealth of England was held for philanthropic use. This first great struggle between the living State and the dead hand indicated, as Sir Arthur Hobhouse has pointed out, that the 'nation cannot endure for long the spectacle of large masses of property settled to unalterable uses.'

This experience was reflected in laws intended to restrict charitable bequests in perpetuity, but the endowment of charities of all kinds continued until there was hardly a community in all England without its local fund. So obvious had abuses become that a Parliamentary Commission was created to inquire into the situation. Its preliminary report, published in 1837, filled thirty-eight folio volumes and listed nearly thirty thousand endowments with a combined annual income of more than £1,200,000.

Those who view endowments uncritically might think the condition of English charities fifty years ago happy in the extreme, for less than 5 per cent of the population lived in parishes without endowed charities, all sorts of human needs had been provided for by generous donors, and funds were increasing rapidly. But Mr. Gladstone, who certainly was a humanitarian, rose in the House of

Commons to say that the three commissions which had investigated the endowed charities 'all condemned them, and spoke of them as doing a greater amount of evil than of good in the forms in which they have been established and now exist.'

The history of charities abounds in illustrations of the paradoxical axiom that, while charity tends to do good, perpetual charities tend to do evil. James C. Young, in a recent article, 'The Dead Hand in Philanthropy,' reports that some twenty thousand English foundations have ceased to operate because changing conditions have nullified the good intentions of the donors; and a large number of American funds, many of them of comparatively recent origin, have likewise become useless.

II

When I was a boy in Springfield, Illinois, the covered wagons, westward bound, rolled past our door. The road ahead was long and full of hardships for the pioneers. They were hardy and self-reliant men and women, but many of them were so inadequately equipped that if misfortune overtook them, as it frequently did, they were almost certainly doomed to suffering, and perhaps death.

The worst hardships and dangers of the Western trail had passed in my boyhood, but there was still use, then, for the Bryan Mullanphy fund, established in 1851 for 'worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West.' A few years later the trustees could with difficulty find anyone to whom the proceeds of the fund might be given. Some years ago, for lack of beneficiaries, the income had piled up until the fund totaled a million dollars. I have not followed its later

fortunes, but, unless the courts have authorized a change in the will, that money is still accumulating, and will accumulate indefinitely. The Mullanphy gift was a godsend in its brief day. The man who gave it found one of the most urgent needs of his time and filled that need precisely. He made only one mistake: he focused his gift too sharply. He forgot that time passes and nothing — not even the crying needs of an era — endures. He deserves to be remembered as a generous-hearted man who realized, perhaps better than anyone else in his generation, that a wealth of pioneer blood and energy was being dissipated in the creation of our American empire. If he is remembered at all, it is more likely as the creator of a perpetuity which lost its usefulness almost as soon as it was established.

Mullanphy's mistake has been made not once but countless scores of times. It has been made by some of the wisest of men. Benjamin Franklin in drawing his will assumed that there would always be apprentices and that they would always have difficulty when starting in business for themselves in borrowing money at a rate as low as 5 per cent. In addition, he assumed that a loan of three hundred dollars was enough to enable a young mechanic to establish himself independently. With these assumptions in mind, Franklin set up two loan funds of a thousand pounds each. One was for the benefit of 'young married artificers not over the age of twenty-five' who had served their apprenticeships in Boston, and the other for young men of similar situation in Philadelphia. The accumulated interest as well as the principal was to be lent out for a hundred years. By that time, Franklin's calculations showed, each thousand pounds would have amounted to £135,000. One hundred thousand

pounds of each fund was then to be spent. The Boston fund was to be used in constructing 'fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements or whatever may make living in the town more convenient for its people and render it more agreeable to strangers.' In Philadelphia, he foresaw that the wells which in his day supplied the city with water would become polluted; accordingly, he proposed that Philadelphia's fund should be used for piping the waters of Wissihicken Creek into the city. Fortunately, Boston provided herself with pavements, and Philadelphia herself with a water supply, without waiting for Franklin's money. Great as his intellectual powers were, he had miscalculated at every point. The class he proposed to benefit gradually became nonexistent; therefore the funds failed to accumulate as rapidly as he had anticipated. At the end of a hundred years, instead of the \$675,000 he had expected in each fund, there were only \$391,000 in Boston and \$90,000 in Philadelphia, and meanwhile the good works which he had chosen as the grand climax of a career devoted to good works had long been provided.

Benjamin Franklin was a wise man, and so was Alexander Hamilton; yet it was Hamilton who drafted the will of Robert Richard Randall, who in the first years of the last century left a farm to be used as a haven for superannuated sailors. A good many years ago the courts were called upon to construe the word 'sailor' to include men employed on steamships. Even so, the fund for Snug Harbor, I am assured, vastly exceeds any reasonable requirement for the care of retired seafarers. The farm happened to be situated on Fifth Avenue, New York. To-day it is valued at thirty or forty million dollars.

I have heard of a fund which provides a baked potato at each meal for each young woman at Bryn Mawr, and of another, dating from one of the great famines, which pays for half a loaf of bread deposited each day at the door of each student in one of the colleges at Oxford. Gifts to educational institutions often contain provisions which are made absurd by the advance of learning. An American university has an endowed lectureship on coal gas as the cause of malarial fever. In 1727, Dr. Woodward, in endowing a chair at Cambridge, England, directed that the incumbent should lecture for all time on his *Natural History of the Earth* and his defense of it against Dr. Camerarius. It did not occur to the good doctor that his scientific theories might eventually become obsolete; yet, with the passing of years and the progress of scientific knowledge, the holder of the chair had to admit his inability to comply with the founder's instructions and at the same time execute Dr. Woodward's plain intent — namely, to teach science. The list of these precisely focused gifts which have lost their usefulness could be extended into volumes, but I am willing to rest the case on Franklin and Hamilton. With all their sagacity, they could not foresee what the future would bring. The world does not stand still. Anyone old enough to vote has seen revolutionary changes in the mechanics of living, and these changes have been accompanied and abetted by changing points of view toward the needs and desires of our fellow men.

I do not know how many millions of dollars have been given in perpetuity for the support of orphan asylums. The Hershey endowment alone is said to total \$40,000,000 and more. Orphan asylums began to disappear about the time the old-fashioned wall telephone went out. We know now that it is far

better for penniless orphans, as for other children, to be brought up under home influence. The cost of home care for orphans is no greater than the cost of maintaining them in an orphanage. But the question is not one of cost, but of the better interest of the children. Institutional life exposes them needlessly to contagion, and is likely to breed a sense of inferiority that twists the mind. The money which the dead hand holds out to orphan asylums cannot be used for any other purposes than maintaining orphan asylums; it therefore serves to perpetuate a type of institution that most men of good will and good sense no longer approve.

To protest twenty-five years ago that orphans were not best cared for in asylums would have been considered visionary; fifty years ago it would have been considered crack-brained. There is no endowed institution to-day which is more firmly approved by public opinion than orphanages were within the lifetime of any man of middle age. Let that fact serve as a symbol and a warning to those who are tempted to pile up endowments in perpetuity.

III

There is another and to my mind no less grievous error into which many givers still are likely to fall. They conceive that money given for philanthropic purposes must be given, if not for a limited object, then at least in perpetuity: the principal must remain intact and only the income may be spent. The result has been, as many a trustee knows, that institutions have become 'endowment poor.' Though they have many millions of dollars in their treasuries, the trustees can touch only the 4 or 5 per cent a year that the money earns. There is no means of meeting an extraordinary demand upon the institution, an extraordinary oppor-

tunity for increasing its usefulness. Research suffers; museums are unable to purchase objects that never again will be available; experiments of all sorts are frowned upon, not because they do not promise well, but because money to undertake anything out of the ordinary cannot be found, while huge sums are regularly budgeted to carry on traditional and routine activities. And nothing serves more successfully to discourage additional gifts than the knowledge that an institution already possesses great endowments.

As a trustee of the University of Chicago, I know how difficult the problem is. Opportunities for purchasing libraries or for extending the work of some department into new fields are continually coming before us, and though we have endowments of \$43,000,000, we have frequently been unable to authorize the use of even a few thousands for some object which would add much to the University's resources and usefulness, to say nothing of its prestige. We may not even convert the principal of our endowments into books or men, which are the real endowment of any university.

A number of years ago the University started collecting more endowment. I did not contribute to the fund, but instead turned over a sum of which the principal may be exhausted. That fund, I am assured, has been of considerable service. It has been used for such diverse purposes as the purchase of the library of a Cambridge professor; for paying part of the cost of Professor Michelson's ether-drift experiments; for reconstructing the twelve-inch telescope at Yerkes Observatory; for a continuation of research in glacial erosion in the State of Washington, and for research in phonetics. If the fund had been given as permanent endowment, it is obvious that

some of the objects could not have been achieved. The men who desired to undertake experiments and research might have been forced to postpone their investigations; the books purchased might have been scattered among a dozen libraries, never to be reassembled. It is true that money disbursed now will not yield income to the University fifty years hence, but it is also true that fifty years hence other contributors can be found to supply the current needs of that generation.

I am convinced that the timidity of trustees themselves is often responsible for their inability to spend principal. Donors would in many cases be willing to give greater discretion to trustees in such matters if they were asked to do so. A notable example in point is the consent by Mr. Carnegie, more than ten years ago, to the current use of funds which he had given originally for endowment to Tuskegee Institute. At a time when this school was in desperate need of money, I proposed at a meeting of the board of which Honorable Seth Low was chairman and Theodore Roosevelt was a member that we request Mr. Carnegie to permit us to spend not only the interest but also a small portion of the principal of his gift. My suggestion was at first frowned upon. Finally the board agreed, and a letter, dated January 24, 1916, was sent to Mr. Carnegie by Mr. Low which read in part as follows:—

I am writing to submit to you a suggestion which has been made to me by one or two of my fellow trustees of the board of the Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Rosenwald, in particular, who is a generous supporter of the Institute, feels very strongly that a permanent endowment fund is less useful than a fund the principal of which can be used up in fifty years, his idea being that every institution like a school ought to

commend itself so strongly to the living as to command their interest and support. . . . In accordance with this suggestion, I am writing to ask whether you would be willing to permit the trustees to use, each year, at their discretion, not more than 2 per cent of the principal of the fund which you so generously gave some years ago toward the endowment of the Institute. It is always possible that within the lifetime of the next generation industrial training for the negro race will be assumed by the state or national government. Should any such change or any unforeseen change in conditions take place, a fund so firmly tied up in perpetuity that the principal cannot be touched, except possibly through an act of the legislature, might be a disadvantage rather than an advantage.

To this Mr. Carnegie's secretary, Mr. John A. Poynton, replied on February 23, 1916, giving Mr. Carnegie's approval to the suggestion in the following terms:—

Mr. Carnegie has given careful thought to the proposal that your trustees be permitted to use each year a portion of the principal of the fund which he contributed toward endowment.

In establishing his foundation Mr. Carnegie has favored the plan of giving the trustees and their successors the right to change the policy governing the disposition of the principal as well as interest when to them it might seem expedient, believing it impossible for those now living to anticipate the needs of future generations. Mr. Carnegie would be happy to have the trustees of Tuskegee assume a similar responsibility in connection with the fund which he contributed toward the endowment of that institute, and asks me to say that he is willing to have a small percentage of the principal used annually for current expenses if three fourths of the members of your board should decide in favor of such a plan.

Here is evidence that Mr. Carnegie might have relaxed the terms of his other gifts had he been asked to do so. It was not the donor but the trustees

who were timid. (I have seen trustees act in much the same way in matters of financial administration. Men accustomed to investing a large part of their private fortunes in sound common stocks have felt that as trustees they must invest only in first mortgages or bonds. Of late a good many boards of trustees have enjoyed a change of heart, to the vast benefit of the institutions they serve. But that is a digression.) In some of the institutions with which I am best acquainted, funds given with no strings attached have been added to the perpetual endowment as a matter of course. It is a noteworthy fact, though not as widely known as it should be, that the Rockefeller foundations are not perpetuities. If any of them to-day are wealthier than at their establishment, it is not because the trustees are not free to spend principal when the occasion rises. As a matter of fact, I am told these boards have expended about seventy-five million dollars of their capital or special funds, and it is probable that at least two of them will disburse all of their principal funds within another decade or two.

IV

I am opposed to gifts in perpetuity for any purpose. I do not advocate profligate spending of principal. That is not the true alternative to perpetuities. I advocate the gift which provides that the trustees *may* spend a small portion of the capital — say, not to exceed 5 or 10 per cent — in any one year in addition to the income if in their judgment there is good use at hand for the additional sums. Men who argue that permission to spend principal will lead to profligate spending do not know the temper of trustees and the sense of responsibility they feel toward funds entrusted to them;

nor do they appreciate the real difficulties which face donors and trustees of foundations in finding objects worthy of support. I am prepared to say that some of the keenest minds in this country are employed by foundations and universities in seeking such objects; yet, when a real need is discovered, it often cannot be met adequately, simply because of restrictions placed on funds in hand.

The point has been raised that great institutions must have perpetual endowments to tide them through hard times when new money may not be forthcoming. Those are precisely the times when it is most important to have unrestricted funds which will permit our institutions to continue their work until conditions improve, as they always do. A great institution like Harvard ought not to have to restrict its activities merely because its income for one reason or another has been temporarily curtailed. The spending of a million or two of principal at such a time is not imprudent. Sound business sense, indeed, would commend it.

I am thinking not only of university endowments, but also of the great foundations established to increase the sum of knowledge and happiness among men. Too many of these are in perpetuity. It is an astonishing fact that the men who gave them — for the most part, hard-headed business men who abhorred bureaucracy — have not guarded, in their giving, against this blight. I think it is almost inevitable that as trustees and officers of perpetuities grow old they become more concerned to conserve the funds in their care than to wring from those funds the greatest possible usefulness. That tendency is evident already in some of the foundations, and as time goes on it will not lessen but increase. The cure for this disease is a radical

operation. If the funds must exhaust themselves within a generation, no bureaucracy is likely to develop around them.

What would happen, it might be asked, if the billions tied up in perpetuities in this country should be released over a period of fifty or one hundred years? What would become of education and of scientific research? How could society care for the sick, the helpless, and the impoverished? The answer is that all these needs would be as well provided for as the demands of the day justified. Wisdom, kindness of heart, and good will are not going to die with this generation.

Instead of welcoming perpetuities, trustees, it seems to me, would be justified in resenting them. Perpetuities are, in a measure at least, an avowal of lack of confidence in the trustees by the donor. And it is a strange avowal. The trustees are told that they are wise enough and honest enough to invest the money and spend the income amounting to 4 or 5 per cent each year; but they are told in the same breath that they are not capable of spending 6 or 10 or 15 per cent wisely.

If trustees are not resentful, it is because they know that donors of perpetuities are not thinking in those terms. Sometimes perpetuities are created only because lawyers who draft deeds of gifts and wills have not learned that money can be given in any other way. More often, probably, perpetuities are set up because of the donor's altogether human desire to establish an enduring memorial on earth—an end which becomes increasingly attractive to many men with advancing years.

I am certain that those who seek by perpetuities to create for themselves a kind of immortality on earth

will fail, if only because no institution and no foundation can live forever. If some men are remembered years and centuries after the death of the last of their contemporaries, it is not because of endowments they created. The names of Harvard, Yale, Bodley, and Smithson, to be sure, are still on men's lips, but the names are now not those of men but of institutions. If any of these men strove for everlasting remembrance, they must feel kinship with Nesselrode, who lived a diplomat, but is immortal as a pudding.

V

There has been evolution in the art of giving, as in other activities. The gift intended to meet a particular need or support a particular institution in perpetuity was once generally approved, but is now outmoded. There are evidences that all perpetuities are becoming less popular, and I look forward with confidence to the day when they will become a rarity. They have not stood the test of time.

To prove that I practise what I preach, it may not be out of place to say that every donation that I have made may be expended at the discretion of the directors of the institution to which it is given. The charter of the foundation which I created some years ago provides that principal as well as income may be spent as the trustees think best. This year, as the management of this fund was being reorganized, I was anxious to make sure that the trustees and officers would meet present needs instead of hoarding the funds for possible future uses. I have stipulated, therefore, that not only the income but also all of the principal of this fund *must* be expended within twenty-five years of my death. This I did in the following letter to the board of trustees, approved and

accepted by the board at its meeting in Chicago on April 29, 1928: —

I am happy to present herewith to the Trustees of the Julius Rosenwald Fund certificate for twenty thousand shares of the stock of Sears, Roebuck and Company.

When the Julius Rosenwald Fund was created and sums of money turned over, it was provided that the principal as well as the income might be spent from time to time at the discretion of the Trustees, and it was my expectation from the beginning that the entire principal should be spent within a reasonable period of time. My experience is that trustees controlling large funds are not only desirous of conserving principal, but often favor adding to it from surplus income.

I am not in sympathy with this policy of perpetuating endowment, and believe that more good can be accomplished by expending funds as trustees find opportunities for constructive work than by storing up large sums of money for long periods of time. By adopting a policy of using the fund within this generation we may avoid those tendencies toward bureaucracy and a formal or perfunctory attitude toward the work which almost inevitably develop in organizations which prolong their existence indefinitely. Coming generations can be relied upon to provide for their own needs as they arise.

In accepting the shares of stock now offered, I ask that the Trustees do so with the understanding that the entire fund in

the hands of the Board, both income and principal, be expended within twenty-five years of the time of my death.

I submitted this letter, in advance, to a wide circle of men and women experienced in philanthropy and education, anticipating a good deal of dissent. There was almost none. Twenty years ago when I, among others, spoke in this vein, our ideas were considered visionary; to-day they are receiving an ever wider approval.

I believe that large gifts should not be restricted to narrowly specified objects, and that under no circumstances should funds be held in perpetuity. I am not opposed to endowments for colleges or other institutions which require some continuity of support, provided permission is given to use part of the principal from time to time as needs arise. This does not mean profligate spending. It is simply placing confidence in living trustees; it prevents control by the dead hand; it discourages the building up of bureaucratic groups of men, who tend to become overconservative and timid in investment and disbursement of trust funds. I have confidence in future generations and in their ability to meet their own needs wisely and generously.

THE SHEEP HERDER CALLS IT A DAY

BY ARCHER B. GILFILLAN

I

PICTURE to yourself the old Conestoga wagon or prairie schooner, shorten it somewhat, widen it to extend out over the wheels, pull the canvas taut and smooth so that there is no ribbed appearance, put a small window in the back and a door in the front—and there you have the herder's happy home. There is a short length of stovepipe sticking up through the canvas on one side near the front. You will notice that the door is not placed squarely in the middle, but toward the opposite side from the stovepipe. The door itself is unusual. It is built in two halves, one above, one below; and each half swings independently on its own hinges. In the upper half are three small windowpanes in a vertical line. How much light they admit depends upon how recently they have been installed, because of course the herder is a herder and not a window washer by profession.

The usual explanation for the divided door is that it permits the wagon to be ventilated without cooling off the stove. But I think that is only part of it. It is really the most convenient thing imaginable. You may want to keep the dog in or out without keeping the door shut, so you close the lower half. Also, if you open the full door, the effect is somewhat like opening one entire side of a house. But by keeping the bottom half closed you prevent floor drafts, while the top half, being fastened with a chain, may be kept open at any angle desired, thus

affording a perfect means of ventilation. The window at the rear is hinged at the top and may be raised or lowered by a rope passing over a pulley and fastened inside within easy reach. Thus the window also may be held open at any point desired, making the sheep wagon one of the most easily and perfectly ventilated abodes of man.

You get into the wagon by the simple process of stepping on the wagon tongue, grasping the sides of the door, and hoisting yourself in. Some herders use a box or a pair of steps. As you stand in the doorway you have the stove on one hand, with the dish cupboard behind it, and on the other side a bench running from the door to the bed. The latter, built crosswise of the wagon, takes up the last four or five feet of space. Opposite the long bench is a shorter one running from the bed to the dish cupboard. These benches are directly over the wheels. If you examine them closely, you will see a trapdoor in the centre of each, and these lead into the grub boxes. As may be seen from the outside, the grub boxes are suspended in the space between the rear and front wheels, thus carrying out that economy of space which is the keynote of the sheep wagon.

To return to the inside: hinged to the bed and jutting forward between the two benches is the table. Its forward edge is supported either by a gate leg beneath or by a chain dropped from the framework of the top. In either case the table may be let down and out of the way when not in use. Sometimes it

is arranged to slide in and out beneath the bed. There is also quite a space beneath the bed, where the dogs may be out from underfoot and where bulky articles may be kept.

The bed itself is a built-in bunk with sides a foot or more high. Sometimes it has a set of springs resting on its hard board bottom, but more often only a mattress. Sometimes the herder furnishes the bedding, sometimes the boss. Customs vary in different regions. Just above the bed is a small window, mentioned before, through which the herder may look out over his sheep at night without getting up. Over the bed is a shelf or two, where the herder keeps his clothes, books, and papers.

Such, in brief, is 'the wagon,' and for the purposes for which it was designed it would seem hard to improve on it. The keynote of it, as said before, is economy of space. The door and window both open out. The top is high enough so that a tall man may stand upright. For one man there is plenty of room; two crowd it; three are unbearable. But it was intended and designed for one.

We hear so much of the number of steps a woman has to take in pursuit of her work. Someone has even computed the number of miles she is compelled to walk daily — that is, around the house and excluding trips to the movies and the barber. Think of this household marathon and then think of being able to stand in one spot to get an entire meal, to take two steps to sit down and eat it, and then to rise in place and wash the dishes. If the efficiency experts once get a good look at a sheep wagon, they will shortly have all the women under canvas. The herder has no upstairs work to do. He sweeps his wagon whenever it needs it, usually twice a day, and he does the scrubbing and dusting every time the Republicans sweep the solid South.

It is a wonder that there are so few women sharing their husbands' lives in a wagon. Think of a woman's being able to get her housework for the day done in fifteen or twenty minutes. That is all the time the herder spends on it. And yet I am not sure it would work out that way. I have known many a woman homesteader to spend the whole day keeping house in a ten-by-twelve shack, and be busy all the time. What she did or could find to do for that length of time must take its place with the great number of other feminine mysteries. I have heard women say that it is harder to keep house in a small place than a large one. On the other hand we have all heard of 'the burden of a large house.' That is a woman every time. She gets you going and coming.

Of course there are some problems connected with housekeeping even in a wagon. For instance, I am in the habit of putting the coffeepot down into the stove to encourage early boiling. Naturally the pot collects a thick coat of soot. The boss claims that a mixture of soap and elbow grease would cause this soot to disappear. I claim that it would n't. The question has not yet been settled. Then there is another problem arising from the fact that the water pail stands directly beneath the mirror, which causes complications. However, there must be some way out of the difficulty, and doubtless in time I shall discover it.

An observant visitor in a wagon would notice that each of the shelves of the dish cupboard has a three-inch strip of wood hinged to its front edge, the strip being equipped with hooks so that the shelf may be converted into an open box at will. He might also notice that the dishes, both cups and plates, are of tin. These little details point significantly to the herder's secret sorrow, to the fly in the amber of

his peaceful existence — that is, moving day. An old proverb says that three removes are as bad as a fire. That being so, how would you like, once every month, to pile all your belongings on the bed, have an unsympathetic earthquake attached to the front of the house, and have the afore-said house dragged over several miles of rough country? Yet this is just what happens to the herder. At the end of the journey he may find that the mirror has again been cracked across, or that the kerosene can has been upset on the bed, inducing dreams of oil-stock swindles, or that the syrup pail has tipped over and has spread its contents in a thin veneer over all adjacent objects. All these accidents can and do happen, but a merciful providence usually sees to it that they do not all happen at once. The condition of things at the end of the journey depends largely on the skill and carefulness of the camp tender, whose business it is to move the wagon. But a person will always take better care of his own stuff than another will, and some of the camp tenders are stronger in the back than they are north of the ears. The herder can sometimes do his own packing, if he knows with certainty the day on which he is to be moved, but he can never do the driving, as he has to tend to the sheep.

It would surprise the average person to know how comfortable a sheep wagon is, summer and winter. Almost everyone knows that the average tent is unbearable on a hot day. He might think that the sheep wagon, being a tent on wheels, would be the same way. But such is not the case. The canvas top is usually of several thicknesses, which renders it impervious to the sun's rays; with the door open in front and the window open in the rear, whatever breeze there is comes through; and unless the stove is going the wagon

is cool compared with the outside. In like manner in winter the many layers of canvas above and the double matched-board floor beneath keep in a surprising amount of heat. Likewise the fact that there is such a comparatively small air space to heat makes it possible to keep the wagon at a very comfortable temperature. Many herders are out in their wagons all winter, and this in a country which sees forty below every year and in which zero weather frequently extends over long periods.

And yet, with all its attractions, the wagon seems to make a very limited appeal to women. It is the very great exception, even where the herder is married, that his wife lives with him in the wagon. To be sure, there is really room for only one, but then man and wife are supposed to be one, so that should n't make any difficulty. Of course there would be no room for temperament. But whether the reason is prudence on the part of the man or disdain on the part of the woman, the fact is that a wagon with a woman in it is as rare as a tearoom without one, and it seems likely that the wagon will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the refuge of the married man and the hiding place of the bachelor.

II

'A sheepman ain't got no friends' is the customary complaint of the flock owner. To this the classic retort is 'A sheepman don't want no friends.' In other words, the farther away a sheepman's neighbors are, the more grass he has for his stock. Besides, it is often easier to be on good terms with someone at a distance whose interests do not in any way conflict with yours than it is with your neighbor, whose lands may join yours for miles. If distance alone is enough to make

friends, we all ought to be friendly in this part of the country, where the population is less than two to the square mile and where, in spite of the one crop that never fails, there are fewer people than there were ten years ago. The ranch on which I work, one of average size, comprises about nineteen square miles, which would seem to give plenty of elbowroom. Size, however, is only relative. Several years ago the boss was talking with the representative of a sheep company out in Montana. This man said that they had been dried out the previous year and had run short of range, and so had had to lease six additional townships. A township is thirty-six square miles.

A herder's neighbors fall into two distinct classes. First, there are those whose land borders his employer's range. It is the herder's business to see that the sheep do not cross the line separating the ranges, and the diligence with which he does this is in direct proportion to the irascibility of the said neighbors. The herder is brought into direct contact with each of these neighbors in turn during the course of a year, and these contacts are of varying pleasantness. The following, however, may almost be considered axiomatic: if the herder can convince the neighbors that he is trying to do the right thing, they, being human themselves, will overlook his occasional lapses from his one hundred per cent ambitions. Besides this, they know that no herder can get the grass on his side up to the line without some of the sheep getting across; and if the neighbors themselves have stock running loose, as most of them do, they more than get that grass back again. Loose stock of any kind has very hazy ideas about boundary lines, but quite a clear conception of where the best feed is.

Sometimes a herder's difficulties are the fault of the sheepman. A new

herder, beginning work on a certain ranch, asked his boss where the lines were. 'Oh,' said the sheepman, making large and expansive gestures, 'herd anywhere you like. It's all my range.' The trustful herder set out with the sheep, but every time he crossed a boundary line someone popped up, and if he was n't the owner, then the land belonged to his brother or his aunt or his grandmother, and he had been especially commissioned to keep any and all sheep off it. That night the new herder tendered his resignation, to take effect at once.

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. A certain sheepman, hiring a herder with a reputation for quarrelsomeness, warned him before he went out to the wagon to begin work: 'You can get into all the fights you want to, and you can get out of them yourself.'

The other class of neighbors with whom the herder has to do is comprised of people passing through the country on their various errands, or riders from other ranches looking for stock, or friends of the herder from a distance. The herder's relations with this class are uniformly pleasant. They break the monotony of the herding day and, in a land without telephone or telegraph, they bring the latest news, and the herder is often able to reciprocate with news from other sources. In fact, my boss used to say that the herder out on the prairie heard more news than he did at the ranch. Scarcely a day passes that the herder does not see someone. The longest period I ever passed without seeing a human being was six days. At the end of that time I was ready to marry or swear eternal brotherhood to the next person I met, according to sex. The absence of human companionship likewise has a tendency to make the tongue wag when the opportunity does come, for conversation with the sheep, however lively and

vigorous it may be, is too one-sided to be interesting.

Yet, strange as it may seem, the herder sometimes has too much company and finds himself in the position of being the unpaid proprietor of a short-order stand. Friends from a distance are always welcome, as their motives are above suspicion. But when a near neighbor makes a practice of dropping in just at mealtime a faint suspicion is apt to arise in the mind of the herder that his visitor is not so much attracted by the charm of the host's conversation as repelled by the thought of having to cook his own dinner at home.

But it stands the herder in good stead not to antagonize his neighbors, whether near or far, because he never knows when they may be in a position to do him a most substantial favor. Once in a while a few sheep may slip away without the herder's knowledge, and a neighbor who will bring them back to the herder, or tell him where they are, confers a benefit worth many meals to the herder, and incidentally to the boss, who pays for the food.

The transient rider going through the country and stopping at the wagon in the absence of the herder presents another problem. I have heard other herders say, and I take the same position myself, that if a man passing through is really in need of a meal he is welcome to go into the wagon, cook himself a meal, wash his dishes, and go on, leaving the wagon in as good order as he found it. But that is just what the transient is unwilling to do. He will take liberties in a sheep wagon that he would never dream of taking in a private house, unless he had a friend along to pick the buckshot out of him. He will eat up whatever food is cooked, especially any delicacies, drain the coffeepot, and be on his way rejoicing before the herder returns.

In earlier times herders were often left alone for long periods; in fact, one herder said that if his boss visited him oftener than once in three weeks he would begin to think his work was n't satisfactory. But it is doubtful whether such conditions exist to-day.

There is one peculiar result of the herder's isolation. Suppose the boss comes out to the wagon and says something the herder does n't like. The boss goes home and promptly forgets it in the numerous contacts he has with others, but the herder does not forget. He mulls it over in his mind, because he has no other immediate contacts to obliterate the memory of this unpleasant one. So he broods over it, and often it curdles the milk of his otherwise sunny disposition. But this is not the fault of the herder; it is merely the result of the conditions of his job.

There is an ever-recurrent story that the laws in certain states compel a sheepman to keep two men with the bunch all the time, one to herd the sheep and the other to keep the herder from going crazy. What would happen if the ovine influence should upset the mental equilibrium of both of them at the same time is a matter for conjecture. Speaking merely for myself, the sight of someone watching me from day to day for signs of incipient madness would be the surest and quickest way to call to life the germs of that disease which is supposed to lie latent in the herder's calling. And if, in addition, I had to do all the work, while the other fellow confined his labors to his optic nerve, there would inevitably steal into my consciousness the thought that insanity is a valid as well as popular excuse for several of the major crimes.

There is also the fable of another law compelling a sheepman to visit his wagon every so often. This is probably as apocryphal as the other. If this law were amended so as to compel the

sheepman to visit his wagon on certain days and on no others, it would receive the strong and hearty support of most herders. As it is, the boss is likely to drop in unannounced almost any time, and this is frequently a cause of embarrassment and deep mortification to the herder, all of which could be avoided by the simple passage of this law.

The fact that labor trouble is practically unknown in the relations between sheepman and herder may be due to various reasons. For one thing, herders are unorganized. The fact that one herder would have to walk several miles at night in order to organize with the next one may have something to do with that. Also, being hired for twenty-four hours a day, there is no time for them to attend meetings when their twenty-four-hour shift is over. Besides this, the extent of ground necessary for running a band of sheep is so large, and the wagons consequently so far apart, that it would take a day and a half to get together enough herders for a good poker game, let alone enough to serve as an audience for inflammatory speeches.

I have still another theory about the herders' lack of an organization, and that is that the nature of his work tends to make him independent. He prefers to do his own thinking rather than to pay someone else to do it for him, and he would be very much opposed to supporting some other herder in idleness for this purpose.

But I think that the real reason for the absence of labor troubles is that sheep raising is still carried on along the old patriarchal lines, and the old man-to-man relation still exists, as it formerly did in almost every occupation. Once in a while a sheepman may suddenly send his herder to join the ranks of the unemployed, or an occasional herder may tell his boss where to shove

his sheep, but these are individual cases to be settled each on its own merits. And to counterbalance these melancholy incidents there are many cases where herders have worked for the same man as long as Jacob did for Laban, even without Jacob's incentive. When a herder has put in ten years working for one man, as I have, it looks as if the boss must be a pretty good fellow after all. Modesty forbids the reversal of the formula.

III

At first sight it might seem that the herder, consorting with a notably harmless animal, living for the most part aloof from his fellow man, with no temptations other than those afforded by the mail-order catalogues, ought to lead a life singularly free from hazards of all sorts. But my belief is and my experience has been that he runs all the risks that other people do, with a few peculiar to his own profession thrown in for good measure.

A few years ago I was sitting in the wagon one sultry Sunday afternoon in midsummer writing letters. It was about half past three, and the sheep were leaving water, but had not yet gone far enough to need attention. Going to the door of the wagon to make sure they were all right, I found myself staring directly at an immense black bowl-shaped cloud, from the bottom of which a black snaky trunk sought the earth, the tip of it licking the dust from a ridge not half a mile away. I had seen such a sight once before, from the safe distance of three miles, but if I had never seen one I could not have mistaken it for any but the deadly thing that it was.

The wagon, as always in summer, stood on the top of a hill. It occurred to me that a hilltop was about the poorest place imaginable in which to

entertain a visit from a tornado. To be more accurate, I should say that this occurred to me as I was actively engaged in leaving. I know that I broke several records getting down that hill, but since there was no one there with a stop watch I don't know just which ones they were. I reached the bottom and took out across the flat with every intention of running out of the path of that advancing column. But, as I kept track of it over my shoulder, it seemed to me that I was running directly into that path. So I turned and started back. Then I happened to remember that there was an old homestead well at the foot of the hill on which the wagon stood, one of those shallow wells into which the homesteader would pour a barrel of water on the day he proved up, and then go to town and swear himself black in the face that he had a well with water in it. Into this five-foot well I let myself, and from this favored spot watched the proceedings.

I had been subconsciously aware all this time of a great roaring in the air, but had put it down to thunder. Now I noticed that it was unvarying and continuous, like the roar of great express trains going by on either side. I saw the column still advancing, and was amazed at its comparatively slow progress, since I knew that within that whirling pillar the air was traveling at immeasurable velocity. As I watched the advancing column, I saw it break in two, one part dropping toward the earth, the other withdrawing toward the overhanging cloud; then the parts joined again; then the lower end drew up and let down quickly several times, as if it were rubber bouncing on the earth. Higher and higher were the bounces and shorter became the trunk, until finally it dissolved altogether into the gray cloud above it, and its all-pervading roar became merged into the new roar of an advancing hailstorm.

Late that afternoon, when the boss and his family came out to see how everything was, I learned that the tornado had struck a house about four miles west of where the wagon stood. In the house at the time were a young mother and four little girls. By the merest chance the mother happened to glance out of the window as the advancing column invaded the yard. She had just time to throw the children on the bed and fling a thick quilt over them, when the tornado struck. The walls seemed to press in and then fell outward, the roof disappeared, and in an instant the mother found herself flying through the air. As she was carried along the wind sucked her baby out of her arms, carried it aloft, and then restored it to her; a board kept gently tapping the back of her head; all she could think of was broken bones, broken bones; then quite suddenly she was on the ground with her children around her, with broken and twisted farm machinery scattered all about them; and, on the very verge of collapse, she sent the eldest girl after one of the little ones, who, stripped of every shred of clothing, was chasing the flying column down the field, sobbing as she ran.

Like all other mortals since the time man first cooked his meat instead of bolting it raw, the herder is subject to the hazards of fire. One day last spring at the beginning of lambing, I cooked breakfast for the other lamber and myself over a wood fire. I remarked to him that I would not use any coal, because we should not be in again till noon. We left the wagon about seven o'clock, and after I was outside I stepped back in again to make sure that I had closed the front draft. The wind was blowing a gale. Two hours later I saw the other lamber going toward the wagon with his horse on the run, but I merely thought that he was

going back after some tobacco. I was talking at the time with one of the neighbors and had my back to our wagon, when all of a sudden the neighbor straightened in the saddle and shouted, 'Look! Look!' I turned around and saw the wagon one mass of flames. I was a mile from where it stood, and afoot, so I could play only the part of a spectator, but the language in which I mourned the loss of my books, my clothing, and my typewriter started a prairie fire where I was standing.

The lamber first tried to get his tarp bed out from under the table, but it was firmly wedged there with his two suitcases behind it. Not knowing what else to do, and not wishing to remain idle, he threw out in rapid succession the ink bottle, the saltcellar, and the sugar bowl. Just then his hair and his moustache caught fire, and he decided to leave. It is barely possible he left before he fully decided. The man I had been talking to had in the meantime raced his horse to the wagon, and by a mixture of brain and muscle he succeeded in tipping off the burning upper portion, and thereby saved the running gears. We found that the bottom of the stove had rusted through just beneath the stovepipe. A spark must have dropped through on to the wood piled beneath, and there it smouldered for two hours before bursting into flame.

But the greatest danger that the herder has to face, in my opinion, is from lightning. He is peculiarly exposed to it. On the treeless plains of the West a man or a 'critter' forms a natural target for the lightning bolt. Numbers of cattle and still greater numbers of horses are killed in this way every year. Most human beings naturally seek shelter at the approach of a storm, but the herder must remain somewhere in the vicinity of his sheep.

They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. However that may be, it is a safe bet that it never strikes the same herder twice, if it gets a fair shot at him the first time. I knew a herder who was knocked unconscious for some time when lightning struck a bunch of sheep that he was driving into a corral. Several of the sheep were killed, and, strange to say, the others started to pile up on top of them. Another time a herder, who was taking my place while I was on vacation, had gravel thrown into his coat collar as he sat on his horse, when lightning struck a pebbly stretch of river shore just behind him. He too was rendered unconscious for some moments, and when he came to he was grasping the saddle horn to keep from falling.

My own closest call with lightning came several years ago. The wagon was perched on top of the highest hill in the neighborhood. A storm came up during the night, and as it drew nearer I sat up in bed and watched the sheep through the window in the back of the wagon. When the rain struck them they broke up into little groups, but did not go far because it was midsummer and the rain was warm. The lightning kept getting nearer and nearer, till suddenly there was a bolt and an almost simultaneous crash apparently right on top of the wagon. The thought flashed through my mind, 'I might as well die lying down as sitting up,' so I lay back on the bed and waited for the end of a perfect day. To my infinite relief the next crash sounded farther off. At daylight, not thirty paces from the wagon, I found four sheep dead, grouped closely, and already bloated, as is characteristic of lightning victims. Why the bolt should have struck such a comparatively low target as a sheep and should have ignored the wagon and its stovepipe, close by and on higher

ground, is a question that must be answered by someone more intimately acquainted with lightning than I am.

Not all herders are so lucky, however. In our own community several years ago there was the case of Andy Swanson. He had intended to quit herding and go to California as soon as shearing was over. The last time his boss saw him alive, Andy said, 'Well, Louie, I'm singing my last tune, and pretty soon I'll be going around them for the last time.' That afternoon a summer shower passed over — a mere sprinkle of rain, a few lightning flashes, and it was gone. The next day Andy's horse came to the ranch with the saddle on, but nobody thought anything of it, as it is no uncommon thing for a herder's horse to get away from him. But that evening was the time set for Andy

to bring the sheep in to the ranch for shearing, and when he did not show up his boss went out to see what was the matter. He found sheep scattered all about, but no herder. Thoroughly alarmed, he summoned his neighbors, and all that night they hunted with lanterns and shouted, thinking Andy might have fallen off a bank and broken a leg. At ten o'clock the next morning on a high rocky ledge they found him. Andy had passed into the keeping of the Good Shepherd, who, if He disregardeth not the sparrow's fall, had surely in His infinite mercy already enfolded the soul of this poor herder who lay face downward upon the earth. He who at eventide counts His sheep one by one into the fold will at the last not leave the lowly herder standing outside.

A HALF-QUARTER SECTION

BY MERLE COLBY

I

THE Judge of the county watched a haze of sunlit dust settle like pollen on the road, and an oxcart disappear behind it.

'Fourteen, that 'ull be,' he said. 'Fourteen sence morn.'

Pop Downing laid down his quill beside a gourd half full of red lead tempered with turpentine.

'By Gollup,' he exclaimed, 'that 'ull fitch 'em. What time I've sit her to dry by the fire on the old woman's johnny-board, and yankied her over 'th a coat of beeswax, she 'ull be the ornament of this-er Bar and Land Office.'

One of his companions removed his moccasins from the window sill and spat on the verandah flooring.

'Et's drawed out right pretty,' he admitted. 'Thur's the whole town laid out neat as good riven, and no fuss ner shavens. A brick schoolhouse, too, 'uth real glass windies, and a lashen of meetenhouses, not to say a courthouse 'uth two stories and a cuploe, all carded out pretty 'n' proper.'

A tall yellow man, landlord of Sweet's Hotel, tended bar through the open window to the group lounging on the porch.

'This hotel es n't no Land Office jest because happens the Agent's setten on

the porch of her,' he protested. He leaned over the sill and squinted upsidownsy at the plan. 'What d'y aim t' call her?'

Pop Downing ran his scarlet fingers through his matted white hair and frowned perplexedly. The others watched him in silence. There were perhaps a dozen men on the verandah, sitting on long puncheons, — lengths of log rived off smooth on one side and resting on roughly split legs, — or spraddling in crude hewn chairs, or lying on their backs on the wedge-split flooring, staring up through the cottonwoods into the metallic sky of the late May afternoon. They were dressed for the most part in blue janes, but here and there one flaunted a pair of cotton trousers cut in flaring Dutch fashion, or fringed buckskins. At the elbow of each, on the floor of the rude trestle which served for open-air bar, stood a pewter mug of corn whiskey. In the dusty road which was the street, four grown men knelt playing marbles, laughing and shouting like boys.

Slightly above the town, on the crest of a bluff, stood an ancient limestone building, once a fort but now a French nunnery, and near it the French Catholic Church. These were decaying monuments to the original French settlers of the town, who could be sharply distinguished from the American settlers by their 'cappos,' or capes with hoods, and their headgear of gayly printed cotton kerchiefs. They were mostly Mississippi boaters, and no American who thought anything of himself would make way on the street for their slight, dark figures.

'You mought call her New Kaskasky,' volunteered one of the men on the verandah, after a period of deep thought. 'See-en this-yur town es Kaskasky, the name would be a right fitten one. And the "New" afurt adds to the flavor, like cheese to pie.'

A man next the speaker took a great pinch of snuff from the valley between two twisted knuckles, and lengthened the sniff into a snort of derision.

'Kaskasky!' he said. 'What kinda name es Kaskasky? Ever' time you mention et, I 'low I think of my old woman gritten hominy 'uth a hominy gritter. Kaskasky! W'y, a man roughens up his throat a-sayen of et.' He took a long pull from his mug to ease the harshness resulting from the articulation of the word.

Yet the name 'Kaskaskia' once sounded sweetly enough in the ears of Louis of France, in the days when that city was the capital and stronghold of his possessions in the New World. Three quarters of a century later the name rang again in the ears of a French monarch, this time less sweetly, when the fortress fell to the terrible Long-Knives of the Kentucky whites. From that time forth its importance had declined, until from a flourishing city of seven thousand it had become, in 1840, a small settlement numbering scarcely a thousand inhabitants, whose log huts and wooden public buildings contrasted strangely with the dressed and plastered limestone fortress that still stood above it.

In the days of the town's supremacy towns and cities flourished best in the heart of the forests lining the Mississippi. Now that the fertility of the prairie land had been discovered and turned to profit, the settlement was kept alive only by the fact that within the boundaries of the township the steep bluffs ended and the rolling prairies began. In another seventy-five years the railroad and radio would destroy the characteristic turns of speech of the farming folk, and the few remaining French and 'breeds' would be set to work in factories. Then, tired of waiting, the Mississippi was

to reach out absently one day and with a careless sweep of its yellow paw undermine the old fortress. Cameras were to click as a few spectators indifferently watched the heavy dressed stones crumbling sullenly into the waters over which they had once so proudly domineered.

II

One of the loungers at Sweet's sat up slowly, reached luxuriously behind him for his plug, and, having bitten off a chew, gazed comfortably around him.

'Seems to me you-all ur shinen a coon what es n't ben treed,' he said. 'Seems to me kinda like tiren out tongue-senew, namen a town what don't exest yit. You got a right pretty draw'n laid out thur, Pop, and don't know's I've seen a theng so gaudy and fanciful sence the hangen of Bennett. But Kaskasky Landen es Kaskasky Landen — forty rod of sand bottom and a couple acre cottonwood. Pop, your town es all 'n your eye.'

'En my eye, my eye!' exclaimed Pop Downing illogically, bringing down his fist with a crash on the trestle board where his drawing lay. 'Bottom ur no bottom, that piece of land es mine, 'uth a patent signed by Martin Van Buren, all wrote out neat and legal, 'uth the name of Ezekiel Downing across the top of her. Ef I choose to call her the Land of Goshen, I kin do so, by Gollup, and kin sell town lots in her to all and sendry, es long es the same es free, white 'n' twenty-one, and able to sign thur name by hand of wrote ur cross mark.' He looked triumphantly around the company. 'And the name of her's goen to be —'

Pop Downing paused and looked around him into faces touched with amusement or good-natured curiosity.

'Downingville,' he said. 'Downingville, Illinois, U. S. A.'

There was a roar of approving laughter. The county surveyor, a loosely set-up man with a lean, horse-like head, laughed in a series of dry, staccato barks, at the end of which he stared around the circle, meeting the eye of each of his companions, nodding with a quick, sharp little shake of his head to one after another. The Judge laughed with a round ho-ho, taking no notice of his fellows, wiping his eyes on his broadcloth coat tail. Jeff Shorely, with his habitual gesture, thrust his hand under his great black beard and lifted his voice with a roar like the Mississippi in flood, then suddenly closed his jaws with a snap and stared truculently at the others. Pop Downing laughed, too, with a little thin tee-hee, mingled with small sneezes, chuckles, and broken syllables of profanity, carefully twisting up a corner of his bandanna and applying it to the corners of his eyes as his laughter wore itself out.

Three of the four men at marbles looked up with sympathetic grins. The fourth, profiting by his opponents' inattention, neglected to knuckle down, and managed to shoot every pellet out of the ring. With a howl, the players turned again to the shrewd fellow, and with cries of 'Punch 'um!' 'Git 'um, Jos!' 'Overs!' fell to belaboring him with good-natured blows, behind each of which lay two hundred pounds of muscle and bone.

'Yankied agin!' shouted one of them.

As if at a cue, Pop Downing laid back his throat and began to sing in a high quavering voice, keeping time to the punches resounding on the ribs of the victim, one of the thousand stanzas of a ditty that once rang all up and down the length of the Mississippi: —

'Fer nineteen year I huv not eat
Of pork ner beef ner civilized meat;
I bought me a clock 'uth a heifer plew,
And the clock don't run, but the clock tax do!

(Chorus) Woman, old woman, draw the latch-
streng en:
I reckon es how I'm yankied agin!

The surveyor flung his legs over an arm of his chair, and contributed another stanza:—

'I tuk me some grain to the county seat:
Three bushela corn, three bushela wheat.
And the miller tuk fer his millen turn
Three bushela wheat and three bushela corn!'

The group, with a vindictive howl, joined in on the chorus:—

'Woman, old woman, draw the latchstreng en:
I reckon es how I'm yankied agin!'

Jeff Shorely thrust his hand under his beard, lifted his chin, and roared:—

'The Dunkards and the Camelites say
The Baptists 'ull go to hell some day.
I prayed three hour on the mou'ners' bench
And I ain't made a handsome hoss-trade sence!
(Chorus) Woman, old woman, draw the latch-
streng en:
I reckon es how I'm yankied agin!'

A locust started its ripsaw in one of the trees surrounding the verandah, and, as if warned by its sultry drone, the men halted their singing and reached each one for his mug. The landlord rested his shirt sleeves on the sill and grunted approvingly.

'A thirsty gullet,' he remarked, 'es the ree-ward of a good holler. Drenk hearty, boys. The next round es on Sweet.'

A man at the farther end of the open-air bar peered down the road between cupped hands.

'Four, this trep,' he said. 'How many's that, Jedge?'

The Judge wiped his lips with his coat tail and stared absently at the road.

'That 'ull make eighteen to-day,' he announced finally. 'Counten the young-uns.'

The others followed his gaze. At the head of a team walked a tall man, in janes and moccasins, his butternut

shirt open at the throat. His two horses were hitched one behind the other, their work collars simply a pair of old leather breeches stuffed with straw and astraddle their shoulders. The traces were thongs of plaited corn husk, reaching from the breeches legs to the axletrees. The wagon itself had no tires to its wheels, and its bed consisted of sawn lengths of board resting upon the axles. Over the slats were thrown a corn-husk mattress and some blankets, upon which sat a woman, the whites of her eyes flashing oddly out of a sun-browned face. She held a child in her arms. Behind the wagon trotted a boy of perhaps six years. An exact replica of his father, he curvetted astride the stump of a bull whip discarded by some cattle drover farther east, swatting it with his palms and shouting shrilly.

The man halted his team with a word and stood staring unblinkingly at the marble players in the road, as if striving to accustom himself to the idea of men settled, at home and content, in a territory which was to him merely a passing-place.

'Howdy,' said one of the players, squatting upon his heels and reaching for his plug.

The stranger tried to spit, but succeeded only in making a convulsive movement with his throat. When his voice came, it was hushed and breathless, like the rattle of pebbles in a dried-up creek bed.

'Howdy,' he breathed.

'Goen fur?'

The man's throat twitched again with that nameless convulsive quiver.

'Further'n that,' he said.

'Stay'n' hev a drenk. And a swallow a melk fer your old woman.'

The man glanced up at the sun, a quarter down its setting course. 'No time,' said his breathless voice, almost as if it were speaking of its

own accord. 'Got to move on. Gitten West.'

'Missouri, stranger?'

'Gitten West. Geddap.'

The boy, who had listened attentively during the conversation, edged up shyly to the group around his father.

'Ask us agin!' he cried shrilly. 'Ask us agin whur we're a-goen!'

'Whur you goen, sonny?' asked one of the players indulgently, making a sudden reach for the tike as he pranced about them on his bull whip.

The youngster evaded the attempt to seize him and drew himself up proudly, a ludicrous caricature of the older man. The team lurched forward against the corn-husk traces, and the wagon started.

'Gitten West,' mimicked the boy. 'Geddap!' With a screaming gurgle of laughter he touched up his steed and pranced after the cloud of dust that was his ambient home.

Pop Downing grunted comfortably.

'Beggist raree-show on airth, right her' 'n this town. All you gotta pay es the price of a mug of corn licker on Sweet's porch, and set and glance your eye. Settlers. My Gawd, what a raft of 'em! And all gitten West. West!'

He looked round at his companions.

'Whur es this-yur West whur they're all a-gitten to?' he asked. 'Out in Pennsylvanny et's Ohio that's the West. En Ohio et's Illinois. En Illinois ef a man says he's gitten West you kin tuck en your pants' legs and wager et's Missouri he's lighten out fer. And en Missouri et's Gawd knows whur. West! Hell, there es n't no sech place.'

There was no sound of approval or dissent from the group.

'Passen through,' went on Pop. 'All hours of the night and day, passen through. Some of 'em stops to hev a drenk, some of 'em stops to say howdy,

and some of 'em don't stop long enough to spet. Women, young-uns, boys, men, dogs, oxen, crittern, sheep. Riden, walken, a-sleepen, waken. And all goen West. West, by Judas, fer all the worl' 's ef thur was sech a place. Et gevs a man the fan-tods.'

The loungers remained silent and would not look at each other. As if to lessen their embarrassment, the county surveyor unwrapped his legs from about the leg of a chair and peered critically in the opposite direction to that from which the little caravan had come.

'Lookut comen,' he said at last. 'Ploughs a right crooked furrow.'

At the farther end of the dirt street appeared a brave figure. The wide road hardly contained his path as he swept uncertainly from rut to bank. He was dressed in new yellow coat and trousers, the latter carefully pressed at the sides. His coat lurched open at every step, allowing to appear a flannel waistcoat, woven crimson flowers on a light ground.

As the group focused its attention on the new arrival, he sat down with a groan and clumsily unlaced his great yellow shoes. With some effort he pulled them off his bare feet, knotting the laces and flinging them around his neck. A broad smile of relief spread placidly, like a pool of sorghum, over his face.

'By Gollup,' said somebody, 'et's young Lundy back from Cencennatty.'

III

The marble players left off their game as the boy arrived in front of the verandah. The loungers leaned forward to hear what he had to say. His fair hair was plastered close to his scalp with pomatum and sweat; his pudgy red cheeks glowed with heat and shook with excitement. He stood

swaying in the middle of the road, and out of his mouth words began to tumble. He was very drunk and very much in earnest.

'En the town of Cencennatty,' announced young Lundy, 'thur twenty-four meetenhouses. I ben en ever' one 'f 'um. Thur forty-nine bar, a collidge, and two museum. I ben stood drenks en all the bar, and brung me back picture cards of the collidge and museum.'

He stopped, drew a long breath, and flapped his broad tongue over his upper lip to lick off the sweat.

'En the town of Cencennatty thur grestmills and sawmills, and they work 'em all by steam. I seen 'em all. They got the best levee on the river, and the strongest current fer fefty mile aroun'. I swum that current.'

He paused to illustrate the assertion, lost and recovered his balance, then went gravely on.

'They got eighteen magazines and newspapers, and I bought a copy 'f ever' one 'f 'um, figgeren that when I git too old to drove I mought learn to read. Thur forty-sex thousen, three hunder 'n' eighty-two people en the town of Cencennatty, not counten niggers and Yankee singen masters, and I seen the whole forty-sex thousen, three hunder 'n' eighty-two on the streets, and some 'f 'um twicet.'

The boy paused to take thought, teetering gravely from heel to toe, then ended his tirade in a burst of rhetoric.

'En the town of Cencennatty ever'-body talks grammar and them foreign tongues, and land sells fer forty dollar a acre. They smoke seegars stida chewen 'em, and Fourth a July comes ever' other Tuesday. And them that lives en her calls her the Queen of the West, fer all she lies bang en the middle of the Eastern Hemisphere.'

Young Lundy reached out his hand,

and as if by magic it held a full pewter mug. He took a long pull, and shuddered slightly. Then, fixing his eyes on the verandah thatch, he intoned the following string of facts in a singsong voice, like a child reading from a primer.

'I ben forty-one day driven sex hunder' 'n' fourteen head a cattle, all under three year and untaxable. They averaged fefty stone. My cast was ten head, at eighteen dollar a head. We's 'leven men, counten me and my long-tailed horse. We took forty-one day driven to git to Cencennatty, and the herd 'rived en better condition than she started. My sheer's a hunder' 'n' eighty dollar, 'uth drover's wages at fefty cents a day. I stayed five day en the town of Cencennatty, and come back by passenger boat, taken twelve day 'n' nine hour. The nine hour's 'casioned by striken a planter off Bird's Point and stoven a hole size of a wash-tub forrard. I won forty dollar at cards aboard the boat, and lost sixty. My partner, Jake Fairly, married a girl aboard the boat afur I could chance myself to speak to her, and the pair 'f 'um stayed on board, bound fer Cairo, en Egypt, Illinois. So I got off at Kaskasky Landen, 'uth ninety dollar en my pocket, and slipped en the clay and mired my clo'es. The whole trep heven took fefty-eight day, nine and one-half hour, complete, total, and to date.'

The county surveyor scratched the back of his head and stared quizzically at the speaker.

'Rec'lect hard,' he admonished. 'Hes n't cha fergot somethen?'

The bartender leaned out of the window and growled.

'Hev done, and let the lad be. Set down, young Lundy, and take your shoes off from aroun' your neck and git sociable.'

He reached a long arm out of the

window for the boy's mug. Lundy approached diffidently. He caught sight of Pop Downing's map, still spread out on the table, weighted down at each corner with an empty mug.

'Wheeroo!' he exclaimed. 'Pretty, es n't et? Whut mought et be?'

Pop hastily covered a major portion of the plan of Downingville with one elbow.

'Nothen much,' disclaimed Pop Downing, furtively. 'T'es n't only a draw'n, sort of.'

The boy shouldered the older man away, planted his hands astride the gayly colored plan, and stared between them.

'Cencennatty,' he muttered. 'No, 't'es n't. Et's begger, and the streets es wider. Priest! Whur mought et be?'

Somebody snickered. Young Lundy brought his eyes up slowly from the drawing and stared around the circle. A white spot appeared under each of his cheek bones.

'Tell me, then,' he commanded. 'Whut es this-yur a draw'n of? Tell me, then, some 'f you. Whur mought sech a town be?'

Pop avoided the boy's gaze, and the county surveyor spoke for him.

'Et's Kaskasky Landen,' he explained.

'Kaskasky Landen,' muttered the boy. 'Kaskasky Landen, whur I lef' my rifle and my telescope bag. When I come from thur, jest now, thur war n't only one house to et, a house that hed n't no roof yit. Whut kinda sass 'r' you aimen to gev me?'

'Leastways,' qualified the surveyor, 'et's the Landen the way Pop says she's goen to be. And the name of her es—'

'Downingville!' shrieked Pop Downing, at bay. 'Downingville, young Lundy. Downingville, Illinois, U. S. A.!'

'Downingville,' echoed the boy.

'And whut mought be the price of town lots en her, now? Whut mought the price of this-yur lot be?' He placed a finger at the junction of two wide streets, at the end of which were limned, respectively, a schoolhouse and a church.

Pop Downing winced and ducked his head. When he raised it, the boy still stared at him. There was no evading his question.

'I was thenken,' he said, 'of asken twelve dollar, specie, fer that lot, but —'

The boy thrust a hand inside his waistcoat and pulled out a buckskin bag, on the side of which an Indian head was crudely burnt, and jerked open the mouth.

'Twelve dollar, specie,' he repeated, flinging the amount at Pop Downing's knees. 'Do I git a recipee, er whut?'

Pop shamefacedly pocketed the money, edged over to a corner of the table, and with the quill laboriously wrote out a receipt. The boy thrust it away in the pouch, and without a further glance at the old man lowered himself into a chair before the plan of Downingville. He placed his chin on his folded arms, and stared before his nose at the portion of the plan that represented the town lot he had just purchased. Its government value, as determined by the auction upset, was perhaps sixty cents.

IV

Pop Downing sat down on the top step leading to the verandah. For a long time he was silent, watching the sun sink below the trees along the bluffs of the Landing. As the light ebbed, he slowly recovered his cheerfulness. With a stealthy movement, he drew the specie from his pocket and re-counted it softly, whistling between his teeth. From the hollow of young Lundy's

arms on the table came a gentle snore. Pop looked up, still whistling softly, and saw the first stars begin to wink.

Somewhere down the street a window glowed yellow. A woman's voice called. A boy separated himself from a group stealing down the road in single file and broke away in the direction of the light. The file wavered, hesitated, then scattered as if blown apart by the gust of wind that raised a series of dust devils before it.

One by one the men on Sweet's verandah rose and slipped away, too good neighbors for the formality of a good-night. The dusk drooped quickly, as it does on the prairie. A cow waiting to be milked lowed somewhere in a pasture. At length there were left on the verandah only the Judge, silent in a dark corner, the boy Lundy asleep at the table, and Pop Downing, seated on the step whistling out the stars.

A pair of oxen shambled into view down the road, drawing a heavy wagon hitched by thongs to their horns. The driver halted them opposite the verandah and flung his whip into the vehicle. There was a murmur of another voice. A passenger clambered heavily over a wheel, and, taking the driver's arm, jumped to the ground. The pair hesitated a moment, then walked slowly to the verandah steps and stood before Pop Downing, without a word.

Pop stared curiously through the dusk at the couple. The driver was perhaps five feet ten, heavy in proportion. He was dressed simply in a blue shirt, corduroy trousers, and drover's boots. He wore no hat, and his bare hands hung at his sides. His companion was a woman, little better than a girl, but heavy-boned and erect. Her eyes were dark, with a light in them like the reflection of a lantern

in deep water at night. Pop saw that she was great with child.

'Howdy,' said Pop at last. 'Goen fur, stranger?'

The man stirred. 'I reckon not,' he said simply. 'I seen a stretch of land east a piece, and I— Where could I find the land agent of this county?'

'I'm him,' said Pop. 'Whut kin I do fer you?'

'I seen a stretch of land east a piece,' repeated the man. 'It was just before topping the knoll, a mile back, lying to the south of the road.'

'That 'ud be the eighty lyen next George Smalley's place,' said Pop. 'Eighty acre. A half-quarter section.'

'Can it be bought?'

'I reckon.'

'And the price?'

'Dollar 'n' a quarter a acre, specie. Bank notes at 10 per cent discount.'

The man let out his breath softly. Without speaking, he reached into his shirt and brought out a leather purse, from which he counted a hundred dollars in gold coins into Pop Downing's hands. Pop slid the heavy double eagles into his pocket, and in the light of the bar window wrote out a rough receipt.

'The east half of the northeast quarter of section four, this township,' said Pop. 'I'll enter et fer you, and the President 'ull mail your patent from Washington when he kin git round to et. Better git the land fenced en soon's may be. Take 'bout nine er ten thousen rail, 'uth a three-mile haul. Cost you 'bout a dollar a hundred, er you kin splot 'em yourself.'

The man took his receipt and nodded. 'I'll split 'em myself,' he agreed, flexing an arm, then fell silent again, listening closely to Pop's instructions and remarks.

'You'll need a strong plough to break up your eighty, and sod corn,

and a Collins axe, ef you es n't got one already, and wedges. You got a rifle, a course. Sod corn costs thirty cent a bushel, and seeds 'bout four acre. You need a roller, rope, and bucket fer your well. Fall seed wheat comes eighty cent a bushel. Cattle and horses es liable to a ad valorim tax at three year old. Your old woman 'ull hev a spennen wheel and loom. Land es n't taxable untel five year from date of purchase. Thur's a tax on clocks and watches, ef you hev any sech. You're liable to two days' work on the state road, and sex month en the milishy — but you won't be called out — at reg'lar pay. When you git en your fall seed, thur's squirrel hunten and coon hunten, and horse racen. Ninepins es agin the law en these parts, so we plays tenpins, Sundays.'

The woman plucked at her husband's arm. The man nodded, and sent her back to the wagon with a gentle push. The moon began to rise over the prairie. The two men fell silent, listening to the snores of the boy on the verandah. Pop Downing shifted his position on the step and spoke, very softly, as if afraid to break a spell.

'Et's good land, that eighty,' he said. 'None better. . . . Rich dirt. Good loom, though; not too rich. . . . Deep, too. I could n't make bottom.'

Pop paused and considered. 'And well dreened. . . . Thur's a crick runs below et. Thur's a shady piece, too. A knoll, 'uth half a dozen heckory trees. . . . Et's good land, that eighty. . . . Et's sweet land.'

'Yes,' said the man. 'I tasted it.'

He turned to go, bringing both fists up to a level with his head, his shoulder muscles rippling through his shirt. Pop considered him, surprisedly, against the moon.

'Me and my old woman kin put you up fer the night,' offered Pop. 'Plenty room en our house now.'

The man whirled around again, facing Pop. He brought his clenched hands down to his sides. When he spoke, his voice rang out strangely along the shadowy street.

'No, I thank you,' he said, and his oxen lifted their heads as if at a command. 'Me and my woman, we aim to spend the night — on our land.'

He strode rapidly to his team, swung them about, and started them back in the direction from which he had come. Pop sat rubbing his stubbled chin with the heel of his palm, his eyes following them meditatively.

There was a rustle in the corner, and the Judge's voice came out of the darkness.

'Twenty,' said the voice.

THE THREE CHILDREN

(Near Clonmel)

I MET three children on the road —
The hawthorn trees were sweet with rain,
The hills had drawn their white blinds down —
Three children on the road from town.

Their wealthy eyes in splendor mocked
Their faded rags and bare wet feet —
The King had sent his daughters out
To play at peasants in the street.

I could not see the palace walls,
The avenues were dumb with mist;
Perhaps a queen would watch and weep
For lips that she had borne and kissed.

And lost about the lonely world,
With treasury of hair and eye,
The tigers of the world will spring,
The merchants of the world will buy.

And one will sell her eyes for gold,
And one will sell her eyes for bread,
And one will watch their glory fade
Beside the looking-glass, unwed.

A hundred years will softly pass —
Yet on the Tipperary hills
The shadow of a king and queen
Will darken on the daffodils.

EILEEN SHANAHAN

MASS PRODUCTION MAKES A BETTER WORLD

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

I

It is agreed by competent observers in this country and in Europe that America's increasing general prosperity and high standards of living are due chiefly to the rapidly increasing use of scientific mass production and distribution.

Yet there are some—mostly impractical theorists—who profess to see in mass methods the threat of grave danger to mankind. Where I see good, they see evil. Where I see the means of liberating the masses of the people economically, the critics of mass methods see the probability that men will become veritable slaves of their machines. The theorists foretell an era of machine-made ugliness, while I look to low-cost mass production to make beauty more general and to put more of it within the reach of the masses. In short, the theorists assert that mass production and distribution are bad in many ways for both producers and consumers. I am convinced that they benefit both.

I am going to consider categorically the principal allegations which are made against mass methods. But first let us see clearly just what mass methods are and what they imply.

Scientific mass production, for example, is not merely the production of large quantities of highly standardized goods. It implies that those goods shall be made under the most modern and efficient methods, largely by means of machinery, and with a high degree of division, or specialization, of labor.

The original aim was cost reduction rather than the production of great quantities of goods, but it was soon discovered that costs can be reduced to the minimum only by producing in large quantities—millions of articles—and thereby reducing 'overhead' expense to the point where the charge against each unit is comparatively negligible.

But mass producers also found out that when goods are produced in great quantities there must be millions of consumers. It would be foolish, for instance, to make a million automobiles or two million pairs of shoes if you were going to charge \$25,000 for each automobile and \$50 for each pair of shoes.

Fortunately, mass production can produce consumers by creating buying power. This it does through (a) paying high wages; (b) selling cheaply. Because production per man is high, it is possible to pay high wages. Furthermore, when many articles are made by each worker under scientific mass methods the difference between a high wage and a low wage is a relatively small part of the cost of each article. Then mass producers discover that the greatest total profits are made from the smallest practical profit per unit, because only by selling cheaply can the price be brought within the reach of the masses of consumers.

However, merely to produce goods and to supply the buying power are seldom enough except for the most essential necessities of life. People will not usually buy, even when they

have the necessary buying power, unless they want the goods. Therefore it is necessary that the goods made by mass-production methods be attractive in appearance and of good quality, if they are to be bought again and again.

II

With these fundamentals well in mind, let us proceed to examine some of the objections which are most commonly made to mass production.

1. It is said that mass methods make the worker the slave of his machine — that the machine forces him to maintain a killing pace.

It is the almost universal practice of industrialists and industrial engineers when installing scientific mass-production methods to insist that the new methods must increase production but at the same time reduce the fatigue which the worker experiences from a day's work. This is accomplished in many ways. Conveyors carry the loads that once broke human backs. Whereas a worker formerly spent much time walking around a factory to get his next batch of materials or needed tools, these are now brought to him by conveyors or power trucks. It is certainly easier for a worker to make a forging on a power hammer than by swinging a sledge, and easier to drill twenty holes simultaneously by a power-operated drill press in a fraction of a minute than to drill even a single hole by hand in five or ten minutes. There are countless instances that can be cited to prove that the machine is the slave of man, not man the slave of the machine.

2. It is said that mass methods kill the worker's soul, and turn craftsmen into automatons.

Admit that machines now do many of the things that formerly called for the skill of a craftsman. Yet there

are more skilled craftsmen employed to-day than ever before in proportion to the population, and the demand is greater than the supply. Not all men are creatively inclined. The vast armies of unskilled or semiskilled machine operators are not generally recruited from the skilled artisans, but from the ranks of unskilled common labor — from those who have no creative talent and who would otherwise do harder work at lower wages. Complicated, specialized, high-speed machines call for the service of many highly skilled mechanics for repair work, toolmakers, diesinkers, and machine designers. That is where the skilled craftsman finds his niche at higher wages and with full scope for any creative talent he may have.

It is a common mistake to assume that monotonous repetitive work is necessarily offensive to all men. Engineers have found, on the contrary, that most workers prefer to perform a simple, specialized, repetitive operation. It leaves their minds free to ruminate on other things. They do not abhor monotony, but desire it, as is often shown when workers refuse to be transferred from a repetitive job to which they have become accustomed, even though the new job would pay them better. So great is the need for more skilled mechanics, however, that many employers maintain courses of training for the purpose of developing latent craftsmanship wherever it appears among their workers.

The machine does not bind down the creative craftsman to a dull routine job. It sets him free to do those skilled creative jobs which even the most ingenious and humanlike machine cannot do. And it enables the unskilled, unintelligent man to earn more money than before with far less effort and with no harm to his mind and soul. It permits him to have an avocation as well

as a vocation in the longer hours that he has free for recreation and cultivation.

Not only does mass production benefit the man while he is in the shop, but, by increasing the earning and buying power of the masses through higher wages and lower prices, mass production is making it possible for them to secure the necessities of life with fewer hours of labor. I confidently look forward to further important reductions in the time which a man will have to spend at work in order to provide a proper living for himself and his family.

The leisure which the masses will then have will enable them to get more education and to enjoy more of the good things of life than they now have time for. It is not work, no matter how monotonous, that kills the soul and the spirit, but such long hours that the worker has not time or strength for recreation and improvement. And the workman, if any there should be who cannot express and exercise to the full his creative instincts in his work, will have the opportunity to do so during the many leisure hours each day which mass production will give him. The uncreative, the unskilled, will be able to look forward at the end of a short, unfatiguing workday to occupying himself with activities which suit his tastes. He will have the money and the leisure to enjoy the things of life which seem to him the most worth while.

3. It is said that mass methods, by increasing the amount of goods which a man can turn out per hour, cause unemployment.

This is based on the fallacious but persistent idea that there is only a definitely limited amount of work to be done — which in turn springs from the equally fallacious idea that only a certain amount of goods can be consumed per capita. If that were so, it

would be true that to double one man's production would throw another man out of work. But both of these conceptions are false.

It is obvious, with a little thought, that the masses of the American people are consuming many things which they could not afford to buy even ten years ago. The contribution of mass methods is reflected in the general comparatively high standard of living, in the rarity of acute poverty among those who are able and willing to work, and in the general ownership of such luxuries as the motor car and the wide use of the telephone.

The point is this: Mass production, by reducing costs and prices and by increasing wages, has increased the purchasing power of everyone. The increase in per capita consumption has kept pace with the increase in per capita production, so that, in the long run, mass production has not resulted in unemployment. The reverse is true.

Take the automobile industry as an example. In 1895 only four automobiles were made in the United States. Probably only a few dozen workmen were employed in the industry. For the next few years the increase in the use of cars was slow, chiefly because the price was high. Automobiles were rich men's toys. But, as mass production brought the price of cars down to a point where most people could afford to buy them, the sales of cars rapidly increased.

In fifteen years the production of cars per man hour increased tenfold. That is, in a given period one man can turn out the number of cars that ten men made fifteen years ago. To the old school of thought it would follow that nine men out of every ten were laid off in the automobile industry because of the improved methods. The fact is that the number of workers in the automobile and subsidiary industries

has grown constantly until in 1926 there were employed, directly and indirectly, 3,743,781, according to figures of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. In 1919, in automobile and truck factories alone 210,559 workers were employed. In 1926 this figure had grown to 375,281, in spite of the fact that production per man hour had increased more than 25 per cent between 1919 and 1926.

While only 375,281 workers were employed in automobile and truck factories in 1926, hundreds of thousands more found employment in industries directly dependent on motor cars and trucks. For example, there were 320,000 workers in automobile-accessory factories; 100,000 tire-factory workers; 455,000 dealers and salesmen distributing automobiles, trucks, tires, and other accessories; 1,400,000 chauffeurs and truck drivers; 575,000 garage and repair-shop employees. The automobile is the largest consumer of gasoline and oils, and it is estimated that 110,000 workers in this field owe their employment to the motor industry.

In addition, nearly 400,000 jobs in a wide variety of industries and professions probably would not exist if mass methods had not brought the automobile to its present general use — if machinery and intelligent management had not made possible the great increase in the volume of production. Some who have studied this situation — and I can find no grounds for disagreement with their figures — estimate that the automobile has given employment to 70,000 iron and steel workers, 95,000 railroad workers, 15,000 plate-glass workers, 10,000 tannery and leather workers, 15,000 woodworkers, 20,000 machine-tool workers; and that is not a complete list.

So I cannot see how anyone can find just cause to regret the application of scientific mass methods to the auto-

mobile industry, or to any other industry. There is no ground for the fear that machinery and the consequent increased productivity will cause more than temporary unemployment. In the motor industry there is no evidence of even temporary unemployment due to increased production. With the exception of 1921, the year of our most serious depression, the number of workers in automobile factories has increased each year, advancing from 210,559 in 1919 to 375,281 in 1926. In the same period the average earnings of these employees increased from \$1482 to \$1726 a year, an increase of more than 23 per cent. To complete the case for scientific mass methods, the figures show that the average wholesale value of motor vehicles declined from \$955 in 1919 to \$714 in 1926 — a reduction of more than 25 per cent.

That is what happens in most basic industries which adopt scientific mass methods. As prices come down and earnings rise most people increase their consumption of practically all kinds of goods. It is hardly possible to set a limit to the number of suits, hats, dresses, books, and household supplies the average person would buy provided the price were made low enough and wages were increased. And this will apply to almost all 'luxury' goods — if mass methods put the price within the reach of the general public.

Thus, while for a short time a great increase in the productivity per man in a particular plant may cause some workers to be laid off, yet very shortly the stimulated consumption due to the increased buying power brought by the use of mass production creates added demand for commodities and services which give employment to as many as or more than before.

4. It is said that mass production will eliminate individuality, put us all

into uniforms, standardize us, and replace beauty with machine-made ugliness.

It is true that a fundamental principle of mass production is the elimination of needless varieties and styles, but that does not involve putting us all into uniforms. Men's clothing, for example, can be made by mass methods — in many cases is now. One medium-sized plant makes nothing but blue serge suits in a very few models. That does not mean that we must all wear blue serge suits. It means merely that the plant is able to supply blue serge suits to those men who happen to want them at a low price, quality considered, owing to the economies which it has been able to effect by adopting mass methods.

III

In the future I expect confidently to see this specialization carried much further. With increasing demand a factory will be able to concentrate on a single specialty in some field instead of making a multitude of varieties by old-fashioned, inefficient methods. A case in point is that of an old established knit-underwear mill which for many years tried to produce all styles and varieties of men's, women's, and children's underwear. Study proved that this involved great wastes. So it was decided to eliminate all but a line of babies' bands. Concentrating on this line, the mill went into mass production and is operating close to capacity and at a satisfactory profit. There is enough demand for babies' bands to absorb all this mill can produce.

It is a common mistake to think of specialization as standardization and of standardization as implying that only a single style, design, or variety of any product will be made. Standardization does not at all imply that we

shall all be as like one another as peas in a pod.

There is no danger that consumers will permit standardization to be carried to its utmost except in cases where it will result in greater convenience or lower cost without affecting the attractiveness of a product or the pleasure to be gotten from it.

For example: Formerly eighteen varieties and sizes of food choppers were made. It was found that three served every useful purpose just as well; so those three were standardized, with great savings all round. Surely the most aesthetic would not contend that eighteen varieties of food choppers were necessary for human happiness. Again, common bricks were formerly made in thirty-four sizes. The one size which was used in far the largest quantities was standardized and the others discontinued, with enormous savings. That is standardization.

Ford, by insisting on standardizing for so long a style of car which many people thought none too handsome, and by allowing no deviation even in color to suit the individual taste, was no doubt largely to blame for the belief that mass production, involving as it must standardization, meant that we should have uniform ugliness thrust down our throats. But Ford was probably right in his insistence during the days when he was perfecting the methods of mass production and popularizing the automobile. To get the automobile widely used a very low price was necessary. Now that the automobile has become a necessity, and the principles of mass production have been brought to a higher state of perfection, Ford has redesigned his car. It is a thing of beauty, and yet it is standardized to the point of complete interchangeability and is produced under scientific mass methods.

In fact it must be evident to the

thoughtful that mass production can be made a powerful influence for beauty. The purpose of standardization is to make the product as simple as possible to the end that mass production can be achieved. It is a fact acknowledged by artists that simplicity usually makes for beauty, while complication of design and overelaboration make for ugliness.

There is just now a tendency to the use of color in many things which are primarily utilitarian. Typewriters, cameras, and many other devices are offered in many different but beautiful colors. That does not preclude mass production. I am told that it is now as cheap to produce a product in several colors as to produce only a single color, as Ford did with his Model T.

Those who object that mass production makes for ugliness I would refer to the low- and medium-priced cars which crowd the streets to-day. All of them are made by scientific mass methods, yet most of them are in design, lines, and colors undeniably beautiful — far more beautiful than they were in the old days before mass-production methods were used, and when each car was individually hand-built by mechanics who were known as craftsmen.

Mass production enables better artists to be employed for designing a product. The high fees that competent artists charge can be spread over a large volume of output. The plant which makes only a small number of any product cannot afford to employ high-class designers. This holds true in any line.

And finally, by lowering prices, mass production puts the beautiful things it produces within the reach of the masses, and, by creating an appreciation for beauty where it did not exist before, makes the world a much better place to live in.

I have set down my beliefs on this

subject in a paragraph which I call 'A shopkeeper's vision of beauty.' It is this. —

'In the final analysis beauty is the greatest objective of the world. But we cannot teach spiritual truths effectively to a starving people. One great way to make more beauty in this world is to make the obtaining of a living — the obtaining of the necessary food, clothing, and shelter, and the necessary minimum of luxuries — so mechanical and so little time-consuming that we shall all have time for avocations, have time to work for and search for better things — to search for beauty. This can be accomplished by saving of waste, by more economic justice, by invention and better organization of production and distribution, by better training of workers and leaders.'

IV

So much for the objections made to mass production by those theorists who see in it an influence making for human unhappiness, dull uniformity, and ugliness. They are the ones who commonly have no first-hand knowledge of what mass production really is, of how it works, or of its true economic significance. It is perhaps not so very strange that those people should think they see a danger in a technique which they do not understand.

But it is truly strange that some business men, who certainly ought thoroughly to understand the full implications and methods of mass production, should see in it a danger to business as a whole. They hold that to sell the vast quantities of goods which mass methods produce calls for high-pressure and very expensive selling efforts which largely offset the economies made in the factory.

It is obvious that those who hold that view do not yet grasp all of the

implications of mass production. They assume that we must have thrust down our throats the goods which mass production turns out. The fact is that there is still a tremendous potential, but ineffective, demand for large quantities of nearly every kind of goods. The reason why this potential demand does not manifest itself in effective demand, in actual consumption, is that the people have not yet the buying power they must have before they can satisfy all of their wants. Either they have insufficient wages, or the prices they are asked to pay are too high, or both.

As I have said, it is the part of mass production to increase their wages and to reduce the prices of the things the masses would *like* to buy but as yet cannot buy. When that is done, the potential demand will at once become effective, and those products which almost all people want will all but sell themselves. Expensive high-pressure methods are not necessary in order to sell wanted goods to people who have sufficient money with which to buy them. Producers must, of course, make sure that the commodities which they turn out in large volume are the things which large numbers of people want. The goods must fill a need, and be of proper quality and style.

It all comes down to this: Business, to succeed largely in these days, must produce in large quantities, pay high wages, and sell cheaply. That is the basis of prosperity — the buying power of the masses, which has been created by scientific mass methods in production and distribution. As prosperity spreads throughout the world it will

become a bulwark against war. Contrary to a popular belief, peace is a growth, not a manufacture; which simply means that you cannot 'make' a lasting peace.

Such a peace will be brought about only by conditions that are just to all — just to the rich as well as the poor. Above all, conditions that give every man the certainty of always getting enough work to earn an adequate living for his wife, his children, and himself; and to keep him and his fellow men from supporting war or revolution in the belief that any change is preferable to existing conditions.

Prosperity is the Road to Peace. Because of my deep conviction that this is true, I have joined with others in maintaining at Geneva the International Management Institute, which seeks to spread the knowledge and use of scientific mass methods in European industry. Mass methods will make Europe prosperous — as they have made America prosperous.

I have studied mass production in all of its aspects since its inception, and have watched its development. I have studied especially closely its social and economic aspects, and I can say without qualification that if it is used by leaders who understand that in order to make the greatest total profits they must pay ever-higher wages, constantly reduce prices, and keep profits per unit of output down to the very minimum, mass production holds no dangers to the common welfare, but on the contrary holds possibilities of accomplishing for mankind all of the good that theoretical reformers or irrational radicals hope to secure by revolutionary means.

THE FALLACY OF AN INDUSTRIAL PANACEA

BY A. LINCOLN FILENE

I

OURS is a business civilization. Significant changes in the methods of making and distributing goods assume in our minds the proportions of a menace or a blessing, and have been so discussed by thoughtful writers. A large part of this discussion, however, has been conducted by people not themselves engaged in business, who have tended for the most part to overlook a fact about new business developments that would be clearly apparent to them if they were discussing changes, for example, in politics, art, or domestic life.

Innumerable factors complicate the business situation, requiring more than an offhand and detached knowledge for their analysis. The truth is that any change in the methods of doing business, such as the growth of chain stores, direct selling to the retailer, installment selling, mass production, mergers, or national advertising, is introduced into a highly complex environment. It runs at once against prejudices in favor of old ways of doing things and the special advantages which established business methods have for achieving certain ends.

To the uninitiated public it may frequently look as if the new way were going to overwhelm the old and inaugurate a scheme of things that must have profound implications for our economic life and incidentally for our social state in general. To the business man engaged in a new form of production or distribution, the problem of

making it 'go' has no such simplicity. If he was not canny or careful enough in advance to realize the limitations that hedge a new idea, experience soon teaches him, and unforeseen consequences of his actions arise to plague him. His competitors, who work along traditional lines, redouble their efforts to make their way of doing things more attractive to the customer. Slowly but surely the area of his conquest, which at first grew with prodigious rapidity, approaches its limits. The seven-day wonder becomes itself merely another of the accustomed procedures of business, and the stage is cleared for the next disturbing innovation.

Among the new things business is doing, mass production has created probably the greatest popular interest. Many have hailed it as the economic messiah, which, by reducing the price of goods and at the same time raising wages, is to redeem the world from poverty. Others have asserted that it will spread throughout the industrial world, enslaving man to the machine and so imposing a spiritual poverty more serious than material want.

The average recipe for mass production would read about like this: Confine yourself to the manufacture of a few highly standardized products. Take a large plant employing many workers. Break up the manufacturing processes into minute parts. Train the individual worker to perform a very simple operation in a very expert manner. Substitute quick and accurate machine labor for hand labor wherever possible. See

that the workers and machines are continuously supplied with the necessary materials to do their work. Then set everything going as fast as is humanly, or at least humanely, possible.

In the mass-production system of industry everything is definitely subordinated to the greatest possible production of standardized articles on the basis of the lowest possible costs.

Mass production in America, though young, has had a very significant growth. Unfortunately statistical evidence on its present extent is not easy to obtain. The rapid increase in the number of large-scale industrial establishments is apparent from a glance at the Federal Census of Manufactures. In 1914, 17.8 per cent of all industrial workers were employed in factories employing over 1000 workers. In 1923, 24 per cent of all workers were in such factories. However, large-scale production and mass production must be sharply differentiated.

In 1923 (the latest year in which the census classifies industries by size of establishments according to number of workers employed), of the total number of wage earners in factories employing over 1000 people 63 per cent are found in eight industries. Heading the list are iron and steel works. A portion of these mills is engaged in mass production, and another portion is just as definitely not so engaged. Next come motor vehicles and bodies, with which may be grouped the manufacture of tires. These are in very large part mass-production industries. Next but one is cotton goods. The manufacture of cotton cloth (gray goods) may probably be called a mass-production industry. This is decidedly not true of the production of the great variety of finished cotton goods. The nub of the matter lies in the definition of mass production already given. Mass production implies concentration on a few highly

standardized articles. Once the manufacturer departs from an ever-higher standardization of product and processes resulting in ever-decreasing cost, he may be using large-scale production methods, but he ceases to be a real mass producer.

II

Are there factors in our present economic and social life which tend to restrict or limit the efficiency of mass production?

It is impossible to prevent certain wastes when centralized control is undertaken over large numbers of men and over many operations. In order to ensure perfect coördination among the parts of a huge factory, elaborate systems of control become necessary, and such systems can easily degenerate into the red tape which frequently stifles valuable initiative among subordinate executives and workers. Huge factories do not, of course, necessarily suffer from inflexibility, but the potentiality is there and must be constantly guarded against.

When products are made up of several different kinds of raw materials, a distinct saving in transportation costs can often be effected by making certain parts near the source of raw materials. A similar economy exists in establishing assembly plants close to points of delivery, as the component parts can usually be shipped more cheaply than the finished article. Both of these factors, it is apparent, necessitate the decentralization of the large factory unit, although on a reduced scale the mass-production formula of standardization of products, breaking down working processes into simple units, systematic routing of work, and so forth, can still be preserved.

Another tendency eating away at the huge central-factory idea is the advantage of placing small subsidiary

plants in outlying communities, because of lower rentals, cheaper wages, and so forth. Here too, of course, what is being sacrificed in the mass-production idea is only the large central factory, the emphasis on uniform cheap production remaining.

The serious difficulties of mass production spring from another source — from the new conditions of the consumption market developed by business itself. Obviously, mass production requires mass demand for that which has been produced. The mass-produced article must so appeal to the public that consumers will willingly buy it in large quantities. Utility, uniform quality, and low prices are, generally, the grounds on which manufacturers of standardized products made in quantity expect the public to spend its money. That expectation no longer has its old-time validity for a number of products.

In whatever lines of merchandise mass production was started, its success was bound to breed competition. Newcomers to mass production, who wanted to make the virtues of their competing products known to the public at large, resorted naturally to national advertising. The manufacturer who was first in the field then had to follow suit. That the consumer was being stimulated from several different sources to think in terms of a certain kind of product raised the importance of that product in the public's estimation. More of it was bought, and other manufacturers naturally became eager to make it. Through advertising devices each was able to convince a section of the consuming public of alleged superiorities in his particular product. Price appeal could no longer be the sole criterion of purchase.

The story of tooth paste is illuminating in this connection. In the golden age before mass production and national advertising were thought of,

there were one or two well-known tooth powders and a number of lesser brands having largely a local sale. Not very much attention was paid to making these tooth powders attractive to the consumer. Brushing one's teeth was one of those necessary personal duties performed somewhat shamefacedly. Then came the first tooth paste, followed by national advertising, followed by numerous imitators. Thanks to the leadership of skilled copy writers, brushing the teeth became a major item of personal and social hygiene and etiquette — and a public duty. Tooth paste began to taste nice and to look attractive. It became associated with feminine daintiness and flashing masculine vigor. Brushing the teeth became another indispensable rite in the apotheosis of sex appeal!

Now the moral of this is that greatly enhanced tooth-paste demand was created by mass production with the aid of its twin brother, national advertising. This situation was responsible for numerous tooth-paste manufacturers, all of whom might practise mass production within limits, but no one of whom could hope to dominate the domestic market with one huge industrial aggregation grinding out the country's tooth paste at a continually lower cost — what the first tooth-paste manufacturer may have very well expected to achieve before he was disillusioned. National advertising has become responsible for what might be termed extensible consumption, which by widening markets at first favors mass production, then restricts it by attracting new competitors into the field.

Competition wars even more ruthlessly against standardized production where the type of merchandise is one on which the individual consumer is already trained to discriminate out of his own experience. A consumer can be lured by ingratiating writing on the

wall to a certain brand of tooth paste. Of its hygienic or actual value he knows nothing more than is told him — a condition which does not hold for women's stockings, for example. Every woman has her own ideas as to what she should get in the way of stocking value for a given amount of money. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find innumerable manufacturers treading on each other's heels in the industry; and styles, as will become clear farther on, aggravate the situation. We have, in addition to manufacturers' brands, wholesalers' brands, the brands of retailers, and stockings that have no brand name at all. With a field full of manufacturers the area of mass production is definitely hedged about. What is true of stockings also holds for a vast and important variety of other articles.

Chain stores, too, have caused interesting alignments of forces. Chain stores are natural allies of mass production; they constitute large areas of concentrated buying power. The inevitable uniformity of the merchandise carried by the chains, however, tends to restrict the field over which they operate. Their concentration on reliable staple items sold cheaply is already in certain lines forcing the department and the specialty stores to stimulate a demand for novelties and highly seasonal articles in order that they may make up in other ways what they lose to the chains in staple goods. As the chains tend to cover new fields of merchandise, this counterattack of the department store will gain added impetus and scope. Manufacturers will spring up to cater to the ever-widening emphasis of the department and specialty stores on new articles of individuality and distinction. It is not difficult to imagine a gigantic economic struggle in the future, in which the department stores will be constantly striving to raise certain articles into the

style class, while the chains, by the bait of low price, will endeavor to keep them as staples; and style goods cannot, generally speaking, be produced in mass.

III

Retail buying habits manifesting themselves in the predominant hand-to-mouth buying are bringing additional worries to the mass and large-scale producer. The distributor is not likely to order his merchandise in advance of need, preferring to let the manufacturer or the wholesaler gamble on acquiring stocks of merchandise which, by the current caprice of consumer desire, may become obsolete and unprofitable overnight. So far as manufacturers by sheer economic necessity or by skillful anticipation of coming styles undertake to produce in advance, they can employ large-scale production methods, but hand-to-mouth buying, by discouraging advance production and even discouraging planning for advance production, acts as a deterrent.

So marked a factor indeed has style become of recent years in the production and marketing of goods that one might as properly call this an era of style as an era of mass production. Yet there is definite opposition between these tendencies. The trend of fashion is constantly making certain styles obsolete, and obviously this acts as a powerful brake on mass production, which can, by its very nature, succeed only when there is a continuous and widening demand for the same product. If women would wear uniforms, to take an extreme instance, mass production of dresses would lower costs so steeply as to bring more than one sigh of relief from the head of the family. Since women, on the contrary, prefer individuality in their dress and frequent change of style, we have in the manufacture of women's dresses the very

converse of mass production — that is, production in many small manufacturing plants, each of which produces a fairly wide variety of merchandise.

Strange things are happening. No matter how humble its origin, style is rapidly entering fields in which the development of highly standardized merchandise has hitherto appeared to be the natural goal. The kitchen is the latest field to undergo style invasion. Yellow stoves, beflowered refrigerators, bright-colored pots and pans, are the order of the consumer's day; and who shall say what unassuming utensil will next begin to adorn itself?

If style only manifested itself in changes of color, the interference with mass production would be, of course, slight indeed; but when variation in shape and structure becomes important, mass production receives a telling blow.

Of this tendency the automobile industry — hitherto the mainstay of mass production, as witness the Ford factory — is at the moment the paramount example. Each year one cannot help being more and more impressed with the extent to which variations in color, line, and upholstery seem to play a determining part in the choice of a car to be purchased. If utility and price were the sole criteria for motor cars, there need never have been any other car than the Ford! Whereas, on the contrary, there have arisen a host of successful competitors in the industry, vying with each other in style quite as much as in price. Even Ford was compelled to smash one of his most cherished mass-production traditions and reëquip his plant for the production of a new kind of car — a car with style appeal. Once launched on a style-production career, it is difficult to know how far he may travel the road that leads to restriction of the mass-production ideal of which he has

been here and abroad the most lauded representative.

Perhaps it is not necessary to probe too deeply into the causes of this condition. Even America, with its dominant democratic institutions, is not immune from one form of social prestige — that arising out of a capacity for expenditure. Many a man of average intelligence buys a hat or a pair of shoes at a store known for the high prices of its merchandise so that his friends and the world in general will recognize his ability to splurge. To meet a similar demand there has had to be a series of motor cars gradually ascending in price; and, although at present there is a gradual lowering of all automobile prices, due to the application of mass-production methods, relative differences in price are nevertheless scrupulously maintained and style is carefully emphasized. Clearly the automobile is a long way from a standardized utility with cost pared to the bone by mass production! And the absence of deeply imbued caste tastes and habits in the nation has been largely responsible for the paradox that, so far as mass production has meant increased income to the wage earner, this income has been to a considerable extent spent by him for the purchase of style-influenced articles. With rising means, the human desire for individuality, for being in fashion, for excelling one's neighbors in competitive expenditure, comes to the fore — frailties that advertising knows expertly how to transmute into highest virtues. To a degree, therefore, mass production, by providing greater purchasing power to consumers, has carried within itself the seed of its own undoing.

IV

But the vexations of mass production do not end here. Extensive and expensive advertising campaigns plus

high-pressure selling devices have in the past been employed in order to dispose of the vast and growing heaps of merchandise which the fertile machines have produced. In recent years a great share of the savings in cost of manufacture through mass production has been lost in increased cost of sales.

Much American salesmanship has seemed to take on the aspect of bludgeoning or cajoling the consumer into the purchase of products which he has not really needed or wanted. Forward-looking large-scale producers, confronted with the heavy expenditures necessitated by such a policy, are realizing that very substantial savings can be made by following public demand instead of trying to direct it, when a preliminary survey shows that the expense of the effort is likely to exceed the profits of the result.

A hosiery manufacturer with more than 14,000 retail outlets has, for example, arranged to keep an accurate daily record of just what types of stocking are selling in the various sections of the country. This enables the company to plan its production more intelligently, to cut down its selling cost, to increase its own turnover of finished stocks, and to achieve the economies which flow from continuity of operation throughout the year.

Other organizations turning out an enormous volume will no doubt be forced more and more into close study of the consumers' needs and wants, or else will bear serious losses in profit due to the added expense of super-high-pressure salesmanship and advertising required to sell products not freely welcomed by consumers.

There is, however, no single panacea for a complex situation. The menace of overproduction is constantly dogging the heels of mass production. Granted the best intelligence on the part of mass-production industries as to scientific

analysis of demand, it still remains true that the domestic market cannot long hope to keep up with the rapidly advancing capacity of machines and skilled management to turn out goods.

Development of exports to the extent necessary to absorb surplus capacity is, in consequence, mass production's next big hurdle. American business, sophisticated within its own borders, has, generally speaking, betrayed an astonishing naïveté in regard to foreign sales. It has been indifferent to foreigners and complacently ignorant of their tastes and customs. It has yet to realize the strength behind the foreigner's desire to want things done in his own way and to meet his particular prejudices or predilections. Its narrow outlook on international affairs, which has prevented it from seeing that it cannot build up foreign markets in the face of high tariff walls against foreign goods, and its overexact policy on foreign national debts are only particular phases of a general situation. How far America advances in its understanding of the outside world and in its desire to reach an accommodation with the foreign point of view will soon be a matter of major importance to the successful functioning of mass production.

In view of this imposing array of forces insidiously or openly agitating within business against an unmodified mass-production policy, it may seem hardly necessary to call more than passing attention to the numerous social problems that are threatening the system from without.

Students have frequently declared that mass production, by increasing the unit of output per man hour, and thereby lowering the cost of the product while raising wages, has broken the dismal shackles of traditional economics and firmly set the wage earner on the road to permanent prosperity; but lately this optimistic speculation has

become overclouded by the realization that the wholesale application of power and machinery to work has resulted in forcing large numbers of workers out of employment.

According to figures issued by the National Industrial Conference Board, the physical volume of product in manufacturing industries increased 54 per cent from 1921 to 1923 against an increase in average number of wage earners in these industries of only 26.4 per cent. From 1923 to 1925 the physical volume of product increased 5.3 per cent, while the average number of wage earners decreased 4.4 per cent. On the basis of 100.0 in 1914, the product per wage earner increased from 100.8 in 1919 to 135.3 in 1925.

Theoretically, continual lowering of the cost of the product through introduction of labor-saving machinery should result in greater consumption, and hence keep employment fairly stable over a long period. In practice, however, lowering of cost cannot extend the market for any product indefinitely.

The faster industries are able to increase the output of the individual worker, the more serious the prospect for general unemployment will be. (Recent studies tend to show that large numbers of workers displaced from manufacturing industries are being absorbed in distributive enterprises.) In the long run this situation should correct itself, since human economic wants are indefinitely extensible. New kinds of products will probably be created continually to absorb the labor which has been thrown on the streets by the rapid increase in capacity of the machine. In the meantime it may seem to many that the solution lies largely in decreasing the output per worker, which would again be contrary to the traditions of mass production, instead of persistently prodding humanity to

acquire new desires so that the jobless may find new jobs. The Government might even take it into its head to try to put a stop to an increase in mass-production methods for the sake of curbing growing unemployment.

The problem is not to be settled, of course, in an offhand manner, any more than the sociological objection to the standardization of labor and its consequences can be. As yet we have developed no criteria for determining the strict correctness of judgments on these matters, and must wait for enlightenment from time itself. Nevertheless, prophets are by no means rare who, like Mrs. Dora Russell, predict that subordinating primitive emotional expression to lifeless machine rhythm can only result in a spiritual reaction which will bring the whole machine age crashing about our ears.

Sufficient it is in itself that already, in the few brief years that mass production has been a major economic factor, it has encountered weighty economic obstacles to its progress: the competition which its own success engendered, important developments in the distribution system, limitations to the efficiency of centralization, and, most recently, the consumer demand for style and the motive of purchase for prestige rather than economy. Clear it is — and the realization of this is of great importance to business leaders — that mass production is not destined, as was once expected, to be undisputed sovereign of American industrial life.

Mass production could have saved itself, and those dependent on it for a living, much money if it had tried to visualize the obstacles which have inevitably risen against it. If it is to move forward successfully in the future, it will do so only at the cost of careful study of economic and social problems which it is creating and which it must solve.

American business must be on guard against the effects of a superabundance of energy and overconfidence natural to youth and young nations. These qualities have enabled us to perform industrial miracles. They have also allowed us to rush into vast economic experiments with little or no attempt to foresee difficulties and danger. American business men are amply en-

dowed with courage and imagination, qualities which have enabled them to overcome setbacks that would have been extremely dangerous to a less buoyant people. However, a farther vision, a more cautious planning for the future, must be added, it seems, to present excellences if American business is to fulfill its splendid promise.

SCENERY AND THE DRAMA

BY LEE SIMONSON

I

THE myth of a godhead persists even among iconoclasts. And the primitive impulse to believe in creation by the will of a father clings to innovators. Therefore modern stage scenery is commonly supposed to have sprung from the visions of Gordon Craig and the prophetic books of Adolphe Appia. Scenic art has been analyzed almost entirely in terms of sin and salvation. Almost every discussion of its problems ends with some rigidly logical theory of the final and perfect type of stage setting, just as Moroccan Berbers still cultivate a pigtail so that, at their death, the Prophet can conveniently yank them into Paradise.

We have been assured that the modern theatre would be regenerated because its new backgrounds emphasized and aureoled the actor, and then that any and every form of tangible background must be destroyed in order to give proper emphasis to the actor, picked out by a spotlight from the void. The stage was to be redeemed by

putting the actor behind a mask; it was to be saved by suppressing the actor entirely and replacing him with a supermarionette. The dilemma was to be resolved by making stage settings of nothing but light, pulsing like music, controlled by keyboards as flexible as any piano's. More recently we have been told that the modern stage must be as bare as the walls of a factory, and scenery, the outline of its construction, as rigid as the iron skeletons of skyscrapers, derricks, or railway trestles. Over these the artists of the theatre were to mount into eternal life much as the gods once ascended a rainbow into Walhalla. And if the theatre was not to be saved by this method, it could be saved in any case by ignoring the proscenium frame and becoming an arena or a circus: the final renaissance would result from the actor mingling freely with his audience. Original sin has been successively paint and the scene painter, the actor and the spoken word, realism of any sort, decoration in any form. And the prototype of salvation has been discovered in every

golden past: among the ritual dances of Asia and Africa, the archaic theatres of Attica, the naves of cathedrals, the platforms of Elizabethan innyards, and the ballrooms of baroque palaces hung with eighteenth-century tapestries.

Such, within the last ten years, have been a few of the alternatives presented by the theatre's theologians. They offer no immediate aid to a designer who wishes to analyze the basis of the art of designing stage settings as a means of practising it more intelligently. If he approaches his problem realistically, he will, I think, recognize at once that the choice of method and the problem of style, in the theatre of to-day, are entirely relative and the particular method chosen, in itself, unimportant. Like all modern art, the art of the theatre cannot be pure in the sense that the earlier arts have been pure or single in their tradition, for the reason that the material from which the theatre to-day selects its themes is no longer a homogeneous body of myth — the tale of Troy and Pelops' line of the Greek arenas, or the sacred mysteries and legends of the mediæval market place. We stage not one world, but a dozen different ones. A century of 'culture' engendered by popular education and archæology disseminated through art museums has made us acutely conscious of the Greeks and the Romans, the Medes and the Persians, not only as human beings, but as inhabitants of civilizations essentially different from our own. We are also vividly aware of the variety of all the races that inhabit the globe at present, and we are eager for dramatic interpretations of them. And after one hundred years of what we term the Industrial Revolution and the acceleration of all the means of communication, every metropolis imports alien plays as continuously as it imports foreign fruits and vegetables to vary its diet

and absorbs them just as it absorbs dates, bananas, or alligator pears.

Every age is our quarry, every manner our prerogative, every myth a challenge to reinterpretation. And none is seen by either the playwright or his audience from any single and accepted point of view, either moral, religious, or political. If we revive the ancient world, it is not to dramatize accepted codes as to political ambition and the fate of tyrants and traitors. We recall them in order to demonstrate what intelligent statesmanship should be, just as we reconstruct China or Jerusalem in order to criticize current moralities. And our avowedly romantic plays underline the fact that neither *Cyrano's* escapades nor *Ponce de León's* quest was undertaken because dueling and swashbuckling were the order of the day.

There can be no unity of style in mounting contemporary plays, because there is so little unity of style even in the work of a single contemporary playwright. Eugene O'Neill is typical of an age in which dramatists have almost as many methods as they have subjects, and change in swift succession from the colloquial idiom of sailors in stokeholds or water-front saloons to the heroic manner of traditional poetic verse and even mingle them in one and the same play. But, whatever method the playwright may adopt, the setting of his stage is more important than ever. For in the theatre to-day the stage picture is nothing less than a form of literary expression.

After a century and a half, during which a theory of democratic government has become increasingly self-evident, we conceive the individual as part of society, as typical of a group, as expressing himself as much through his environment as through his person. Hence the pictures on his walls, the furniture on which he sits, even the

pattern of his wall paper, may speak to us as eloquently as any words — witness the stage directions of Bernard Shaw. And nineteenth-century painting has emphasized this in pictorial terms by training us to see a human being, not as an isolated form bounded by a hard and arbitrary outline, but enmeshed in 'atmosphere' and light that unite him with a visible background. The furnishings of the modern stage are invariably something more than the traditional boards with a table and a few chairs, because the background of action is, in a very literal and concrete manner, written into plays so that even the mechanics of action depend upon it. Any frame with a means of getting on and off will do for almost any comedy of Molière. But deliver the wrong set of scenery to almost any current play and the action cannot be made plausible enough to continue. Realism must remain one necessary form of theatrical art, whether or not it is pictorially good or bad, ugly or beautiful, just so long as modern playwrights like Shaw and O'Neill use it as one method of arousing our emotions and projecting ideas about the world we live in, which seem important enough to lure us into the theatre.

There the spoken word is not in itself enough to dramatize even the so-called 'poetic' play, because the dramatist so rarely depends entirely upon it. The Hairy Ape must be lighted with the glow of his particular hell, or as a symbol he becomes meaningless; and the rhythmical crunch of coal is as essential an accompaniment to his diatribes as the chant of any chorus. The actor is called upon to project a world he cannot possibly convey wholly by his person, partly because the playwright does not rely on him to do so, and partly because the world in which he acts, even when he revives classic masterpieces, is not the accepted world

of his audience. The connotations of speech are insufficient to convey it. Word pictures in themselves cannot satisfy modern audiences unless they are entirely colloquial. The action of fully half the plays produced would seem implausible, remote, often preposterous, unless the world of which the actor is a part were separately dramatized.

Inevitably the age of the dominant mime, the 'star,' has passed, and no one has arisen to take the place of Irving, Mansfield, Bernhardt, Coquelin, or Duse. Plays to-day are not only acted — they are produced. And the way they are acted is determined by the mind of a director who creates a carefully integrated whole and directs his players as a conductor does a symphonic orchestra. The age of the great actor-managers, of soloists in the theatre, of histrionic virtuosi, has been succeeded by an age of dominant directors — the age of Reinhardt, Jessner, Fehling, Barker, Copeau, Stanislavsky, Tairoff, and Meyerhold. And to these the designer, whether painter or architect, is almost as essential as the actor himself in interpreting their material and arousing the emotions of their audiences.

II

It is these directors who realized the need of changing the rôle of scenery from a static and perfunctory background to a dynamic element in projecting a play across the footlights. The record of their productions is the history of modern scenery in all its phases. But to compare pictures of this half century of renovated stage settings and discuss them in pictorial terms, as though they were pictures in frames, is to miss the essential quality which made them a new art. For it is only as a factor in impinging the imagination of a particular playwright upon the imagination of a particular audience,

under particular social and political conditions, that modern stage settings, even as a craft, have any new meaning. It is only as part of an event that they contribute new life to the theatre.

To Stanislavsky and Danchenko the method of meticulous realism had all the authority of law and all the finality of a true art of the theatre. But realism became their method primarily because Tchekoff was the only important playwright that the Moscow Art Theatre discovered. The success of that troupe was based very largely upon Tchekoff's career as a playwright, so much so that the sea gull became the Art Theatre's monogram. Stanislavsky felt very rightly that in Tchekoff he had found a profound intuition into Russian character and the typical dreams and dilemmas that confronted the Russian soul. But to Russian audiences Tchekoff's insight was at first neither plausible nor convincing. At the outset they refused to accept these helpless intellectuals as either significant or typical, just as they could not accept their elliptical and casual colloquies, which seemingly led nowhere, as having any dramatic force whatsoever. The whole effort of the Moscow Art Theatre was to evolve a method of acting that made these ineffective gentlefolk the accepted symbols of their time, until every play said in effect, 'This is you; this is really Russia. We are nothing more than this. At our best we do nothing more than this.' And the plausible solidity and equally plausible detail of realistic background, of costume and make-up, were only part of the effort of two producers to make Tchekoff's characters and themes a part of the recognizable, unmistakable texture of Russian life.

After the Revolution of 1917, when these politically impotent intellectuals were wiped out as a class and replaced by a militant and dominant

proletariat, the realism of Stanislavsky immediately seemed 'classic' and old-fashioned. The Moscow Art Theatre to-day is the 'First Academic Theatre.' A nonrealistic formula of stage setting, of constructivist skeletons, in which the industrial and mechanical structure of the world is symbolized, seems a significant form and the final type of scenery to a populace eager to graft the dictatorship of the factory worker on a nation of peasants, dominated by statesmen who conceive a political Utopia in terms of industrial efficiency. Precisely because this is the vision to which the imagination of present-day Russia responds, constructivism has become appropriate even for reviving French operettas of the Second Empire such as *Giroflé-Girofla*, in which singers swing from trapezes and chorus men turn hand springs over trestles like acrobats. *Lysistrata* is made hilarious by grotesque mobs that chase each other over and under a skeleton Acropolis, and *Carmen* is rewritten so that it can be sung by a people's chorus.

Outside of Russia, where collectivism is not a dominant creed, constructivism has been imported and accepted as an art form. Nevertheless, despite constant critical acclaim, it has failed to become an appropriate setting for accepted masterpieces. And playwrights who hail it as a great liberation and write scenes that can be interpreted only on trestles, chutes, and elevator shafts invariably write empty and pretentious allegories. Where collectivism is not a faith outside the theatre, constructivism within it very quickly degenerates into a sporadic stunt.

Reinhardt's career at first glance seems the inevitable triumph of one form of theatre art over another. In reality, it is a record of a director's triumphs over successive types of audiences. When Hauptmann's Weavers, Rose Berndts, and Fuhrmann

Henschels were a revelation to Germans of their national character, Reinhardt very rightly exploited every naturalistic device to give them added force and plausibility. When Tolstoi's peasants seemed the creations of an equally important vision, the peasant yard in *The Power of Darkness* was complete to the last shed and the stage floor littered with straw. The appetite for the classics of a rigorously educated German bourgeoisie was sustained with period backgrounds of convincing completeness for Schiller and Goethe. Shakespeare's poetry, dulled in translation, was heightened with the all too solid pictures of which the revolving stage was capable, rotated with such precision that the entire text could nevertheless be given in three hours.

When the growing prestige of democratic consciousness asserted itself in opposition to the waning prestige of Kaiserdom, the tragedy of *Œdipus* was performed with a chorus enlarged to a mob, in whose gestures the pity and terror of his fate could be magnified. After the collapse of the monarchy *Danton's Death* was expanded into a circus arena, 'The Theatre of the Ten Thousand,' and the sans-culottes howled and swirled among the audience. But, despite an amazing number of prolific German playwrights, none of them could write enough plays to keep this circus theatre open; it was abandoned as a playhouse almost as soon as it had been proclaimed the theatre of the future. When the economic consequences of the peace wiped out the German bourgeoisie as an effective audience and made a repertory of the classics financially precarious, Reinhardt rediscovered the theatrical methods and manners of the eighteenth century. His productions became festivals, his audiences cosmopolitans on pilgrimages to old-world shrines, and these, in turn, his 'ideal stages,' where

the glamour of baroque palaces and churches could, as backgrounds, add a romantic glamour to the play.

The æsthetic methods of the stage designer, like those of his director, are determined by factors not in themselves æsthetic. Design in the theatre is essentially nothing more than a kind of visual eloquence, integrally part of the act of interpreting a theme. It will be vital only where it is a necessary factor in the struggle to impregnate spectators with a dramatist's idea, whether it illuminates their present or revives a fresh sense of their past.

The style of modern stage settings is therefore a relative, not an absolute, matter. It can be neither deduced from any formal concepts of pure beauty nor evolved by avoiding any specific ugliness. Its beauty will be only the vividness with which it reflects dramatic ideas that a producer can bring to life; its finality, as form, no greater than the insight or the imagination of which audiences of to-day are capable.

III

If designers had docilely accepted Gordon Craig's dogmas and turned scenery into uniform screenery, their settings could never have had any relation to a living theatre. Modern scenery has been associated with 'Art Theatres' not because these have been born of an interest in art, in its formal sense, but because they have been born of an interest in ideas. What makes our modern theatre modern is not a trick or two of carpentry, or even the magic illusions of which electric lamps, rather than gas jets and candles, are capable, but a widespread realization that the theatre is, at this moment, suited to reinterpreting life and reconceiving the world. It is typical that theatrical designing rose to the rank of a separate profession in this country, in art

theatres like our American Washington Square Players, Provincetown Playhouse, and the Theatre Guild — theatres that were dedicated, not to provide visually beautiful spectacles, but to propagate what seemed to them significant and important ideas in terms of dramatic tales. The importance of visual beauty in the theatre was made plain just as often in stage pictures of drab fo'c'sles and peasant kitchens as in vistas into kings' palaces or visions of the Garden of Eden.

The incentive to design was primarily the necessity of making the world of the play as real to an audience as it was to the playwright. The scene designer was enlisted as part of the job of 'putting the play over,' of creating the backgrounds that made seeing believing. And he was most necessary in theatres where the theme of the play was neither accepted nor obvious, where the picture of life it conveyed did not correspond to the pictures already in our heads.

Plays that arouse none of this conflict with the audience are rarely mounted with beauty. Themes that are universally accepted are rarely staged with any distinction of style, because they have no need to be. For an audience of editors of the Variorum Edition and the old lady to whom Shakespeare was so full of familiar quotations, any set of dull and puffy costumes and drab flats from the nearest storehouse are enough to dress any of the tragedies or the comedies. Molière has always been staged with solid dullness at the Comédie-Française, where he was a universally accepted classic. The backgrounds of *Don Juan* in Russia, where the world of Molière was an alien thing, needed the brush of Golovin and the hand of Meyerhold and 'hundreds of wax candles in three chandeliers . . . little negroes flitting to pick up lace handkerchiefs from the hands of Don

Juan, or to push the chairs before tired actors . . . handing the actors lanterns when the stage is submerged in semi-darkness.' 'These,' writes Meyerhold, 'are not tricks created for the diversion of snobs; all this is the main object of the play: to show the gilded Versailles realm.'

Back drops no better than enlarged postcards of Norwegian fjords did well enough for years in Norway where Peer Gynt was a national hero, his story part of a national folklore. The hills and valleys of his adventures first had the lure of a fairy tale in Berlin and New York, where he was the mouthpiece of an exotic legend. If *Liliom*, as I have been frequently told, was more beautifully staged at its New York première than in Budapest, the reason was simply that here his haunts had to be created. To his native audience the amusement park where he flourished as a barker was no less familiar than Coney Island is to us. It was, in fact, so fresh in their memory that the meanest suggestion of it in the theatre was enough. Here it had to be designed, in order to make it live vividly as part of *Liliom*'s life. And the impulse to invest the tawdry squalor of his world with beauty was based upon the fact that to the Theatre Guild the play was something more than the story of a thief, amusing bits of first-hand observation twisted into a highly sentimental ending. *Liliom* was less recognizable as a fact than as a symbol. The play seemed worth doing, not as a picture of a foreign underworld, but as an expression, through the mouth of a thief, of a romantic faith in human compassion, eloquent enough to make its poignant allegory. For that reason it became essential to give beauty even to the tumble-down shack where this 'bum' lived and the dusty corner of a city park where he fell in love under the light of a lamp-post.

Shakespeare was first restaged in every variety of style of which the modern art theatre of its day in Germany was capable, beginning with the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's company, long before England or America felt the necessity for anything but the back drops of their grandfathers. It was not until the obvious word magic of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* began to fade that Barker created a more magical and iridescent forest. It is only when Hamlet's agony over his mother's incest, no longer a sin to us, begins to make his tragedy seem remote that we become supremely modern and put him in a dinner jacket in order to make him one of us. It is only because so much of the fun of *The Taming of the Shrew* begins to be heavy and meaningless that we send Petruchio and Katherine rattling from Padua to Verona in a Ford.

We stage designers like to think of ourselves as so many Lochinvars trailing clouds of glory in pigment and colored light behind us, and are inclined to believe historians who tell us that a revolution has been accomplished because painters entered the theatre — Roller, Bakst, Stern, and Sievert — and replaced the lifeless palette and the rigid drawing of traditional scene painting with the living color, composition, and light of modern art. It is true that we have re-created and beautified many things. Foliage no longer hangs in rows like the washing of some giantess hung out to dry; and the heroine's shadow is no longer cast on the back drop. That back drop now seems as illimitable as the sky of Perugino, and the stage a world vibrant with all the moods of day and night. Hovels or palaces have a solidity which delights us as the interplay of architectural form does, and a balance of light on structural surfaces. But the stage has been transfigured before, if

not by painters, then by architects — Serlio, Inigo Jones, and the three Bibbianas. There have been spectacles three centuries before our day which our ingenuity, with all our modern devices, would be hard put to it to duplicate, such as *The Love of the Gods*, with its sixteen changes of scene, or the contemporary masque at the court of Ferrara, where seven mounds welled up from the stage, then changed to seven abysses belching smoke, and the sky finally opened while a cloud carrying a gilded car with Venus and the three Graces and the five Hours was 'seen to sink gradually and most beautifully to the stage.'

If the etched intentions of Gordon Craig, the sepia water colors of Robert Edmond Jones, — where figures in vermilion and silver challenge the Calvinistic gloom of rooms and battlements, — or the drawings of Norman Geddes, in which Dante's dream ascends again from Hell to Heaven, survive as records of our stage, they may seem pallid and meagre compared to the prodigious invention and the lavish pictorial beauty of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century stages, already catalogued in the archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Albertina. The librarian of 2029 will probably compare our sketches patiently in order to discover some common aim which would make them evidence of a revolution in theatrical art. He will probably smile if he finds a footnote anywhere telling him that the revolution was really in our souls, and that an age which abandoned its churches and paraded its skepticism did believe that the theatre was a place where the meaning of life, the past and the future, could be revealed. Nor will he suspect that, even as pictures, the beauty of our stage settings moved us, because they were part of adventurous moments of insight and ecstasy.

VALLEY FOLKS

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

A MOUNTAINEER, in a speculative mood, will push back his hat, take an extra chew of tobacco, and draw: 'I don't noways aim ter shorten the power o' Gawddlemighty, but I 'low hit 'pears lak hit seems thet thar's one thing He kain't do Hissself. He kain't make two mountings 'ithout a valley atween 'em.'

Peter often tossed this nugget of wisdom at me as I irrationally considered some way of avoiding valleys and valley folks on our journey with the pushcart.

It seemed preposterous that a mere protuberance on the earth's surface should so change the manners of people living but a few miles from each other. I was reminded that the way we earn our bread makes a vast difference in us; and that the people of the rich valleys earn their bread in an easier way than the mountaineers, and earn more of it. The labor of others serves the owner of valley land, and his manners — the mirror of man's relation to other men — seem to have lost the antique dignity which still distinguishes the mountain man. 'For no pauper ever felt him condescend, nor Prince presume.' He has no need for the nice adjustment of his relation to other men; for he knows but one class, and gives every man the respect he feels due himself.

Something of this was in my mind as we pushed Sisyphus slowly down the dusty road of the little town toward

the bank where we had come to cash the last one of our traveler's checks. We were light-heartedly peniless, for I had just spent our last forty-five cents for an airy nothing in the way of a crocheted hat. But though we were in sight of funds we were tired and hungry; Sis was empty of food; and it was Saturday afternoon. So we hurried on for fear of the bank's closing early.

It was a little town with no railway. We passed pretentious places with well-cared-for grounds, and beside them neglected tumble-down shacks. In a mountain village it is true that the inhabitants would collect about us and gaze wonderingly at our Chinese wheelbarrow with 'Sisy' painted on one side and '-phus' on the other, and at our beloved mongrel John walking so proudly beside it. But they ever regarded us with a certain compassion, knowing us to be homeless wanderers. These valley folks stared at us with hard eyes of derisive curiosity. One by one the inhabitants of the town set out after us; and, rather annoyed Pied Pipers, we trudged before them on the way to the bank.

'Give you fifty cents fur that dawg.'

'Where you-all goin'?'

'Whut you sellin'?'

'Whut a consarned little wagon!'

'Hello, Sisy! Goin' ter give a show? Goin' ter preach, Sis?'

I counted the minutes until we could get the money and climb the nearest road to the mountain. The 'sweet security of streets' was not for us.

Charles Lamb's ghost could n't find security in streets to-day.

The crowd, constantly augmented, followed us into the little bank, and the overflow pressed against the window. I went inside with the check, because John was in no pleasant mood, and there might be a dog fight to settle.

A solemn, pasty-faced man peered at me over his spectacles as I hurriedly reached in the chamois bag at my neck and gave him the last little crisp paper. He read it carefully, then contemptuously tossed it back to me.

'This is n't a check,' he said. 'It's just the printed wrapper that comes around the checks.'

I gazed at the paper in horror. It was too true. I recalled now that Peter had insisted that we had cashed them all. But I carried the checks, and there was that little paper with the formula printed thereon! Now, disaster! How could I face Peter, waiting so hopefully outside?

The grinning crowd now chuckled in open amusement. 'Fifty cents fur yer dawg!' 'Hit the grit, Sis!'

I longed to run to Peter and transfer this trouble to him. But it was all my fault, so I turned to the banker and asked him if he would telegraph to our bankers on the Eastern Shore of Mobile.

'There is a telephone at the drug store,' he said. 'You can telephone from there. We have no telegraph.'

'But,' I said, 'I have n't any money. Could n't you telephone and pay yourself for the trouble when the money comes?'

'I could n't take the risk. It would cost something. Would have to be relayed twice.' And he turned away. The crowd jeered openly. You could n't fool their banker! Cruel? No. They were reveling in a fresh emotion, elated by the moral elevation that comes from catching a would-be swindler.

As I tried to push my way to the door a tall youth bent his sunburnt face above me and said in a low tone, 'There is another bank here. A little one. The Farmer's Bank. Try it. I'll show you the way.'

II

Outside, in a few broken words, I told the tragic tale, and we set out for the other bank — Peter, Sis, John, and I in the middle of the street like a circus parade; followed, I do believe, by every able-bodied man in the town except the pasty-faced banker.

Before a little green one-roomed building, in an easy-chair on the sidewalk, dozed a ponderous man. He straightened up with difficulty, rubbed his eyes, and stared at this mob descending upon him with an air almost of fright. Our friend the youth spoke a word to him; he heaved himself up, waddled heavily into the room, followed by Peter, glared threateningly at the rest of us, and slammed the door. Presently Peter came to the window and nodded reassuringly to me. I whispered a word to my sunburnt knight, who stood beside me, and he pushed Sisyphus across to the drug store. In a moment I had unlocked the cart, tuned my violin, and climbed on the bench before the store. I meant to pay for my carelessness and to make this crowd pay for its impudent curiosity. So I bowed in my best manner, and said: 'My friends, I feel sure that you will be pleased to know that the Farmer's Bank is sending for our money. But we must live until it comes. This is Saturday. The money will not come, perhaps, until Monday. I intend to play for you, and I intend to pass the hat afterward; so if anyone does n't care to hear he may leave now. I shall spend every cent I collect at the grocery store

next door — putting the money at once back into circulation in your charming little city.' And I dashed into what fireworks I could command at the moment. I hoped to finish before Peter could know, but he ran across the street, mingled horror and amusement in his face. I ended hastily on an improvised chord, and passed my hat. While the crowd cheered, — more in admiration of my nerve than my music, I fear, — Peter, not to be outdone, reached in the cart for a book we had received at the last mountain post office. He stepped jauntily on the bench, and, waving the book, cried: —

'Fellow citizens. As I look into the faces of this intelligent audience, the thought comes that I can say nothing that is new to you, nothing that will interest you. But there is one late discovery that maybe some of you have not heard. This is that we are all living inside the earth instead of outside it. Korish Colony of Estero, Florida, — which we recently visited, — has proved this; at least no one has disproved it. We are all crawling around like flies inside of an empty orange skin, and the stars are in the middle of it.' I pulled frantically at Peter's blouse. This was tempting fate with utter recklessness! 'Peter!' I cried. 'Stop! They'll put us in the asylum!' But he went on: 'Here where you are all conversant with the latest thought of the age, you will grasp eagerly the book called *The Cellular Universe* for the ridiculous sum of twenty-five cents! Who wants to know that he is living inside the earth for only twenty-five cents? Also there are pictures in it — at least there are diagrams.'

A wizened old man in a black coat approached and said: 'I'll take that book.' 'Here you are,' said Peter. 'I wish I had more of them for the rest of you. But it is limited in circula-

tion. The gentleman who bought it can explain it to you — if he can understand it. I never could. I thank you.'

The temper of the crowd had changed. No longer hostile, they cheered us wildly, and the druggist insisted that we come in for ice-cream soda. I invited my friend the youth to join us, and he told us that the druggist kept the key to the schoolhouse, and that we might camp there over Sunday. We accepted thankfully, for we knew there would be no privacy in our little tent in this town. I proudly counted my money. There was one dollar and twenty-six cents. With Peter's twenty-five cents we were rich again, and we spent it all at the grocery next door.

It was well that we had the key to the schoolhouse, for sixteen men and boys sat about watching us at supper by our camp fire, and I doubt if we could have slept without a retreat.

Sunday morning as we built a little breakfast fire in the schoolhouse yard a voice called, 'Come on in to breakfast!' And there, leaning on the fence at the back of the yard, was the owner of *The Cellular Universe*. We thanked him, but declined, and presently his wife appeared at the fence with a covered dish of griddle cakes, home-made sausage, and a square of chocolate cake. The man leaned over the fence and said: 'Say, do you reckon that book is so?' To save Peter embarrassment I replied that I considered it a dangerous book, because while I was reading it I could n't help but believe it.

'Well,' said the old man, 'I'm not afraid to believe anything that seems so to me.'

'Hurrah for you!' cried Peter. 'Perhaps I'd believe it if I could understand it. Anyway, it's worth the money, is n't it?' he asked uneasily.

'Yes, it is,' answered the man. 'I'll work on it this winter.'

We went to church. We had never attended a valley church. A very old and feeble man preached courageously on 'Old things are passed away,' and spent half an hour on the inadvisability of burnt sacrifice and other personal matters concerning the Jews. The sermon was convincing, but the dear old man read from notes, and it was a relief when the organ gasped a prelude and four men sang, — I quote the refrain from memory, —

*'I think I see my mother floating there,
Around the hills of glory with the angels fair;
Floating, floating, I see my mother there.'*

This somewhat disconcerting picture was relieved by the beautiful voice of the bass. Utterly without self-consciousness, he gazed through the open door to the blue hills beyond, and his voice rolled out, sonorous, sweet, true, expressive. There was, to him, nothing incongruous in the vision of his mother floating there just as he remembered her, with the addition of wings. Nor was there to me while his rich voice boomed out the refrain. We waited to speak to him after the service. He was the village carpenter. A simple man, and, I feel sure, as fine and as true as his voice.

Monday morning the ponderous banker with the soft drawl and shrewd eyes gave us the money, and I humbly asked Peter to carry it. I reminded him that traveler's checks had always brought me misfortune. For once, when we were passing through a Southern city, I looked up from lunch on the gallery of our apartment into two gleaming pistols, and looked down at two armed policemen in the yard below. All because one is expected, absurdly enough, to sign one's name as well in a mood of depression as when one happens to be enjoying a moment of ease and quiet nerves! The law seems rather an inhuman, unreason-

able thing. But I have a criminal record, having once before been arrested for refusing to pay an outrageous city license on a car of apples I had raised. These cases were settled in my favor at once; and never, in the clutches of the law, have I had such a feeling of utter helplessness as at the window of the bank in this valley town.

III

I was feverishly anxious to climb the mountain and forget the marts of men. For to one of us this journey meant not only an escape from the world, but a last good-bye to earth. Soon, we thought, one of us must greet the summer dawns and watch the winter stars alone. And while the devout believe in the communion of saints, and admit, perhaps, the companionship of spirits quick or dead, yet no spirit may put his face against the rough bark of a tree and, listening for its heartbeat, say, 'I too, brother!' Nor may he break the smooth surface of blue water where long ago an Indian cooled his bronzed breast, or dappled fawns drank timidly, and say, 'I too pass this way, with our sister the rain and our brother the wind.' Dust to dust. No more the dear close kinship with the earth, whatever star the eye of faith may discern in the impenetrable darkness beyond.

'Now,' said Peter, gently but firmly, 'we are compelled to walk down the valley road. There is absolutely no way over the mountain here.'

It was a blow. For though this fertile valley would have brought joy to the heart of a farmer, the trees were all cut down for fields, and no bird sang. Only a meadow lark on a rail fence sang his song 'twice over,' and no impudent mocking bird derided. But the insects droned through the 'lazy jack,' as the negroes call the

drifting heat waves; and the sun blazed down on the unshaded way. The road was being repaired, and we met motor cars in deepest grief, while the spirited horses of the valley shied away from Sis and rendered us unpopular on the road.

Late in the afternoon we came upon a little feudal valley where a great house bullied the surrounding tenant cottages. Suddenly a splendid race horse bore down upon us. Our in-offensive Sisyphus appeared to him as a monster of such frightful mien that we expected to see his rider, a boy of twelve perhaps, thrown at our feet. But we did not know Richard then! When he was safely past us and we had sighed relief, there was a thunder of hoofs and the struggle began once more. Again and again the boy forced the terrified animal past the cart, until at last the horse stood trembling and snorting beside us. Four great black eyes blazed at us alike. Then the boy in the elegant riding breeches and billowing silk shirt suddenly patted the arched neck, and they were off without a word.

The day was gray now and sullen clouds loomed in the west, so we pushed Sis under a tall oak in a vacant lot between two small houses, one of which seemed unoccupied, and began hurriedly to make camp. 'Hi there!' called a voice, and the horse took the ditch before the lot with a splendid jump. 'It's going to rain in a minute like the very devil!' cried the boy in a curious voice starting in a gruff bass and ending in a muted tenor. 'Go into that empty house at the left. I'll get the key.' He dashed to the house at the right, and called, 'Hi! Mr. Bell! Bring out the key to Paw's house!' An old man appeared with the key. The boy tied his horse to the fence, and we followed them into the house — unfurnished, but with a welcoming

fireplace. 'No chairs,' said the boy, and, running back to Mr. Bell's house, he brought over two chairs. Then he mounted his horse and rode away.

'Who is that remarkable person?' I asked.

'That's Richard. Richard Winstone. His paw owns about everything in the valley, and he does just what he pleases. His paw can't do anything with him. He's the only boy. His sister's just home from boarding school and he pesters the life out of her. Don't worry. It'll be all right — your stopping here. Lord! The old man'd be glad if that's the worst he'd do! He'll be back right away.'

And he was; appearing on foot, and bearing two generous slices of ham and a segment of loaf cake. 'Richard,' said Mr. Bell, 'you stole that ham and cake! You'll get these folks in trouble. Now don't take nothing from nobody else.'

'I did n't steal 'em. I got 'em at home. Mister, can you play that violin?'

It rained. We built a fire in the fireplace, sat on real chairs, and dined sumptuously. As Peter lighted a luxurious tailor-made cigarette, I saw the green shutters move, and a decapitated fowl fell in the middle of the floor. A gruff voice called, 'For breakfast!' Peter rushed to the window and cried, 'Richard, you really must not go on like this! You'll get us in bad in the village!'

'No, I'll not!' cried the sweet tenor. 'That pullet was n't ours. I got it at Miller's. He owes Paw anyway. I'll be back with some folks to hear you play the violin.'

He returned with three men and a boy, who appeared rather apologetic. But not Richard. As I played he sat on the floor in his fine gray breeches and beat time on the hearth with the poker.

He was satisfied with the performance, for he said to the audience, 'Now there's Dorothy. She's been squeaking away on her violin — taking lessons ever since I was a kid, and you know the lonesome stuff she pulls out!'

During our stay of two rainy days I fancy Richard ate and slept little. We snatched what we could. For when he was not raiding the village for supplies for us he was sitting before the fire on the floor, asking eager questions about the world outside. In vain did his father send men with messages telling him to return home at once. Richard would answer amiably, 'Tell Paw I'll be on directly.' And once he said, 'You go tell Paw he's got these folks all wrong. You tell Dorothy to come over and hear this woman play on the violin. She might learn something. You tell Paw these folks are all right. They are not gypsies.'

Fearing Richard would accompany us, on the morning of the third day we stole away at dawn, leaving a note of thanks for many favors. But at our noon camp there came the sound of galloping hoofs, and there was Richard with a loaf of homemade bread and a whole cake. He lunched with us, delighted with our oven dug in the ground, where we had baked an apple pie, covering it with the iron lid we carried. As he leaned against a tree with a lighted cigarette, there was the sound of wheels. 'That's Paw,' he said resignedly. An irate voice called, 'Richard, you get on your horse and come home. This minute, sir!'

'Which road are you going to take?' asked Richard, as he mounted his horse. 'Maybe I'll be back to-morrow.'

We watched him ride away behind the cart, in which his father slumped wearily. From the rear he gently lifted a white flour sack which appeared to be heavy, and, leaning from

his horse, softly deposited it in the road. Then he made a time-honored gesture with his thumb toward his father, waved his velvet cap, and pointed to the sack with his riding whip. Peter wanted to rush after the cart and call. But why get Richard in trouble at this last moment? So I walked down the road and found half a bushel of rare peaches with which no doubt some tenant had presented his father on the way. Dear, lawless, generous Richard of the lion's heart! He told us he was to be sent away to school in the fall. Upon what school he descended, and how long it was before he was expelled, we never learned. 'Feudalism,' said Peter, 'has its points.' Weeks later, at a mountain post office, we received a marked copy of a little county paper.

Some of the nicest folks ever in this valley camped here this week. And the lady could play the violin better than some folks who took lessons for five years. Come again, folks!

'Richard's fine Italian hand,' I said. 'His last gesture of defiance.'

'I wish,' said Peter, 'I could have seen him defying that editor!'

IV

Still we must pursue the valley road. And at sunset we camped in a grove beside a little church. Suddenly from the church came the sound of most exhilarating jazz. I peeped in at the open door. Two young men were smoking cigarettes; one lolled in the pulpit chair, and one thumped joyously on the tin-pan piano. 'Come in!' called the youth in the pulpit. Though I confess that I was shocked at this surprising irreverence, I sat down to rest and to listen; and after a while complimented the youth at the piano on the quality of his jazz.

'Oh, I just play by ear,' he said modestly. 'I can only play in the black keys.'

'Some players think that difficult,' I said.

'Can you play?'

'Only a little.'

The youth in the pulpit had already gone out, and was curiously watching Peter make camp. I gazed away to the mountains through the open door, and rather ungraciously played Mendelssohn, and drifted into scraps of Beethoven, as befitting a church.

I said, 'I fear I can't play anything in a church that you will care for.' I was rewarded for my priggishness. 'Ho,' said the youth, 'music is music! What has a church to do with it?'

It was one of those haunted summer nights when the world suddenly blanches under a bright moon and as suddenly vanishes under a flying cloud. We sat before the tent in silence, when the two young men of the church appeared and asked us to go in a car up the mountain to a house where there was a piano, and play the violin. We declined. They insisted. But we had no desire to career up a dangerous mountain road in the night, with two unknown men, to an unknown destination — probably a moonshine party. They went away, visibly disappointed; and presently one returned alone, and sat quietly beside us. 'You see,' he said, 'I thought maybe you-all might think we wanted you to go to some low-down party up the mountain. These people we want you to go play for are nice folks. Valley folks. They went to live up on the mountain because Roy — he was my buddy in the war — was sick. Could n't breathe good in the valley. He's been wounded — in the face — and he's been gassed. He can't live much longer. His mother lives up there alone with him. She's seventy-five and she plays the piano

fine. I telephoned about you-all, and they want you to come mighty bad. You see, Roy was going to marry Judge Weir's girl in the valley here, and he would n't marry her after he was gassed — and he don't look nice now — his face is all shot up. But she wanted to marry him. They are mighty lonesome nights up the mountain.'

Already I was taking my heavy coat from Sis, and Peter was assisting the youth in pushing the cart into the church and locking the door. But I insisted that John come with us. If we were to be kidnaped we should at least all die together.

'Is it far?' asked Peter, as we glided down the valley road. 'It's the first road up the mountain,' the driver answered ambiguously. After what seemed a long drive, we turned to the left and ascended the mountain. The moon would suddenly light some deep gorge over which we seemed to hang suspended. Around hairpin curves and over great rocks we rushed. We splashed through unseen waters, and skidded on sandy hills. On and on with these two reckless youths who smoked and played jazz in a church, and who told a preposterous romantic tale to lure us here. I clutched John tightly, pulled my coat about me in the chill air, thought of our last traveler's check in the chamois bag, and resolved to sell my life dearly. Peter said, 'Are you cold?' And one of the youths said that he had a bottle of good liquor, and if I did n't mind taking a drink from the bottle it would warm me. I did n't mind. If it were knock-out drops the pangs of dissolution would be eased; and presently when the moon came out I could look down a precipice calmly.

At last we stopped, and to my relief a man appeared with a flash light and conducted us across a yard into a great,

bare, dimly lighted hall where a grandfather's clock ticked, and on into a well-furnished living room where, before an open fire, stood a little, gray, black-eyed, birdlike old lady in black silk. At first I was cold with fright, for fear I could not understand the speech of this fair-haired, tall youth who had been so handsome, and who yet lived on a while in his marred beauty. But his friends unobtrusively helped me to understand him. His mother played a nice accompaniment for simple airs, the youth of the five flats pounded out enticing jazz, and Peter told his funniest stories. After a while our hostess tinkled old-fashioned polkas and mazurkas, and we sang, — not war songs, not a word of the war, — and we were all merry together.

Then Roy asked me if I would play at the telephone in the hall. Radios were slow to penetrate the mountains, and he wanted a friend in the valley to hear. He called someone, and I followed him into the hall. 'Can you play "Good-bye, Summer"?' he asked. 'She likes that song.' And as my fingers searched the strings for the familiar air he leaned his yellow head against the wall, where the light fell from the open door, and covered his disfigured face with his hands. As the old clock ticked away his life — and mine — I had a curious feeling that neither of us was there, on the mountain, in the shadowy hall — that only the broken shell of the youth was there against the wall, and that he himself walked proudly down the valley road with another, and that I myself was but an echo of the night through the gulf that divided these lovers. And always, as I recall that moment, I have a strange feeling that I left something of myself there on the lonely mountain. Or a feeling that I was not I, but a voice calling over

and over again, 'Good-bye! Good-bye, Summer!'

I finished, and left the boy leaning against the wall, with his scarred face in his hands.

Presently I heard him at the telephone, and after a while he appeared from another room with a tray bearing a great bowl of eggnog and little old-fashioned seed cakes, and he served us with feverish gayety. The little old lady and Peter danced while I played a waltz; and the other lad and I fox-trotted to hilarious jazz. Then Roy said, 'It's late and cold, and you are not going down the mountain to-night. You are going to stay here, and we'll have fried chicken and waffles and honey for breakfast!'

But the gay little lady was weary now, and her hand trembled on the railing as she climbed the stairs before me to show me the room with its dainty curtains and hooked rugs. As she said good-night she murmured, 'I want to thank you for coming to cheer my boy. He's lonely. And I'm seventy-five, and he's all I have. He'll not be here much longer.' The little white head raised itself proudly. 'But I'm not afraid.'

What had I to offer that dauntless spirit?

At breakfast we were gay. And there were yellow roses on snowy linen, and a single waxen-white rose at my plate.

On the way down the mountain the driver said, 'Jim, we ought to come up oftener to see Roy. Some day he'll go West and we'll feel pretty mean. He's lonesome. Let's bring the girls and come up Sunday. He misses the valley folks.'

'Dear kind valley folks!' I cried, patting his shoulder.

'Belated justice,' said Peter. And the boy turned surprised young eyes upon us.

OLE MAN GOD

A Sermon

OLE MAN GOD came a-walkin' in de gahden,
Walkin' in de gahden at de even-time;
Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden —
Lawdy, it was cool in de even-time.

Round de big tree God came a-walkin',
De big black tree dat Adam cain't eat;
Round about de big tree God came a-walkin',
De lions an' de elephants bowed at His feet.

'Tree look good,' say God, still a-walkin',
'Gwine have big crop o' apples dis fall.'
Ole Man God, He's doomed to disappointment —
Tree ain't gwine bear fruit a-tall.

Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden,
Walkin' after Adam in de even-time;
Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden —
Lawdy, it was cool in de even-time.

Walkin' pas' de tree God step on a serpent —
Nasty black serpent wif eyes all flame:
Serpent run away fum God, wriggle 'tween de fence-pales;
Serpent leave de gahden — Satan's his name.

'Whut you doin' in dis heah gahden?
Whut you doin'?' God scream loud.
God walk on an' His min' is troubled;
God walk on an' His face wear a cloud.

Serpent turn an' laff den, laff at God Almighty —
Laff in His face an' tell Him 'bout de tree:
God's hot eyes make de serpent squirm an' wriggle —
Dat's why he allays wriggle, you see.

'Oh, Adam,' wailed de Lord God, 'oh, Adam,' wailed
de God ob Hosts,

'Whut you gone an' done wit de unripe prize?
Oh, now, Adam, Ise bitter disappointed —
Dat tree was gwine be de ladder to de skies!'

God, He cubber up His face fum de gahden;
God, He weep for whut gone by;
God seek Adam, stumblin' th'ough de dahkness
Wif His hands to His face, fo' God still cry.

Walkin' in de gahden, walkin' in de gahden,
Ole Man God found Adam in his shame
Hidin' fum de Lord God, hidin' fum His walkin';
Adam hide his face an' say, 'De woman's to blame.'

God take away de tree an' de gahden,
God take away de fruit an' de tree;
God cast 'em out to walk in de desert:
God make 'em p'izzoners, settin' of 'em free.

God go walkin', walkin' back to Heb'n,
Cubberin' His face, fo' God still cry;
God go walkin' up de clouds into Heb'n —
Mebbe God come walk ag'in by'mbye.

Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden,
Adam ain't dar in de even-time;
Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden —
Lawdy, it was *cold* in de even-time.

God gonna walk ag'in, God gonna walk ag'in —
Ole Man God comin' back by'mbye;
Doan grieve, Fathuh: come fo' yo' chillun —
Doan hide yo' face no mo' — fo' God still cry.

God come sometime, walkin' in de gahden,
God come welcomin' His chillun in de day;
God come a-walkin' aftah all de sons ob Adam —
God come a-greetin' us — let's us pray!

GEORGE EDWARD HOFFMAN

'THESE SAD YOUNG MEN'

BY EDITH HAMILTON

I

'WE have come, willy-nilly, to see the soul of man as commonplace and its emotions as mean. . . . The death of Tragedy is, like the death of Love, one of those emotional fatalities as the result of which the human as distinguished from the natural world grows more and more a desert.'

So Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch in a recent number of the *Atlantic*. He is by no means a lonely voice crying in the wilderness of this desert world. Quite a number of young people are with him. A perusal of their writings almost persuades one that, however it may be with Tragedy and Love, laughter is in imminent peril. Mr. Aldous Huxley, for instance:—

I'm so tired of all the rubbish about the higher life and moral and intellectual progress and living for ideals and all the rest of it. It all leads to death. Christians and moralists and cultured aesthetes and bright young scientists — all the poor little human frogs, just going pop, ceasing to be anything but the fragments of a little frog,—decaying fragments at that. The whole thing's a huge stupidity, a huge disgusting lie.

Life could have been so beautiful. . . . Yes, and it *was* beautiful once. Now it is just an insanity; it's just death violently galvanized, twitching about and making a hellish hullabaloo to persuade itself that it is n't really death. . . . Think of New York.

To multiply quotations would be to incur the danger of monotony — a danger, it may be noted, which these

young writers themselves do not shrink from. Their denunciations — I beg their pardon. They would not do anything so unsophisticated as to denounce; they would be faintly, ironically, amused at being supposed to care enough about anything to denounce it. Let me say, then, that their gestures of futility are all singularly alike. They are in complete agreement that most things worth while died the day before yesterday and that by the day after to-morrow none will be left. Love, for instance, — the love of man and woman, — is no more, Mr. Krutch tells us. Once it was potent; in Victorian times even especially so. In the eighteen-nineties few escaped its illusion. But no more. We see it clearly now as mere bathos or an obscene joke. 'In the general wreck, the wreck of love is conspicuous.' Portentous times, these of ours, which in a decade or two completely finished off what has been a mainspring of human action ever since men first started writing books. 'Vertiginous rapidity,' comments Mr. Krutch, and on this point he will command a universal agreement. Anything, it would appear, in Mr. Krutch's world, may happen overnight.

A by-product of the works of these despondent young people, which may well prove in the end their most important contribution, is to give a new vantage point to those who uphold the value of a classical education. For the classical student learns inevitably to see human nature and human life, in

the broad outline, as a fairly invariable constant. It is impossible for one rooted and grounded in the classics to feel the uniqueness of the present. How often when the dangerous youth of to-day are being arraigned by despairing elders I have thought of Aristophanes or Xenophon or Isocrates yearning for 'the good old kind of education,' the days, now past forever, alas! when 'children were seen, not heard,' when 'at meals they were not allowed to grab at the dainties and giggle and cross their feet,' when 'young people were courteous to their elders and honored their parents,' when boys 'were an impersonation of modesty — instead of running after ballet-girls.' Now, all lament, the children are tyrants in their families and hardly better in their schools. Alcibiades boxed the ears of his literature teacher! What is the world coming to!

That question is echoed by generation after generation. This terrible new world that our fathers knew not of — what will become of it?

*'Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt,
vigilemus!'*

cried Bernard of Cluny in the twelfth century — a strange new day, a time the very worst that there could be. And, as every schoolboy knows, Cicero is credibly reported to have exclaimed, '*O tempora! O mores!*' Never an age that is not appalled at its own depravity.

II

The point is one I should like to urge on all these sad young men. The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Let the young writers take heart. From any point of view of the past it would appear something more than a possibility that the end of all good things is not yet in sight. Indeed, the

classical student is so far from the vision of mankind slipping swiftly down a steep decline that he is apt to find his discouragement in what appears to him the patent fact that through all the millenniums and the cataclysms of history the human heart remains so astoundingly the same. Within that inner world a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past; the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears, of Aristophanes' Athenians are ours to-day.

Mr. Huxley, Mr. Krutch, and the rest, ultramoderns as they conceive themselves to be, are yet not a new product. They have been known before. Nor are they the veritable moderns. It is true that that which we call the modern mind is also not the product of to-day. As I have said elsewhere, its exponents exist in every age and every generation. When Professor Murray made Euripides popular in the first years of this century, people read him with amazement that he was so modern. To-day those to whom the ways of 1900 are hopelessly dated still find themselves astonishingly at home in him. In 400 B.C. they felt in the same way, and when old age shall this generation waste, Euripides will remain, still speaking to those who are in the vanguard of their time. He is the outstanding exponent of the modern mind. The young writers under consideration have nothing in common with him. Those who possess the modern mind are the people who never feel pain commonplace or suffering trivial. They are peculiarly sensitized to 'the giant agony of the world.' What they see as needless misery around them and what they envisage as needless misery to come are intolerable to them. Mr. H. G. Wells cannot sleep at night for thinking of what will happen to England when the coal age is over; he feels a very passion of despairing grief.

To such men it is past bearing to wait for the slow and clumsy adjustments in the passing of years and centuries of time; to look on helplessly while mankind takes what is so clearly the wrong turning or fails to take what is so manifestly the right. The world to them is made up of individuals, each with a terrible power to suffer, and the poignant pity of their own hearts precludes them from any philosophy in the face of this awful sum of pain, and any capacity to detach themselves from it. 'We grope for the wall like the blind . . . we stumble at noon day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men. . . . We look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far off from us. . . . And justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth. . . . We are all as an unclean thing . . . and we all do fade as a leaf.' Seven hundred years before Christ those words were written by the greatest modern mind of Judæa. Such men must bear the burden of the valley of vision, but that vision and that protest are not thrown away. 'The life without criticism,' Plato says, 'is not worthy to be lived.' The possessors of the modern mind are the perpetual critics, and, whatever else they fail to shatter, complacent self-content shrivels before them.

Side by side with this profoundly serious spirit there exists another which has superficial points of resemblance but is in reality completely different — the spirit that animates our despairing young writers. The modern spirit has its roots in pain; it suffers for mankind. Quite the reverse is true of the other. It is Byronic; its despair is not the result of suffering, but the source of gratification. I venture the assertion that no one who is not young and fortunate is capable of it. A pleasing self-consciousness is a foremost feature.

Alone, high above the thoughtless herd, stands disillusioned youth, completely aware of its sad eminence. So Lara when our grandfathers were young: —

A vital scorn of all,
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall.

So Manfred and Childe Harold: —

If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit and to be
My own soul's sepulchre —

We are alike unfit
To sink or soar. . . . We breathe
The breath of degradation.

So too Mr. Krutch: —

Distrusting its thought, despising its passions, realizing its impotent unimportance in the universe, it [our society to-day] can tell itself no stories except those which make it still more acutely aware of its trivial miseries.

The idiom changes and the outward semblance. Marble brows and clustering curls of raven hue and gloomy grace and all that chilling mystery of mien are gone. Undoubtedly we have lost in picturesqueness. We have exchanged the Hellespont for the subway. But the spirit is unchanged and we need not weep for the Hellespont. Beyond all question some future generation will be lamenting the lost beauty of the alternations of light and gloom, the jeweled ruby and emerald lights against the blackness, the sense of rushing through the unseen, once enjoyed in the ancient subway. The setting passes, but that is all.

Mr. Aldous Huxley's Byronism is not quite of this order. In the nineties Wilde was the most distinguished exponent of the Byronic spirit, and Mr. Huxley inclines that way rather than to the simpler, older form. The paradox enchants him just as it did Wilde. 'One way of knowing God,' Mr. Huxley's foremost character in *Point Counter Point* concludes, 'is to deny

him.' That is Wilde to the echo. Paradox after paradox used to flow from him: Not to pray was more devotional than to pray; ignorance of oneself to be preferred to knowledge; the artist perfect in proportion as he produced nothing, and so on and so on. Mr. Huxley can match them all, the only difference being that Wilde merely talked, and Mr. Huxley, appropriately to the age he lives in, uses a loud speaker: 'Telling men to obey Jesus literally is telling them to behave like idiots and finally like devils'; 'Your little stink-pot of a St. Francis . . . only succeeding in killing whatever sense or decency there was in him — the disgusting little pervert'; 'Deaf and purblind, the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual truth'; 'The real charm of the intellectual life is its easiness. . . . The intellectual life is child's play, which is why intellectuals tend to become children, and then imbeciles, and finally homicidal lunatics and wild beasts.' Again quotation becomes monotonous. The receipt is too apparent: take anything men agree is true and state the exact opposite. That, one would suppose, would be revealed to Mr. Huxley as even easier than the intellectual life. The underlying motive is, in his case just as in Wilde's, to assert the sense of superiority which is essential to Byronism. To startle and not be startled — all the naïve egotism of youth is in that desire.

III

But there are many examples of the spirit Byron has forever stamped. Mr. Ernest Hemingway harks back to yet another model. It seems a far cry from *La Dame aux Camélias* to *The Sun Also Rises*, but, for all the outward difference, Mr. Hemingway and Dumas *fil*s are brothers under the skin. When the lady with the camellias renounces

forever the love of her life, in that moment of excruciating agony her active consciousness leaves her. What she does she knows not, but her unconscious self is guided by the exalted determination of her sacrifice, and in the morning she wakes up in the bed of the marquis — or was it the duke? Another man, at all events. This is the great moment that reveals the sheer nobility of her heroic renunciation. In Mr. Hemingway's novel the sex is changed, but that is all: the hero in his great moment is the reincarnation of the fair, frail lady. In a Spanish cabaret he sits with the girl of his adoration. Enters a magnificent young toreador to whom the lady succumbs instantly. She tells the hero that she must have him and that he, who loves her so madly, must get him for her. No less than Dumas's heroine does he show the heights that true love can rise to. He goes up to the superb young Spaniard; he tells him his errand in clear, unfaltering accents; back to her side he brings him; he feels the repercussion of two passions meeting; and past the sneering crowd, who realize the full significance of his act, he walks out — alone — into the blackness of the night. The idiom, of course, shows marked variations from type. *La dame* and her Armand converse in terms of high-flown rhetoric, while Mr. Hemingway's hero and heroine bid each other go to hell with unvarying persistency, but the informing spirit changes not at all. It is hardly necessary to point out that the heroine of Mr. Michael Arlen's best-known novel is also of this order. The end of the lady with the green hat will occur to everyone as a very slight variation on Dumas's theme.

Dumas *fil*s we know by now to be an arrant sentimentalist. It is so easy to recognize sentimentality in the dress of another age: a haughty young figure posed against Greek columns; a mantle

flung over one shoulder; a proudly curling lip; an air of weary disdain. We smile appreciatively. But to see it as clearly in the dress of our own day, in the very most modish and up-to-date costume — that is another matter. These hard-headed, ultramodern young people, who seemed so far removed from any least touch of sentimentality? They are not; their world-weary sophistication differs in no essential from Byron's or from his prototypes' through the ages. Each generation of the young looks with amused or lofty superiority at its fond and foolish elders, and proclaims itself the finally disillusioned, and each is as sentimental as it is the prerogative of youth forever to be.

Sentimentality is a most curious thing. Nothing else assumes so many cunning disguises; nothing is harder to define. To assert, however, that it is based on unreality is to venture on no debatable ground; so much is of common consent. By it we escape from the tyranny of fact. Only a very few, the true *âmes d'élite*, are completely free from it by nature; the rest of us must trust to the faulty and fickle education of circumstance. It used to be considered the peculiar prerogative of women, but the reason was only that they were sheltered in large measure from the world of fact. Women were not sentimental about their own facts; they were not often enthusiastic about dishwashing and childbearing. When they talked as if they were it was because they found it wise policy to echo the unbounded enthusiasm men have always had for these pursuits. It was when the women ventured beyond their own experience that they became sentimental. Experience is the only corrective; to go beyond what one has oneself felt is to become infallibly and inevitably sentimental. Sincerity and sentimentality are incompatible; sentimentality is unconscious

insincerity. And the one and only basis of sincerity is that most difficult page in the book of human knowledge, self-knowledge, the power to distinguish between what one has experienced and what one has not.

Mr. Aldous Huxley and his kind are sentimental because they write of what they have not felt. They do not, certainly as yet, belong to the rank of those who can completely transcend the limitations of their own experience, and they have turned aside from the difficult task of seeking within themselves what they know for themselves is the truth indeed. When Shakespeare says in words the most terrible ever spoken of human life that

It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing,

we bear it; we catch a glimpse of a depth of pain that awes us. Before that mystery of suffering, protest is silenced. When Mr. Huxley or Mr. Krutch tells us that humanity is contemptible and life a trivial misery that has no meaning, we can afford to smile. Whoever finds pain trivial, whoever lightly despises human life, is still living on the surface. He has not yet had 'the great initiation,' which alone entitles him to touch upon great themes.

None can usurp this height . . .

But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.

Like the nineteenth-century women who talked in tones of shocked purity about the horrid world of politics, these young men have gone beyond the field of their experience. Clever young men, brilliant young men — the pity, we feel, that they who undoubtedly know much that we ordinary mortals are cut off from do not confine themselves to cultivating their own garden and wait awhile before trying to compass the boundless horizon. The world

is a very big and a very surprising place; human beings are forever acting in incalculable ways. To comprehend the soul, Plato tells us, we have to understand the whole of nature — no light matter. Our young writers would do well to consider Sir Thomas Browne: 'Think of things long past and long to come, acquaint thyself with the Choragium of the Stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. *Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles.*' The best receipt for shrinking the world to the dimensions of one's own garden is to measure it by oneself.

Mr. Aldous Huxley is a witty raconteur, with a keen eye for the ironies of life. We could enjoy him as a kind of twentieth-century Jane Austen if he would only leave the universe alone and learn to laugh at himself. What should we not have lost if Miss Austen had been unable to laugh, if she had persisted in holding up Mr. Collins to damn the Christian Church, and Mr. Wickham to damn all the rest. Schnitzler's Anatol and Max can match any of Mr. Hemingway's bad young men, but Schnitzler takes them for what they are, not as an argument of despair for mankind. In that book of balance and proportion, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Miss Anita Loos does not bring an indictment against the universe in the person of Lorelei. She knows how to laugh, and that knowledge is the very best preservative there is against losing the true perspective. Let the young men beware. Without a sense of humor one must keep hands off the universe unless one is prepared to be oneself an unconscious addition to the sum of the ridiculous.

IV

Modern life — that is what this disillusioned generation feels to be intolerable. The Age of Man's Domi-

nation by Machines. From the terror of it Mr. Huxley looks back longingly to the bronze age. Unfortunately there are so few records of what happened then, but one cannot but conceive some of the features of it as alarming, and involuntarily one is set to wondering what Mr. Huxley would do confronted with a sabre-toothed tiger, when he cannot face a victrola and can hardly endure a motor car. Mr. Krutch is less drastic in his historic preferences. The age of Pericles for him, or of Elizabeth, when gorgeous Tragedy was still alive. But if Mr. Krutch would ponder certain parts of Shakespeare and reread all of Aristophanes he might be convinced that other things too were then alive even less desirable than modern Gnosticism.

That 'paralysis of the will by the intellect' which Mr. Krutch so deplores, as Stendhal did a hundred years before him, has always been the peculiar distinction of the little — very little — band of those who in each age are completely conscious of being the intelligentsia. No generalization based upon them about life in the past or life now can be valid. One fact would seem beyond dispute: modern life does not furnish a soft berth for a weak will. Undoubtedly man in the past had to bear discomforts far beyond any known to-day, but the patient endurance of misery has never ranked high among those qualities that make us men. Life to-day demands not less effort than life once did, but more. A peasant ploughing his furrow becomes a workman on the girders of a skyscraper catching red-hot rivets flung at him through space. The engineer on a continental express must have qualities Mr. Weller aloft on his stagecoach was never called upon to exercise. To be sure, Mr. Krutch's point of view is not unique; undoubtedly when the first man hoisted a bit of bark to sail his boat

across the river without aid from him, those watching on the bank despaired for the future of mankind now that manly vigor was no more to be exercised. But as yet electricity and steam heat and telephones have not played a determining part in shaping human character. Life in a great modern city still makes its own urgent demands for hard living. Here is not the place, nor is mine the power, to sing the Age of Industrialism. That will be done when another era has dawned, by some *laudator temporis acti*. The point I would press is that — strange mystery of human nature — we refuse ever to take our ease. If it were not so, if with each time-saving and space-shortening device the effort put into life lessened, we should be well in sight by now of the end of the downward path, Capuans warranted to make any Hannibal effeminate. But as soon as one world is conquered we must have another instantly to essay. When we are not obliged to live dangerously we choose to do so. Our attention not being engaged by Indians trying to tomahawk us, we turn it of our own free will to making airplanes. No less than in the days of old are we driven on by the adamant goddess, stern Necessity. Only her form has changed.

The enfeeblement of the spirit of man, which has already brought us to a point where we cannot find either love or nobility any more in the world — this is Mr. Krutch's central thesis. The spirit of man, which nothing in the past was ever able to subdue, is fallen and will never rise again. I would that our young men could be persuaded to add to their litany one more petition: From swift and shallow generalization, good Lord, deliver us. Eyes as keen as Mr. Krutch's undoubtedly are, — if he would but take time to commune with his own heart, and be still, — are

not needed to discern to-day the shining spirit of the gay adventurer rejoicing to risk all. That which moved Sir Richard Grenville sailing the little *Revenge* against the Spanish Armada is one with Lindbergh in the spaces over the sea. The Crusaders aflame for the Holy City become the doctors who die to discover the cause of a disease. Heroism in its two distinctive forms so clearly here beside us. And, even more to give us courage for what is to come, an ever-rising tide of human kindness, a deepening conviction that we are, in most practical fact, our brother's keeper, due not to any essential difference in the spirit, but to the fact that the focus has shifted. It has moved away from the single man, king, hero, saint, raised on high for all to see, to the indistinguishable units that make up the hurrying crowds, to the anonymous individual. No longer the general, but the regiment; not the captain any more than the crew; not this or that great single figure, but the nameless heroes, the engineers, the bridge builders, the workers in steel and steam and electricity and dynamos and turbines and all the things that build and drive this mighty age. We are asserting in our own terms what every age in its own way has voiced, the profoundest conviction of humanity — the worth of human life. In truth, if we do not allow ourselves to grow impatient with the vagaries of adolescent thought which are, after all, so natural, we can perceive in the very restlessness and bewildered unhappiness of many of our young people a sign of that strangest of all the strange things that move within us, 'the mysterious preference for the best.' 'He who finds it miserable not to be a king, must be a king dethroned' — the consciousness of our finiteness, of our insignificance, of our misery, is the seal of our greatness.

THE PORTRAIT THAT SARGENT FORGOT

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Is it possible for an artist entirely to forget his own creation? One would be inclined to think not, yet the following is an absolutely true story of one of the world's great painters.

A portrait by John Singer Sargent hangs on the wall of my dining room at 'Sol's Cliff' on Mount Desert Island, Maine. It is of Benjamin P. Kissam, once a well-known New York banker, and was painted in London thirty years ago in five sittings.

It is a brilliant full-face portrait of a slight, pink and white old gentleman with soft white hair and beard and flowing white moustache. He wears a dark-colored business suit that merges into a background of indefinite bronzen-green. An impression of punctilious neatness is conveyed by the turn-down collar, the soft bow tie, the pearl stud, and the white handkerchief which protrudes from the pocket of the sack coat. The face is highly intelligent, the expression at once whimsical, shrewd, immensely tolerant, but the slanting blue eyes are a little sad and world-weary. Keen but kindly, they follow one everywhere.

'An elderly successful man of affairs,' one might say. 'An amiable, perspicacious old gentleman, who knows a thing or two, has had some hard knocks and survived them, but whose innate sense of values is too sound to take his own success too highly. A country lad, perhaps, grown old in city harness, who would like to retire to the farm and go fishing—sometime.' It is a face one would re-

member. An arresting portrait — done with all the dash and certainty characteristic of the artist. It is signed 'John S. Sargent' in the upper left-hand corner; and dated '1890' in the upper right-hand.

For thirty years it was not signed.

Mr. Sargent was lunching with me one day in the summer of 1921. He was sitting with his back to the portrait. Halfway through the meal I said to him:—

'Please take a look at that portrait behind you, Mr. Sargent, and tell me what you think of it.'

The artist half turned, and glanced up over his shoulder at the picture.

'H'm!' he said. 'Very good! Very good indeed! An excellent piece of work!'

'I'm glad you think so,' I replied with a smile.

'Who did it?' he asked with a polite show of interest.

We all laughed.

'You did,' I answered.

Sargent eyed me suspiciously, evidently thinking I was 'ragging' him.

'I mean it,' I assured him.

Seeing that I was serious, he looked at it again, then shook his head impatiently.

'You must be mistaken,' he declared. 'I have n't the slightest recollection either of the sitter or of painting the picture.'

'Well, you *did*!' I retorted.

'Who is the subject? When was it done?' he inquired.

'Benjamin P. Kissam of New York.'

You painted it in London in 1890 in five sittings.'

By this time everybody's attention was concentrated on Mr. Sargent's bewildered expression. The artist got up and faced the portrait.

'It is n't possible!' he reiterated. 'I don't remember a thing about it!'

Then, taking a glass from his pocket, he went over the canvas in detail.

'Well,' we heard him mutter after a few moments, 'it *looks* like me!' Then in a tone of half-incredulous amusement, 'It *is* me!'

By this time we had all arisen from the table and had joined him around the portrait.

'Yes, that is mine,' he admitted. 'Although I've no recollection of it, I recognize my work.'

'Are you sure you did it?' I asked.

'Absolutely,' he replied.

'What makes you so certain?' I persisted.

Mr. Sargent pointed to the edge of the white handkerchief in the coat pocket.

'Do you see that green line around the white? That settles it for me. I recognize my own style, of course, but the handkerchief is conclusive as far as I am concerned.'

We all studied the handkerchief, but without perceiving its significance.

'I have an astigmatism,' he explained, 'that makes me see a red or green line around white objects. Often I paint it in. I have done so here. That green border obviously is not part of the handkerchief. It's a sort

of penumbra. By it I can absolutely identify this portrait as mine. I am prepared to qualify as an expert on my own work!'

'Why did n't you sign it?'

The artist gave a shrug.

'If it was painted in five sittings it was probably done in a hurry, and I forgot to. If you have any paints I'll gladly do so now.'

It so happened that, since we had a daughter of artistic tendencies, there were paints in the house. While I was fetching them Mr. Sargent took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, lifted the portrait from the wall, and removed it from the frame. Together with paint, brushes, turpentine, and palette, we carried it into the adjacent library, where he cleaned and moistened the brush, squeezed his usual vermilion upon the palette, and signed the portrait.

'A hundred years from now,' he said, 'there'll be a battle between experts as to the authenticity of this picture. They will be able to prove from the condition of the paint that, while the portrait was made in 1890 and is so dated, it was not signed until 1921. However, that need n't worry us now. Let 'em fight it out among themselves when the time comes!'

Since my regard for experts is perhaps greater than that of Mr. Sargent, I record this anecdote both to save these gentlemen from unnecessary confusion and to ensure the listing of the Kissam portrait among the painter's authentic works.

REPARATIONS

BY GEORGE P. AULD

I

THE reparation question is a continuing problem, marked by recurrent crises. Until the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, these periods of excess strain arose with increasing frequency and intensity. Then came the work of the Dawes Committee, offering a *modus vivendi* to the disputing parties and bringing order out of reparation chaos.

Almost instantaneously the blighting effects of the controversy on the state of feeling in Europe and on the conditions of its economic life were removed. A marked recovery of industry and trade set in, and a degree of order was brought into the public finances of the Continent. In these processes the invigorating and stabilizing effects of the introduction of American capital, loaned principally to Germany, were strongly felt.

In this revival, which has continued up to the present, both France and Germany notably participated. Great strides have been taken by both countries back toward economic health, and an almost unbelievable improvement has been registered in Franco-German relations.

The reparation plan which gave the first impetus to these appeasements has had nearly five years of successful operation; and it is now proposed to revise it to some more permanent basis than that of an interim arrangement, which was all that it purported to be.

The new international committee,

which is now examining the subject under the presidency of Owen D. Young, and which, when these words appear, will probably have completed its labors, has taken up the problem at the point where the Dawes Committee left off. The latter resuscitated Germany. It reorganized her currency and budget, and by the expedient of a foreign loan of \$200,000,000 secured a breathing spell for her, without interrupting the flow of reparations to the ex-Allies. It prescribed an indeterminate series of annual reparation payments in an amount which it believed Germany could carry. Having done these vitally necessary things, it wisely stopped short of any attempt formally to fix Germany's total obligation and to provide a permanent scheme of payments for its discharge. The committee was, in fact, debarred under its powers from dealing with this group of subjects. The new committee, however, has been convened for this precise purpose, and is able to approach these once bitterly controversial questions in the light of the experience gained from the operation of the Dawes Plan.

The circumstances in which the new committee meets are very different from those in which its predecessor assembled in January 1924. The latter met in the shadow of a dire emergency. The appalling confusion of the post-Armistice period had culminated in an event which threatened widespread disaster. The cutting off of the Ruhr from Germany meant the economic

dismemberment of a community which constituted a great and integral part of the Western European system. There was no semblance of agreement among the interested governments as to a substantive policy for meeting the common dangers of the situation. The Dawes Committee was called together by the Allied governments as a last expedient, resorted to with no show of confidence in the outcome, and only after a final stinging interchange of diplomatic insults on the subject of the powers to be accorded to it.

By these standards the Young Committee — or, as Mr. Young calls it, the Second Dawes Committee — has been faced with no crisis at all, but rather with the orderly completion of a certain period of trial of the Dawes régime. The project was conceived by Foreign Ministers Briand and Stresemann in the hopeful atmosphere of Geneva, and given form in a protocol signed there last September. Its authors aimed at the rational working out of a 'final settlement' by the conference method. Thus the Young Committee is the child of no ominous movement of events clamoring for attention, but rather of a belief in the power of reason to forestall any new movement of the kind.

The major question of statesmanship involved in the formulating of this project was whether or not the time was ripe for it. The reparation problem is an incredibly tangled one. Its roots reach deeply into the social-economic soil of a great complex of rival civilizations. Under the *modus vivendi* of the Dawes Plan, the controversy had been quiescent for half a decade. The question was, did this indicate that the problem was working itself out, albeit slowly, toward an ultimate solution, and that, if sleeping dogs were let alone, the process would go forward with increasing certainty to the end? Or was

this quiescence only a lull before a new storm? Were the still-present irritations merely gathering force for a new explosion?

There are no certain answers to these questions. But it may at least be said that no external symptoms of a great emergency were present. And in this fact plainly lies one of the chief difficulties of the task of the new committee. The devil of impending calamity was a powerful ally of the Dawes Committee in its search for a temporary formula which would be acceptable to all; but the new body, in seeking a settlement of a much more binding character, is able to rely on no such adventitious aid.

The calibre of the individuals pressed into service on the new committee is evidence of a recognition of the difficulties which confront it. Collectively, it represents probably the best array of brains, character, and prestige that could have been brought together. In point of reputation and influence, in financial judgment and experience, and in practical grasp of European conditions, no stronger group of its kind has ever been assembled.

Five of its fourteen members, including its president, were members of the Dawes Committee. Germany, which was not represented in the predecessor body, is now included on a basis of full equality with France, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium. A Japanese delegation has also been added. The United States participates in the persons of Owen D. Young and J. Pierpont Morgan. These two members, with their respective alternates, Thomas Nelson Perkins and Thomas W. Lamont, serve as individuals and not as delegates of their government. They nevertheless represent, in a very real sense, the vast influence of this country in world affairs.

Consideration of American official

policy relating to the Interallied debts is not within the powers of the committee. In this formal sense, therefore, American interests are not at issue, though the debts themselves figure as monumental objects in the reparation landscape. But in the sense that what happens to Europe is of prime importance to our manufacturers, farmers, and investors, American interests are, obviously, deeply involved. Our concern, broadly, is in the reaching of an agreement acceptable to the immediate parties, which will give assurance of continued stability in European affairs. And not the least of the grounds for expecting such an outcome lies in the exceptional equipment brought to the conference by the American members.

II

Circumstances require, as they did five years ago, that any settlement reached be by unanimous consent. And the inclusion of an official German representation now places a formal seal on this practical necessity. The ex-Allies long ago abandoned the pretension of explicitly dictating terms to Germany. It of course goes without saying that they still stand on their general rights to reparations, as conferred by the Treaty of Versailles; but the extent and real character of those rights were substantially modified, in effect though not technically, by the Dawes Plan.

The Plan placed Germany's obligation (inclusive of all financial liabilities under the Treaty) at a standard annual amount of \$595,000,000. Of this amount, \$228,000,000 represented five per cent interest and one per cent sinking-fund installment on \$3,800,000,000 mortgage bonds issued to the Allies by the German railways and German industry under the guaranty of the German Government. The annual

payments, which are a charge on the railways and industry, will run until the bonds are retired in about thirty-seven years by operation of the sinking fund. The remainder of Germany's annual obligation, \$367,000,000, provided out of taxation, is in the form of an indeterminate annuity. It may be regarded as representing interest and a sinking-fund payment on a capital sum of a certain general magnitude. Assuming the same interest and sinking-fund rates as those carried by the bonds, the capital sum would be nearly \$6,200,000,000. The entire capital debt, therefore, would be about \$10,000,000,000, and it would be fully retired, with interest, by payment of the total annuity of \$595,000,000 over a period of thirty-seven years.

The Dawes Committee specified no such details as to the composition of the total annuity, nor did it specify its period, for to have done so would have been equivalent to stating a new capital sum in revision of the debt fixed in 1921 by the Reparation Commission. That debt was determined under Treaty provisions requiring assessment of the property damage done to civilians of the Allied nationalities, plus an amount representing the capitalized value of Allied pension charges arising out of the war. This obligation (after various indeterminate deductions) came to about \$31,000,000,000. Legally, the assessment still stands; practically, it is universally acknowledged to be of no effect. The Treaty figure has been effectively scaled down to about one third. Five years' acceptance of the Dawes Plan has limited the claim of the Allies to one of the general magnitude of \$10,000,000,000.

Again, the Plan, while not formally repudiating the conception of the reparation debt as a penalty for crime, which it derived from the war-guilt

clauses of the Treaty, nevertheless specifically characterized the Dawes annuity as Germany's equitable contribution to the reconstruction of Europe. Equity here meant an even distribution of taxpayers' burdens among all the ex-belligerents. This is a profoundly difficult subject, as the Dawes Committee remarked. Nevertheless, a study of the evidence supports the broad conclusion that the committee's award achieved substantial equity in this sense. And on these grounds the award has never been seriously questioned.

Such a definition of equity, however, is not one to which either the French or the Germans, at large, can be expected heartily to subscribe. To the popular mind everywhere, and especially in France and Germany, the idea of a personalized national war guilt has intense reality, and under such a conception equity concerns itself chiefly with the assessment of a proper penalty for crime.

On such grounds, many Frenchmen would insist that the reparation obligation should be adjusted indefinitely upward and many Germans would believe that it should be reduced to nothing at all or assessed in the reverse direction. Few of either nationality, however, any longer strongly insist publicly on these views. The futility of such a controversy was evident to sensible men, and time, besides, has dulled its edge.

In this evolution it is, of course, the Germans who have had to make the greatest mental adjustment. Their liability still stands, but Germans generally now appear to regard it in a light which does credit to their political sagacity — as an obligation the discharge of which is dictated by the highest expediency, and the character of which they therefore presumably recognize as hardly to be distinguished from

that of an authentic moral obligation. Thus, both France and Germany have come to the realistic conclusion that an obligation of the general magnitude implied by the Dawes Plan indubitably exists as a semipermanent fixture of the political landscape of Europe, and that any present attempt radically to alter it would be folly.

Political considerations plainly require that the new settlement contain the elements of a bargain. Each delegation must carry home something which its public will be prepared or can be persuaded to regard as more important than that which has been conceded. Each party came to the conference table to get something, and each was, therefore, prepared to give something.

The elements of the possible bargain which are perhaps the most difficult for the observer to weigh are those concerned with Germany's desire to find some means of accelerating the evacuation of the Rhineland and of freeing herself from the system of financial control set up by the Dawes Plan.

The northern zone of the military occupation, centring on the bridgehead at Cologne and extending to a line south of Bonn, was evacuated on February 1, 1926. The Treaty provides that the middle zone, centring on Coblenz and extending south to a line running westerly from Bacharach on the Rhine, shall be evacuated in 1930, and the southern zone, centring on Mainz, in 1935.

The foreign financial organization provided by the Dawes Plan embraces an Allied Agent General for Reparation Payments (an American), a transfer committee of six members of Allied nationalities (including the Agent General and one other American), a Commissioner of the Reichsbank (a Hollander) and seven foreign members

out of a total of fourteen members of the Council of the bank, a Commissioner of the Railways (a Frenchman) and four foreign members out of a total of eighteen members of the Railway Board, a Commissioner of Controlled Revenues (an Englishman), a trustee of industrial debentures (an Italian), and a trustee of the railway bonds (a Belgian).

These visible and not wholly mute evidences of defeat, with whatever apparent equanimity endured, can be nothing else than galling to the German people. Imponderables such as this have from the first been factors of the highest importance in the reparation controversy. But, as things stand, the sands of the occupation are now running out, and the financial control in practice partakes more of the character of inoffensive observation, and at most of rarely exercised powers of veto rather than of operating interference. All in all, and unless numerous recent German comments on the subject are to be regarded as wholly for effect, it does not appear that German opinion is prepared to accept heavy material sacrifices for the purpose of hastening the disappearance of foreign intervention.

Germany and France each enter the conference facing the near approach of certain financial commitments, which might be liquidated painlessly if a binding agreement on reparations could now be reached. An increase in Germany's standard reparation annuity of \$595,000,000 will begin to run next fall by operation of the so-called prosperity index of the Dawes Plan. This index is compiled by taking as a standard the average statistics of certain economic activities in Germany for specified years, such as 1926 to 1929 and 1912 and 1913. The statistics embrace those relating to population, foreign trade, budgetary receipts and

expenditures, railway traffic, and the consumption of coal, sugar, tobacco, beer, and alcohol. The standard index having been calculated by the prescribed formula, increases registered after September 1, 1929, will be reflected in the reparation annuity — for the year commencing September 1, 1929, by applying the percentage increase to half the standard annuity, and for succeeding years by applying it to the full standard annuity.

No authoritative estimates of the probable increase in the annuity are available; unofficial figures, however, set it at an annual amount of from two to three and a half per cent — that is to say, at an increase by such a percentage each year of the total of the annuity of the year preceding. In time the cumulative effect of this would be considerable, but for the first few years the effect would be slight. The importance of this factor in bringing about an immediate settlement of a binding character would therefore presumably not be great.

France, for her part, faces in August of this year the maturing of her special debt of about \$400,000,000 to the United States for the purchase of surplus war stocks left in France. It is a large sum of money. Under the Mellon-Bérenger funding agreement of April 29, 1926, — not yet presented to the French Parliament for ratification, — it is provided that this debt shall be merged in the general war-loan obligation. Ratification of the accord would thus render unnecessary the payment of the war-material debt in a capital sum; only the annual payment on the merged debt would be necessary. This annual payment would be only \$32,500,000 in 1929 (thereafter rising gradually to a maximum of \$125,000,000 a year in 1942 and succeeding years up to 1986, with a final payment of \$118,000,000 in 1987).

Opposition to the accord is such as to make any present chances of ratification by Parliament very dubious, if not nonexistent. M. Poincaré, though he has not submitted the agreement for ratification, has kept it alive by making annual payments on account approximately equal to the scheduled annuities. It is presumed that the conclusion of a favorable settlement with Germany in which her obligations would be defined would make an early ratification by Parliament possible. Thus the treasury would be relieved from the considerable embarrassment of finding \$400,000,000 in the near future.

From these facts it might appear that an early agreement with Germany is a matter of importance to the French Government. And this is so, but with limitations. For M. Poincaré is holding something in reserve. The coming into effect of the debt-funding agreement is contingent, in the words of the document itself, on 'ratification in France,' and experts in the French law have expressed the opinion that as this document, being a financial instrument, does not operate to increase the French public debt, the Government itself would be legally competent to ratify it, if it so desired, without submittal to Parliament. Undoubtedly such action would cause a great uproar in France. But M. Poincaré is a man of courage and a lover of his country. He has publicly stated that rather than accept an unfavorable settlement with Germany he will fall back on the indeterminate annuity of \$315,000,000 accorded to France under the Dawes Plan. Assuming an intransigent attitude by the Germans in the present negotiations, it seems distinctly possible that he will grasp the other horn of his dilemma and decide on governmental ratification of the American debt accord as being in his judgment the better course for France.

III

All in all, while the considerations just discussed undoubtedly played a part in bringing the conference together, it would seem that in themselves they were not of sufficient weight to carry the day against the obvious advantages of permitting time still further to soften this highly indurated problem. Other more tempting considerations must have been in the air at Geneva. Those considerations appear to have been, on the one side, a substantial, though undefined, concession to Germany on the annuities, and on the other side, as compensation to France and her ex-allies, the attractive idea of a large public sale or 'commercialization' of reparation bonds, the cash proceeds of which would fall as a capital sum into the hard-pressed treasuries of the creditor governments.

The question whether the conference project was well founded, in so far as it rested on such a basis, can be answered only by the event. But in any case the first response of public opinion in this country to the commercialization scheme was not such as to make its immediate realization on a large scale seem likely. Prior to the meeting of the committee, therefore, the basis of the contemplated bargain seemed to undergo a gradual modification. The suggestion was made that, even though commercialization on a large scale might not immediately be practicable, there could still very usefully be provided a framework for such a scheme, to be utilized when and as circumstances favored the public sale of bonds. In addition, it was suggested that there might be arranged some scheme of 'mobilization'—that is, the substitution of German reparation bonds for the obligations of the Allied Governments in the hands of private

holders, thus permitting the retirement of portions of the public debts of the Allied Governments.

In this preconference evolution, a considerable part of the cash that under the first plan would have been immediately realizable disappeared from the picture, and with it presumably went a considerable part of the attractiveness of the scheme to the French. This seems to have involved some corresponding modification of French ideas as to the necessary concession to Germany — a drift of opinion which might have had embarrassing results, as the conference project was already well under way. Fortunately there appeared to be a way out. In lieu of any absolute reduction in the total of the German obligation from a figure of the general magnitude implied by the Dawes Plan, — namely, \$10,000,000,000, — the term of payment of the debt might be lengthened to the period contemplated by the Allied debt-funding agreements with the United States. By extending the period to one of this length, say sixty years, the annual payments for sinking fund would be smaller. And, if the total annual payments were to be graduated in size in some manner roughly corresponding to the schedules of payments under the debt-funding agreements, the amounts required in the earlier years would be smaller still, though naturally those required in the later years would be correspondingly larger.

Without pretense of special insight into the minds of those who called the conference, one may say that the foregoing hypotheses, based in part on published dispatches of a semiofficial character, provide the elements of a very reasonable basis of settlement. Let us look at the details.

Just before the opening of the conference the French and Belgian positions

were repeatedly stated, though unofficially, to be that Germany should reimburse France and Belgium for the amount of their Interallied obligations, together with ninety to one hundred billion francs to cover reparation for French property damages (that is, excluding pensions), and an unnamed sum for reparations for Belgium, presumably relatively small. The English have never abandoned the position taken in the Balfour Note in 1922 that no more would be claimed from England's European ex-allies and the Germans together than would be necessary to meet her American debt. Italy's position has not been made clear, but it may be assumed to be the same, so far as her Interallied obligations are concerned, with perhaps several hundred million dollars added for reparations.

What does all this come to? Taking the Interallied debts to the United States, we find that their value, if the prescribed annuities are capitalized at 5 per cent (the rate used above in computing the approximate value of the Dawes Plan), is \$5,900,000,000 (as shown in the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*). Out of this total England would look to Germany for \$3,300,000,000 to care for her American debt; France would expect \$1,700,000,000; Italy \$426,000,000, and Belgium \$192,000,000.

As reparations, France would claim an amount of \$3,500,000,000 to \$3,900,000,000, the dollar value of her franc claim, converted at the new depreciated value of 3.9 cents to the franc. This represents a large reduction from the real values expended in reconstruction, as the francs, when expended, had nearly twice the gold value of the franc to-day. Those expenditures, as made, amounting to about 86,000,000,000 francs direct cost, plus 14,000,000,000 for interest costs on reconstruction

debt, had a value at the time of about \$7,400,000,000.

The amounts which Belgium and Italy might claim as reparations, clear of their Interallied obligations, may be regarded as restricted practically to their shares of the Dawes Plan payments, less the amount of those obligations. Taking the value of the Dawes Plan at \$10,000,000,000, Belgium's share is about \$440,000,000, out of which she has to meet her American debt of \$192,000,000, leaving \$248,000,000 for reparations; Italy, out of a share of \$977,000,000, would meet her American debt of \$426,000,000, leaving \$551,000,000 for reparations.

If Italy and France were still required to meet their Interallied obligations to Great Britain, those matters would be for Interallied adjustment of shares in the total claim on Germany. (The share of France is now 53 per cent, and of England 22½ per cent.) Whatever those adjustments, the total claim on Germany remains unaffected. All the Interallied obligations wash out to a total of \$5,900,000,000 to be recovered from Germany. If to this is added a maximum of \$3,900,000,000 or a minimum of \$3,500,000,000 for French reparations, with \$250,000,000 for Belgian reparations and \$550,000,000 for Italian damages, the Allied claim comes to a maximum of \$10,600,000,000 or a minimum of \$10,200,000,000.

IV

The Allies are thus in a position of claiming from Germany an amount approximately equivalent to the value of the Dawes Plan annuities. It is a remarkably strong position, from whatever angle examined. Politically, the total claim of \$10,000,000,000 or thereabouts has the strength which five years' operation of the Dawes Plan has given a figure of that general

magnitude. Equitably, on the principle of even distribution of taxpayers' burdens, it has the weight of the findings of the Dawes Committee behind it. And if the components of the claim and their purposes are scrutinized, it must be regarded as equally strong. The largest item goes into one pocket only to go out of the other. World opinion, with the precedents of history in mind, can hardly fail to regard such a claim by the victors in a great conflict as singularly moderate. From almost any point of view, it is difficult to see how Germany can expect to secure any substantially more favorable settlement.

Assuming that the Allied representatives stand on some figure around \$10,000,000,000, it seems likely that the terms of payment will be so fixed, by prolonging the period, as to reduce the amount of the present annuity. Such an arrangement would offer a welcome relief, for the time being, to the German taxpayer, and in consequence would presumably be politically more acceptable in Germany. Some such arrangement appears at the present writing to be foreshadowed by the negotiations in progress at Paris.

Spreading the payments evenly over sixty years, a debt of \$10,000,000,000 at 5 per cent would be discharged by an annuity of \$528,000,000, representing interest of \$500,000,000 and a sinking-fund installment of \$28,000,000. That portion of the total annuity of \$528,000,000 which would be required to care for the Allies' debts to the United States of \$5,900,000,000 would be \$311,000,000, and if this portion were graduated in size to correspond with the Allies' annuities to the United States it could now start at about \$215,000,000 (gradually increasing to a maximum of about \$425,000,000 near the end of the period in 1987.) The total commencing annuity to discharge the debt of

\$10,000,000,000 in sixty years would therefore be \$432,000,000 (that is, \$215,000,000 for the Allies' debts and \$217,000,000 for reparations), and the maximum annuity in the 1980's would be about \$642,000,000.

Whether German opinion would regard such a settlement as a real concession by the Allies is another question. Probably it would not. Doubtless the Germans will formulate demands for concessions of other kinds, and those the Allies could well afford to make. Clearly there are many reasons why the fixation of the debt is highly desirable, and if the Allies hope to figure as beneficiaries of a commercialization scheme, it is essential. For without a definite determination of Germany's liability any sale of bonds on a really large scale would be impossible.

It does not follow that the debt, if fixed, must or will be fixed as a capital sum or entirely as a capital sum. A definite series of annuities is no less a fixation of a definite liability than the stating of a capital sum or the translating of the annuities at some explicitly stated rate into a capital sum. Since the war, political advantages have been seen in allowing inter-governmental settlements to remain stated in terms of annuities only. How real these advantages may be need not be discussed here. The result, at all events, is that the present (capital) value of such settlements may be interpreted at different figures, depending on the rate of interest assumed. The higher the interest rate, the lower the indicated capital value of the annuity series, and vice versa.

The reason for this can easily be demonstrated by the layman by considering how an annuity payment falling due say five years from now might be provided for by the investment to-day of a sum of money at compound interest. To meet a payment of \$100 due

five years hence, it would be sufficient at 5 per cent interest to set aside to-day \$78.35. But if the interest earnings were to be only at the rate of 4 per cent, the present sum required would be \$82.19. Differences of this sort in the interpretation of the present values of annuities do not, however, affect the general result of the settlement. The annuities are the thing, and they are not changed by changes in assumed interest rates. But with various unevenly graduated series of annuities receivable and payable, such as are or may be involved in a general settlement of reparations, present values are the only common denominator by which the whole position may be visualized and the general results weighed. Some interest rate must be assumed by the student, and if the same one is used for all the interrelated transactions affecting the various parties it is not very important whether it be 5 per cent or, say, 4 per cent, or even some other rate not greatly different from these.

V

Before arriving at its crucial task of fixing the annuities and of considering the feasibility of commercializing some part of the obligation, the present conference will be obliged, and at this writing has already begun, to take up several preliminary stages of investigation and negotiation. Two subjects in particular have to be canvassed — the 'transfer problem,' so called, and the matter of 'capacity to pay.'

The transfer problem has been the subject of much controversy the past seven or eight years. It is a hypothetical dilemma relating to the international transfer of debt payments, which was first posed by J. M. Keynes, the English economist, at the time of the creation of the reparation and Inter-allied debts. One horn of the Keynesian

dilemma is that the transfer of payments on large international obligations will prove impossible, owing to the inability of debtor countries to develop surpluses of exports over imports sufficiently great to procure the foreign currencies necessary for payment. The other horn is that, if such surpluses should in fact be developed, the industries of the receiving countries will be seriously embarrassed or ruined by the influx of foreign goods by which the payment is effected. Thus, under the Keynes doctrine, the creditors lose either way; and, under an extension of the doctrine to the affairs of the debtor country, efforts by the latter to purchase foreign currencies for debt payment by the offering of home currency in exchange would, in the absence of an export surplus, depreciate the value of the home currency, and if persisted in would result in its collapse.

These hypotheses have enjoyed a wide vogue and have exercised an important psychological influence on all past reparation negotiations. It is only recently that a realization of their inherent absurdity and their conflict with the facts of economic history has become at all general among students of economics. The Keynesians made the mistake of jumping to their conclusion before they had reflected upon a certain condition in international financial relations which had always existed, but which before the war was a very unobtrusive one. International debts of great magnitude have always existed, and the interest and sinking-fund payments on them have always been collected without the slightest economic disturbance. Before the war Europe was creditor to the world in the amount of fifty billion dollars in present-day values (thirty-three billions pre-war, as estimated by Harvey E. Fisk), and every good debt was duly collected in cash, without any suspicion ever

arising that such a thing as a transfer problem existed. The post-war vogue of this purely subjective 'problem' was the product of a vast and not unnatural astonishment on the part of the layman at the size of the widely advertised reparation and Interallied debts, and a complete lack of curiosity on the part of the Keynesians as to the nature of the processes involved in the international distribution of capital.

The facts are that the economic practicability of international debt collection depends on one factor only — the ability of the debtor to provide the annual interest and sinking-fund installment, out of taxation in the case of a public obligation, or out of earnings in the case of corporation debt. If the provision is duly made, the transfer of payment follows automatically and harmlessly as a result of one of two processes, depending upon the position of international trade at the time. One of those processes consists of further foreign borrowing by other enterprises of the debtor country, and the alternative process is the exportation of goods. By one process or the other, foreign exchange is rendered available to the nationals of the paying country, and either the one or the other process must always be characteristic of the economic position of every civilized nation.

Axiomatically, every country in its international trade relations for a given period has either a surplus of imports of goods (and services) over exports or a surplus of exports over imports. It is either importing a surplus or exporting one, and that surplus is part of the world surplus production — part of the stock of new capital in process of distribution by countries long of capital to countries short of capital.

The movement of a surplus of goods, *as goods*, is the trade aspect, or obverse

face, of international economic relations. The movement of a surplus of goods, *as capital*, is the financial aspect, or reverse face, of precisely the same economic condition. An importing country is borrowing. It settles for its import balances by giving its securities. An exporting country is lending. It receives settlement of its export balances by taking securities (first taking its own previously given securities and then taking the securities of the debtors).

An importing country is short of new capital, as Germany is to-day, and the securities offered by its corporations to procure capital for productive enterprise are taken by the investors of the exporting country — such as the United States or England (English trade balances, including services, being really export balances, and not, as is widely believed, import balances). The surplus product shipped by the manufacturers of the exporting country is new capital savings being sent abroad for the account of the investors of that country. This product is taken by the enterprises of the importing country which are seeking new capital, and they emit their securities against its receipt.

Germany to-day is an importing country, as was the United States before the war. This condition, in itself, is not broadly significant to the matter of economic strength or feebleness — for the strongest often borrow and the feeblest cannot borrow for lack of credit. It is rather an indication of trend. It indicates enterprise and expansion. A country that is borrowing is building. It is ploughing all its savings back into new enterprise, and still needs more. Since 1924, Germany has borrowed abroad on long-term bonds, according to the Reichs Credit Bank, some \$1,800,000,000, of which about \$1,200,000,000 was procured from the United States. It is clear that her

borrowings have been used productively, that they have not been dissipated, that she has not, as the saying goes, paid reparations out of borrowed money. For, according to estimates of the authority just cited, her new capital formation while the borrowings have been going on has been about \$4,800,000,000, after payment of reparations. And it is clear in another way that she is not living on borrowed capital, for she is regularly setting aside the interest and sinking fund on her borrowings out of taxation or earnings. It is a healthy process of reconstruction that is going on, and it will continue until Germany, rebuilt by foreign capital, will need no more, and — her productivity reestablished — will produce an export surplus of new capital of her own.

VI

Now as to the mechanics of debt settlement. It is clear to everyone that, when the time does arrive when Germany produces an export surplus, there will be available foreign exchange in the possession of her nationals through the shipment of that surplus abroad in exchange for dollars, pounds, francs, or guilders; and that the Reich or any individual German who owes a debt abroad will be able to procure this foreign currency by handing over to the German exporters (through the banks) the marks which have been saved to pay the debt. This is transfer of Stage II, as we may call it — the stage of an advanced national economic development.

Transfer of Stage I, the other alternative, is transfer as now effected by Germany. Germany is importing — borrowing. New prospective borrowers in Germany are offering their securities to prospective lenders. They want new capital. On the other hand, the Reich or individual Germans who owe debts

abroad have set aside a certain amount of savings to meet their foreign obligations. This part of the new capital produced in Germany belongs to foreigners. Foreigners are lending to Germany, and they proceed to lend to Germans not only new foreign capital produced abroad, but also that part of the new capital produced in Germany which belongs to foreigners. It is through the lending of this latter — the actual savings set aside to pay foreign debts — that the transfer of the equivalent of those savings to the foreign bondholder is accomplished. A new foreign lender furnishes dollars to the banks in exchange for the new securities of the new borrower. The old debtor furnishes marks to the banks in exchange for the coupons or other evidences of maturing debt which have been presented by the old creditor. The banks deliver the dollars to the old creditor and the marks to the new debtor.

The transfer under Stage I is thus complete — marks for dollars, without movement of goods. Nor has any threat to the stability of the mark been involved, since marks have not been put up at auction on the exchange market, but changed into dollars in a normal way under an equal pressure of demand against supply. Reparations have been effectually transferred out of Germany, since the reparation creditors take dollars, pounds, francs, lire, or guilders indiscriminately to meet their foreign obligations or to be exchanged into other currencies through the multifarious operations of international finance. Transfers all work around to their ultimate destination through the sea of international trade, without causing a ripple on its broad surface.

This is transfer of Stage I. And either Stage I or Stage II is always in effect. It is immaterial how soon Stage II eventuates. It will come in

good time, as determined by the processes of economic development. These are processes which naturally come to fruition over periods measured by decades rather than years. The idea that the month-to-month development of trade balances has to be anxiously watched to see whether transfers are still going to be possible is an absurdity.

The supposed threat to creditor nations under Stage II (the German export stage) is nonexistent, for the reason that if the creditors become importing countries they will become so from a shortage of capital, and, as capital is goods, they will be short not only of productive capacity, but of product, and the character of the imported product as competitive or noncompetitive on the home market will be, broadly, of no consequence to them at all.

And a related idea that imports will be artificially stimulated by the pressure of foreign debt seeking to be paid is equally without reality. Imports arise on account of shortage of capital. Debt collection is a purely passive factor in international economic relations. The active factor is the distribution of world surplus production, and in that distribution all settlements are automatically provided for. It could not be otherwise. Those great processes of economic fertilization could not be of such preposterous futility as to be balked by mere bookkeeping. And the history of the nineteenth century supports this statement.

The so-called transfer problem, though a complete economic nonentity, bulks large in the important field of the psychology of reparations. For this great myth, or humbug, or mere confusion of thought, as one prefers, has traveled faster and further than the answer to it. The Dawes Committee solved the psychological difficulty as it existed in 1924 by setting up a Transfer

Committee with power to stop transfers to the Allies should the stability of the mark be threatened. It never has been threatened, and the annuities have been duly transferred as set aside in marks by the German Government.

But 'transfer protection,' so called, is still a factor in the reparation problem. The German delegates to the conference appear to value it highly. At least, if they are correctly reported, they intimate that, in its absence, Germany would have to be extremely cautious in the matter of the size of the annuity which she would definitely bind herself to pay. Reports of the discussion seem to suggest that the transfer problem no longer as formerly broods over the councils of reparations as an authentic spectre of economic woe, but now figures merely as a part of the horse trade. The Allies are interested in commercialization of reparation bonds, and such bonds, to be salable, must be free of any such flaw as would be implied by the existence of any authority to suspend transfer of the interest in case of some supposed threat to the stability of the mark. It appears that a compromise is being worked out in conference, whereby a part of the debt will have 'transfer protection' and a part will be an unqualified obligation.

VII

Another question which will occupy the conference is that of 'capacity to pay.' It is not wholly, or even chiefly, as economic experts that the committee may be looked to for an authoritative definition of Germany's capacity to pay. It is rather as men having an understanding of political and social realities, and, withal, being in a position to shape their definition from facts demonstrated by experience through

the operation of the Dawes Plan. As a scientific conception, national capacity to pay is hardly more than a figure of speech.

Capacity to pay means ability to support taxes — an elusive subject, of very restricted economic implications. The productive capacity of any one of the great industrial nations of the modern world is a colossal thing. Economically, the margin of that capacity over subsistence requirements has not nearly been exhausted, even by the burdens imposed by the greatest of all conflicts. But man does not live by bread alone, and when taxation reaches out for a fifth of Everyman's earnings, as in Europe, not science but only something greater than science can undertake to measure the remaining margin of political stability and social safety.

Dealing in a practical way with yield of taxes and other fiscal aspects, S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent General for Reparations, said in December 1928 that 'no question can fairly arise in the light of practical experience thus far as to the ability of the Budget of the Reich to provide the full amount of its standard contribution to the plan,' and he similarly confirmed the ability of the railways and industry to carry their charges under the plan.¹ Mr. Gilbert is a competent and impartial authority. But there may well be an honest difference of opinion on the subject, and the Germans do not appear to agree with Mr. Gilbert.

In the final judgment, one cannot get very far away from the question

¹ The standard annuity of \$595,000,000 began to run September 1, 1928. For the four years of the Dawes Plan ended that date, Germany paid, on an increasing annual scale, an average of \$325,000,000 a year. For the six prior years, commencing at the date of the Armistice, she paid in cash and materials, according to the valuations of the Reparation Commission, an average of \$212,000,000 a year. — AUTHOR

of relative national burdens. A burden which may be regarded as too hard or impossible for Germany, viewing Germany by herself, cannot be deemed truly so if the shifting of it would throw even more difficult burdens on her neighbors. According to the estimates of a leading authority, Harvey E. Fisk, of the Bankers Trust Company, the percentages of the income of the population taken by national and local taxation in 1926 (or 1926-1927) were in England 23.6 per cent, in Belgium 19.8 per cent, in France 19.7 per cent, in Italy 19.5 per cent, in Germany 17.9 per cent (and in the United States 8.9 per cent). Adjustments during that year to the average of the Dawes Plan payments on a sixty-year annuity basis (that is, \$528,000,000 a year on \$10,000,000,000) would have changed the percentages of the two principal protagonists to: Germany, 22.3 per cent; France, 18.2. By further adjusting the percentage of France to the average basis of her British and American debt annuities (\$58,000,000 to England and \$90,000,000 to the United States), her percentage would be 19.5 per cent.²

All such figures include indefinite factors on the income side, and, if one raises the question as to the purposes for which taxes are raised, highly controversial elements on the expenditure side. It is an infinitely complicated subject. But the results broadly may be taken as confirming that the Dawes settlement was as fair a settlement, from the aspect of relative tax burdens, as could have been made.

This being so, Germany cannot with

very good grace plead incapacity to pay the Dawes Plan annuity. And, what is no less significant, the new committee is not likely to consider getting very far away from such a figure (unless, as above suggested, by assessing an equivalent burden through taking a lower annuity for sixty years instead of something like the present annuity for the thirty-seven years implied by the Dawes Plan). For a voyage on the uncharted sea of a brand-new inquiry on 'capacity to pay' would disclose rocks of controversy which not only are the members of the conference under no obligation personally to hazard, but which would place in jeopardy the great gains achieved during the past five years in the state of public feeling on the reparation question. The channel which was opened by the Dawes Committee and has now been marked by the Dawes Plan offers the only safe and practicable course.

Germany, as any great nation similarly situated would do, will pay what she thinks it in her best interest to pay. A Berlin editor, unnamed but described by a leading American newspaper correspondent in Europe as 'certainly no Nationalist,' was recently quoted as saying, 'It is not a question of what Germany must pay, so much as a question of what Germany is willing to pay.' No one can quarrel with this. It is a perfectly fair and realistic statement of what everyone knows. And it is not at all different from Poincaré's famous saying of seven years ago, for which in those stormy days he earned unlimited vituperation, that it was all a question of Germany's 'will to pay.'

The attitude of the taxpayer is the chief element in national capacity to pay. The war taught us that, given an object of sufficient importance in the public mind, capacity to pay is, for all practical purposes, unlimited. To-day, of course, no such situation

² Mr. Fisk estimates German national income during the fiscal year 1926-1927 at 10.7 billion dollars and French national income during the year 1926 at 7.8 billion dollars. The present value of the annuities payable by France over sixty-two years under the Franco-British debt-funding agreement, at 5 per cent, is about \$1,100,000,000. — AUTHOR

exists. Nevertheless, with her industry reviving and her foreign markets expanding, Germany to-day has a stake in the preservation of good relations with the ex-Allies which is worth many times the five or ten dollars a head which the reparation bill will annually cost her; and her present leaders have given every indication of recognizing that fact.

Germany can afford to bind herself for sixty years, if need be, just as the Allies have bound themselves to the United States. For time will work on her side. Intergovernmental debts can never be other than an irritant in international relations, and before six decades of debt collection have dragged themselves out creditors are likely to discover that the results are not all clear profit. The United States is the final creditor, and in our search for foreign markets to take our surplus products we shall one day doubtless ask ourselves whether a principle so highly regarded in domestic trade as the cultivation of customer goodwill has any importance in the interchanges of foreign commerce; and, if it has, what its probable value is as compared with the three dollars a head which we propose to collect annually on the debt settlements. Eventually our statesmen may welcome the tender of a liquidating

payment, whether in cash or some other form of valuable consideration, as offering a politically feasible means of wiping the slate clean.

The Germans in the present juncture, knowing that time will continue to work toward further downward revision, are doubtless not enthusiastic about having too much of their obligation converted into bonds running to the investing public. For their responsible leaders are aware that no German government could ever dream of offering to compromise commitments of such a character. Some concession by Germany in the direction of a commercialization scheme, however, seems highly probable. It follows that there will be counter-concessions by the Allies — in part, perhaps, of a kind to be arranged by separate agreement between the governments, similar to the arrangement for the evacuation of the Ruhr, which was entered into concurrently with the adoption of the Dawes Plan.

It seems reasonable to expect as a result of the conference a considerable advance — perhaps a very great advance — in the long process of untying the reparation knot. It would be unreasonable to expect a 'final settlement,' for no settlement can be final until the last payment is made.

THE DEEPENING TARIFF DARKNESS

BY PAUL T. HOMAN

I

THE recent presidential campaign is commonly held to have represented a distinct advance in the sphere of public discussion of important national problems. The supporters of Governor Smith in particular find some solace in the thought that, though defeated, their candidate has made a valuable contribution to public education. I should not care to argue against this view in a general way. On certain questions, notably that of power, his service was unquestionably great. But I should like to call attention to the setback which the campaign has administered to intelligent treatment of the tariff.

The number of people in the United States capable of discussing the tariff impartially and sensibly, without reference to self-interest, has always been small. Historically it has been the battle ground for conflicting interests, or at least for interests conceived to be conflicting. Originally these interests divided mainly on territorial lines, and have reshaped themselves by the processes of industrial change, as illustrated by the conversion of New England from free trade to protection, as its central preoccupation turned from shipping to manufacture, between 1815 and 1830. The dominance of a protectionist or free-trade interest in each section has, however, caused the Congressional history of the tariff to be written in terms more strictly sectional than the facts justify. Across the

territorial lines have run lines of horizontal cleavage, creating in each section majority and minority interests not disclosed in Congressional votes.

Since 1816, and particularly since the Civil War, the tariff argument has never run strictly on the grounds of protection versus free trade. The nature of an industrial organization reared behind tariff walls has made it impossible for any but the most doctrinaire free traders to conceive the establishment of free trade for the United States within the calculable future. Nevertheless, the Democratic Party has had continual resort to the armory of logic developed by the liberal English economists in favor of freedom of trade. In our own day one is apt to look somewhat askance at that logic, as at many other aspects of liberal negativism. But its continued presence in the realm of practical tariff politics was of inestimable value, by reason of the fact that it carried with it the most profound available analysis of the nature of the benefits which arise from international trade. It was a perpetual corrective of the veiled mercantilism which insinuates itself into all popular discussion of the tariff. Whatever its concessions to expediency or to fiscal necessities, the logic of the Democratic position on the tariff has been the logic of free trade. That logic is universal in character, in the sense that it promises the maximum well-being for all nations, not for one nation, and for all members of each nation, not for privileged classes within each nation.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to frame the protectionist argument in these terms of universality. Nationalism is, indeed, of its essence, and its direct implication, not disagreeable to its proponents, is national gain at the expense of other national units, or their members. To make it politically effective, however, in a democratic society, it has been necessary to adopt the other half of the free-trade argument — maximum benefit to each class and person within the country affected.

This attempt to construct an argument designed to prove the harmony of interests within a country supporting a protective policy places an almost prohibitive strain upon the human capacity for intellectual plausibility. It is easy enough for a protected manufacturer to see the benefits to himself. With the abridged mental processes characteristic of their kind, manufacturers have mainly been content — quite sincerely, of course — to generalize the sum of their private interests into a concept of the general good. This short-cut process has, however, been politically insufficient, since it has been necessary to convince other classes, not directly protected, of the benefits to themselves. These classes have mainly consisted of farmers, for whom the home-market argument was designed and for whose benefit often fictitious rates on their products have been scheduled, and the wage-earning class, for whom the argument that high wages and steady employment depend upon the tariff has been developed. The complete argument has at times taken on a form of extraordinary plausibility, as in McKinley's speech on the Mills Bill. At other times its crudeness in political debate would have been supposed to be an insult to the human intelligence had it not been that the hearers were not insulted.

II

It ought to be apparent that neither the free-trade nor the protectionist contention is capable of objective proof. That America has been protectionist and prosperous proves no more than does the fact that England has been free trade and prosperous. Nor does the relatively greater prosperity of protectionist America over free-trade England prove any more than does the relatively greater prosperity of free-trade England over protectionist Germany or France. The historical dominance of the two diverse policies in England and America runs back to a common source — the effectively propagated interests of the manufacturing class. In England those interests were in the direction of foreign markets and cheap imported materials and food. In America they were in the direction of home markets, cheap imported labor, and cheap home-grown food. Consequently the abstract economic analysis which was congenial to the English industrial interests was anathema to the similar American interests.

As an argument, the tariff argument thus inhabits the field of intellectual abstractions. The problem it puts upon the mind is the problem of which keeps closer to the concrete facts, which analyzes those facts the more completely and astutely, which attains the higher degree of intellectual credibility. On these grounds it is a very striking fact that the free-trade argument has been so almost unanimously the more impressive upon the highly trained minds of well-informed and impartial students of the problem. Many of these men have, however, found in peculiar American conditions adequate grounds for supporting a moderate protectionist policy — grounds mainly connected with what is known as the

'infant industry' argument. It is further true that men of this sort, while contemptuous of the political hokum of protectionism, are not ordinarily advocates of a free-trade policy for the United States. The reason, of course, is that our future industrial policy must be built upon our present foundation, and our present foundation is an industrial structure into which the tariff has been irrevocably built. One of the most effective elements of the present protectionist argument is the fear of the upsetting consequences, the industrial ruin and unemployment, which might attend unwise downward revision of the tariff. Those fears are of course justified, but they do not in any comprehensible sense lend support to the positive arguments for protection.

Because of this recognition of the fact that the fundamental American tariff problem is, first, to attain an exact knowledge of the effect of the tariff in the several industries, as distinct from a theory of its effects upon the country at large, and, second, to make tariff adjustments in line with such detailed knowledge, it has been generally felt by intelligent students of the problem that an expert commission with wide powers should, so far as the Constitution permits, supplant Congress in the adjustment of rates, though of course operating upon the lines of general policy dictated by Congress.

These general remarks upon the history and the recent status of the tariff controversy are so much the commonplaces of economists and other students of the tariff that they would hardly be worthy of repetition were the atmosphere not so clouded with campaign dust. Under the circumstances some such introduction seemed desirable before considering the state of the tariff question as it emerged from the recent campaign.

III

Concerning the Republican contribution to public knowledge of the tariff, it is very easy to arrive at an adequate and inclusive conclusion. It was exactly nothing. That is to say, the party as such reaffirmed its historic position, its spokesmen repeated the timeworn arguments stressing the disaster which would befall the nation if any but the Grand Old Party were entrusted with tariff policy, and Mr. Hoover, with emphasis and corollaries of his own, repeated the familiar story. My acquaintance with economists is less than universal, but if I may generalize my experience with many of them I should say that economists were on the whole favorably disposed toward Mr. Hoover at the start, that they were startled by certain economic passages in the speech of acceptance, and completely dumbfounded by the Boston address on the tariff. They were convinced that out of his wide experience he must have learned more of the theory and the nature of foreign trade than he there displayed, and were forced to conclude either that he knew less than they had credited him with knowing, or, more cynically, that a just and adequate survey of our foreign trade and tariff problems was less important to him than his satisfaction of his party and his election to the Presidency.

In the nature of the case, the Republican Party is incapable of any constructive addition to tariff theory or policy, since its sinews of war derive from the people who are the direct beneficiaries of protection. Its task is simply to generalize the benefits of its policy, and that task was completed a generation ago and now calls only for repetition. The strength of its argument lies in its plausibility, its apparent simplicity, and the direct appeal

to self-interest, whether real or only apparent. Its practical potency is not disturbed by the fact that every impartial mind that has ever examined the argument finds it larded with fallacy, delusion, and simple faith, which do not darken the sincerity, but only the intelligence, of its advocates.

In a way, the present campaign represents a retrograde movement, because of the magnitude of the victory, and because of the peculiar confidence with which the party was able to speak in this year of prosperity — in severe contrast to 1908 and 1912, when the 'high cost of living' and the 'trusts' compelled it to draw in its claims for the protective system.

When one turns to the Democratic Party, there are two developments to observe, one having to do with the platform, the other with Governor Smith's treatment of the question. On the first point, it is apparent that the party has abandoned its historic position — with reservations, no doubt, but it would seem irretrievably — and become, if not as protectionist as the Republicans, at least as much so as they were in 1908. This conversion was perhaps inevitable as a matter of practical politics, since the South's growing industrialism has implanted a protectionist sentiment there, and since proposals for farm relief have taken the guise of effecting a mechanism for creating benefits for the farmer similar to those which the tariff creates for industry. The McNary-Haugen bill is in effect the tariff for those farmers raising crops of which we produce an exportable surplus. Whatever the political exigencies which led to this about-face in Democratic tariff policy, it is unquestionable that it has removed from the field of public discussion the whole of those ideas about the mutual

benefits of foreign trade which are commonplaces to economists but somehow penetrate with difficulty into the common mind. The result is to raise the protectionist theory to the elevation of a national dogma, instead of a merely party dogma as formerly.

So preposterous a situation would be unbelievable were it not plainly the fact. No one could suppose that the Democratic Party has been the chosen vessel of truth against Republican error. Its political opportunism, on the tariff as elsewhere, has been equally great. But by chance its tariff position compelled it to have continuous resort to the best-authenticated results of economic investigation and analysis. Its reversal thus withdraws from current politics any channel by which expert economic knowledge can penetrate to the electorate. One result of the Democratic change of policy must necessarily be to widen the gap between economic knowledge and national economic policy.

It may, of course, be that the interpretation given of current Democratic policy is exaggerated or incorrect. The platform may be read to mean merely — what any sensible person would advocate — that schedules will not be unwisely tampered with to the inevitable distress of our industries. If, however, such was the meaning, it was excellently concealed during the course of the campaign in appeals to that doubtful part of the electorate which it was hoped to inveigle into the Democratic net. It is certainly my belief that the *volte-face* is irrevocable, because of the dominant protectionism in the country at large. From the point of view of political expediency there can be little doubt of the necessity of the step. Nevertheless, the episode throws its own light upon the educational value of the present campaign.

With regard to Governor Smith's personal contribution to tariff education, many well-informed people have thought his Louisville speech to be on the right side and in the right direction. In it he exposed the evils of Congressional tariff-making, on two counts — first, of the disturbance to industry occasioned by a general tariff bill, and, second, of the unscientific process of bargaining, logrolling, and interested lobbying by which the rates are arrived at. He emphasized what all impartial students of the tariff have long pointed out, the evils which arise from the necessity that Congressmen please their powerful constituents and supporters. He displayed the ineffectiveness of the commission as at present organized. And finally he arrived at his solution of a reconstituted commission with wide powers to adjust individual rates in the light of detailed economic studies of American industries. This proposal is, as we have earlier seen, the point to which the thinking of most of the more intelligent students of the tariff had brought them. It is the heart of what is known as 'taking the tariff out of politics.'

No one, of course, really thinks that the tariff can be taken out of politics. Any question so closely affecting the economic interests of large numbers of influential people is bound to be of political concern. Nevertheless, the hope has been that an administrative system might be devised for applying a general policy with more intelligent concern for economic realities and less resort to political bargaining. So long as there existed within the country a real conflict of opinion it also appeared that any such commission would, if properly constructed as to pay and tenure, probably command the services of at least some men able to bring to its deliberations the ripest economic judgment and knowledge.

IV

The probability is, however, that such hopes are optimistic and vain. No better evidence of this could be asked than the recent turn given to the interest of the National Association of Manufacturers in the subject of tariff administration. This Association originally owed its existence to a conference called in 1894 for the purpose — to quote its official organ, *American Industries* (November 1928) — of discussing 'ways and means of bringing the country out of the doldrum epoch into which the Wilson bill had plunged it.' This quotation is interesting because it shows that the Association belongs to that large group of people who attribute the depression of the middle nineties to Democratic tariff policy and the escape from that depression to Republican tariff policy. The persistence of this theory is of much interest, since it illustrates the great difficulty of disseminating accurate information concerning the tariff. The theory has been exposed and discarded by every economic historian and every disinterested student of the tariff who has studied this period. It continues, nevertheless, as part of the stock in trade of Republican orators, the Tariff League, the National Association of Manufacturers, and in fact of every organization directly interested in protection. It is not a case of willful misrepresentation, but rather of 'wishful thinking,' which makes it impossible for any directly interested group to comprehend or accept any accurate economic analysis of the nature of international trade relationships or of the effects of protective tariffs.

I have referred to the history of this Association only to establish the nature of its interest in this question. The real immediate interest in the Association

is due to the fact that the entire number of its journal to which reference has been made is given over to an argument against general tariff bills and in favor of continuous adjustments by an administrative commission with much wider powers than the present commission. This, it will be recalled, is exactly the reform which impartial students of the tariff have tended to advocate, and the one which constituted practically the whole of Governor Smith's constructive proposals. It is certainly an interesting phenomenon to see the thunder of tariff reformers, who wished to prevent the rates being written by those who stood to benefit, being thus stolen by those very interests which are most directly and powerfully affected by the tariff.

If those who think the rates generally too high and hope for downward revision, those who wish to maintain high rates or to make them higher, and those who are less interested in rates than in effective administration and less in political aspects than in impartial economic analysis of the tariff, all tend to concentrate in the direction of a commission with greater power to adjust rates, there must stand in the eye of each a somewhat different view of how the commission shall be constituted and what its general instructions from Congress shall be. The first group has expected adequate representation for other than protectionist sentiment and interests. The third group has generally conceived that the commission, properly constituted, should scientifically study the effects of the tariff in relation to each affected industry with an open mind, that it should be manned by our most expert students of the subject, and that its recommendations to Congress or its substantive adjustments should be ruled solely by competent economic analysis. Of necessity, competent eco-

nomics analysis must start from a position in which any original bias toward protectionism is absent.

The expectation of the other group is made sufficiently plain in the words of the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, that 'it is possible for the first time to disregard the question of a protective policy. That has been settled by the American people in no uncertain terms. . . . It is a question now of how that policy is going to be applied, whether it is going to be applied politically by Congress in a bunglesome way . . . or whether it is going to be . . . committed as far as possible to a body properly equipped for treating the subject as it should be treated.' The first assumption of this group is that there is no longer any controversy over the protectionist policy. Of course, there is not, in the sense that any sane policy will start from the base line of our present industrial situation. But, if it be meant that the dogma of protectionism, the logic of which is exclusion of all goods that can be domestically produced, is now unquestioned, there may indeed have been an end of controversy between Democratic and Republican parties, but certainly no end of it between the direct beneficiaries of the tariff and all impartial students of foreign trade who have a smattering of sense and economic knowledge.

The second assumption of the group is that, where distress appears in any industry affected by the tariff, rates should be quickly and effectively raised. That is why a commission is wanted, to act more rapidly than a protectionist Congress. Such more or less automatic raising of rates when evidence is produced of insufficient protection to some members of an industry has nothing to do with scientific analysis of the effects of a tariff. It might well be sound tariff policy to adopt rates which would

not protect the least efficient, or high-cost, enterprises. A competent survey might conceivably dictate a gradual decline in rates as the general policy best adapted to promote the fullest utilization of our labor and capital resources. Almost inevitably the treatment accorded different industries would be different, according to their importance in the national economy, the degree of their dependence on the tariff, and the complex of factors determining their present prosperity and status. But no such discriminating treatment is implied in the project of the manufacturers for a strong commission.

In advocating a strong commission to make more effective the protective dogma in practice, it has of course been necessary to do lip service to the power to reduce rates when they are unnecessarily high. But experience has shown that rates can seldom be too high, in the manufacturers' apprehension. The reason is that, at whatever level a rate is set, almost every industry can point to firms that are unprofitable. It is the existence of such submarginal firms that lends plausibility to the demand for almost endless increases. The effectiveness of such considerations has led to the result that the bulk of the American electorate has been convinced, by the sheer weight of propaganda of the interested parties, that it is better to pay more for goods than less, to direct our energy into wasteful channels rather than into those where we can get the most return for our effort. Some subtle poison of national pride, some obtuseness in the face of gross sophistry, has clouded our intelligence — to such a point that the protected interests can step in to capture and operate the one improvement in tariff administration which had been looked to as a barrier to their incessant grasping.

V

The conclusion, then, seems to emerge with an air of inevitability that the sort of tariff reform advocated by Governor Smith has promise in it only if the commission be free to bring a critical economic intelligence to its task. By shaking off its early tariff principles, the Democratic Party has greatly lessened the chance that such would be the outcome, and has made it possible for manufacturers to assume that the commission would be their constant ally and support. With no effective political support remaining, enlightened economic analysis seems more remote from American tariff policy than ever in its history. Seen in this light, and in reference to this one issue only, the recent political campaign seems to have been the exact reverse of educational. The tariff, politically considered, moves from deep shadows into utter darkness.

That is the only conclusion to which I have cared to carry this analysis. Had it been desired to deal more technically with the problems of tariff administration, it would have been necessary to indicate that there are limitations upon the avarice of tariff beneficiaries. They lie primarily in the interests of importing houses, in the interests of manufacturers mainly producing for export, and in conflicts of interest between manufacturers and producers of raw materials. It would have been necessary to show also the different effects of the tariff upon different types of industry, the purely nominal character of many of the existing rates, and the relation of the tariff to our export trade. To deal intelligibly with such matters would carry the discussion far afield and to great length.

The impression created upon the mind is that American tariff policy

follows the line of least resistance in the midst of those conflicting forces which feel an immediate economic interest in it. That is a line of thought which has by some observers been elevated into a philosophy of politics. I am not myself inclined to so simple a philosophy, but the hard evidence of facts appears to make it inescapable in this limited field. An economist, without conscious loyalty to any political party and interested only in the competent analysis and direction of our national economy, may be forgiven a mild cynicism in the face of the existing situation. It is the manufacturing interest which now dominates the scene, and gives the main direction within the parallelogram of tariff forces.

It would doubtless be an exaggeration to say that no manufacturer is capable of understanding the effects of a tariff. But he would be ill-advised to attempt this, unless he is an exporter. It is so much more comfortable to remain opaquely unaware of those facets of knowledge inimical to one's personal and private interests. Clothed in such ignorance, it is possible, in utter sincerity and benevolence, to propagate the gospel of the historical dependence of American prosperity upon the tariff. Thus we have with us, in a field the very essence of which is differential gain and loss, a dogma of complete harmony of interest. Such is the prevailing metaphysics of the perennial American optimism.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA

BY KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

I

WHAT opinion shall we hold of Christian missions in China? Have they had any important influence upon the country? If so, has that influence been harmful or helpful? These are questions which many thoughtful people are asking, both in and out of China, and both inside and outside of Christian circles. They have repeatedly been raised, but lately they have been unusually insistent, chiefly because of the antichristian movement in China of the past seven years, and the forced exodus of missionaries — mainly those of the Protestant body — two years ago. The nature and the importance of the discussion that has been aroused

are evidenced by three articles in the *Atlantic* — 'A Missionary Audit,' by Mr. Mark M. Jones, in December 1927; 'Christianity in China,' by Mr. Moore Bennett, in August 1928; and 'Humanizing the Missionary,' by Miss Louise Strong Hammond, in November 1928.

The missionary enterprise in China is certainly extensive enough to warrant attention. In the main it is conducted by two great branches of the Church, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. The mission of the Russian Orthodox Church, although nearly two hundred and fifty years old, does not compare in size or influence with the others, and in any attempt at a brief appraisal of the general movement can be ignored.

Roman Catholic missions have been in China continuously since the latter half of the sixteenth century. A few Franciscans had come to Cathay in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, just subsequent to the sojourn of Marco Polo, but had left behind them no enduring communities. Roman Catholic missionaries to-day in China total about thirty-one hundred, — in round numbers, seventeen hundred and fifty priests, two hundred and fifty lay brothers, and eleven hundred sisters, — and are to be found in all the twenty-two provinces. The majority are from Latin Europe, — France, Italy, and Spain, in about the order named, — but with substantial groups of Germans and Belgians, and, latterly, of Americans. The interest of the Roman Catholics of the United States in missions in China, almost nonexistent twenty years ago, is, indeed, rapidly growing, and is expressing itself in the establishment of several new missions and in substantial financial contributions. Roman Catholic missions in China are maintained by more than two-score orders, societies, congregations, and sisterhoods. They have chiefly emphasized building and nourishing a Church, and so successful have they been that to-day the Chinese Republic contains between two and a quarter and two and a half million members of their communion, a little over three times the number of twenty-five years ago. Roman Catholics have a fairly extensive educational system, but, with the exception of a few secondary schools and two small universities, the institutions of higher grade have been primarily for the training of catechists and priests. A large number of orphanages and a few hospitals and dispensaries are maintained. The funds to support the missions come partly from gifts from Europe and America, partly from contributions from Chinese,

but very largely from extensive investments, mainly in real estate, in China — a form of endowment in accord with Chinese usage.

Protestant missions in China began in 1807, and so are much younger than those of Roman Catholics. Protestant missionaries, just before the exodus of 1926 and 1927, numbered about eight thousand, of whom about three thousand were men, about twenty-four hundred were wives, and about twenty-six hundred were unmarried women. Like the Roman Catholics, they were to be found in all the twenty-two provinces. Probably fifteen hundred of the eight thousand were at home on sick leave or their customary furloughs, making a constantly effective force in China of about sixty-five hundred. At the present writing those actually in China number about four thousand, a total that is being steadily augmented by refugees returning to their posts. In contrast with the Roman Catholics, the great majority of Protestant missionaries are English-speaking, about half coming from the United States, a slightly smaller proportion from Great Britain and Ireland, and still smaller numbers from Canada and Australia. There are, however, substantial groups from Germany and Scandinavia.

The missionaries are divided among about one hundred and sixty different societies, but, as we shall see in a moment, this disunion is much more apparent than real. Protestants, like Roman Catholics, have sought to build up a Church — or churches. Their efforts, too, have been so successful that the baptized Protestant community to-day numbers something over half a million, and is about four times what it was twenty-five years ago. The Protestant communities, in other words, beginning more than two centuries later than the Roman Catholic,

are much smaller, but, proportionately, have grown more rapidly. Protestants, too, have engaged in more diversified activities than have the Roman Catholics, and have sought to influence the nation outside as well as inside the Christian fellowship. They have placed much more emphasis upon education, and especially upon higher education. Thirteen or fourteen of their institutions are of what Americans would call college grade, and at least five are doing university work. Protestants have medical schools and numerous hospitals. They have prepared an extensive literature on both secular and religious subjects. In a great variety of other ways they are seeking to touch constructively the nation's life. Unlike the Roman Catholics, Protestants have built up few endowments in China, and the funds to support their work come from the churches which send the missionaries and from contributions and school and hospital fees from the Chinese.

II

An appraisal of this extensive missionary enterprise, to have any hope of accuracy, must be made against the background of present-day movements in China. These movements, as everyone knows, centre around the one word 'revolution.' All phases of China's life — political, social, economic, intellectual, and religious — are being radically altered. The cause is the penetration of China by the Occident. Of this missions are a part. The impact of the Occident, however, is primarily economic and political. Revolution, therefore, would probably have occurred in China had never a missionary left his native land. It has been chiefly for markets and raw materials that the Westerner has come to China. The wars and treaties by which Occidentals first imposed themselves on the Middle

Kingdom had as their chief objects commerce and political prestige. The Chinese began to recast their culture after the humiliations they suffered at the hands of Japan and Western Powers between 1894 and 1905. While, however, missions have not been the main cause of the change, they are modifying the results — and wholesomely.

The economic and political phases of the Western invasion of China have been primarily destructive. That does not mean that at times they have not been helpful. The Maritime Customs Service, and its child, the Post Office, — both, in their inception, the work of foreigners and outgrowths of commercial relations, — have been of inestimable service. Western commerce itself has not been without great benefits to the Chinese, and many merchants have had the welfare of China sincerely at heart. For the most part, however, the good which has accrued to China from commercial and political contacts has been incidental and undesigned; most merchants and diplomats have been in China for other purposes than the well-being of the Chinese. Having set in motion the forces that destroyed the old, they have done relatively little to assist China to achieve a new and better culture.

The missionary, on the other hand, has set himself primarily to the task of making the impact of the West helpful rather than harmful, of putting the Chinese in touch with whatever in the Occident has intellectual, physical, spiritual, and moral worth, and has devoted his energies unselfishly to bringing the Chinese into contact with the best elements in Western civilization. At times, of course, the missionary has been destructive. Some of the old religious life he has opposed, and, since religion was intertwined with the State, the family, the village, the city, and the guild, these institutions have been

weakened by his presence. While it would have come without him, the missionary assisted in bringing the revolution. Long before it arrived, however, he had set in motion processes which would help build upon and from the ruins of the old a new and, he has hoped, a better China. The ways in which he has sought to do this, and the present results, will be enumerated shortly.

III

Before these are described, however, it should be said that the missionary enterprise has not been without grave faults. Missionaries have reproduced in China many of the weaknesses of Occidental Christianity, and at times have done harm when they meant good. Most of the missionaries' failings, however, have been greatly exaggerated by critics, and other failings attributed to missions are purely imaginary.

Take, for example, the criticisms made in the first two of the three articles in the *Atlantic*. Both writers — in common with many others — make much of the seeming lack of unity of Protestant missions, and Mr. Moore Bennett contrasts it unfavorably with the unity among Roman Catholics. The real facts are that extensive coöperation among Protestants is found in China — much more than in this country. To stress the one hundred and sixty different Protestant societies operating in China is very misleading. Over half the missionary force is under twelve of the larger societies. Several of the hundred and sixty, like Yale-in-China and the much more extensive Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, are performing specialized tasks in conjunction and not in competition with denominational bodies. Numbers of others represent national or other subdivisions of the same denomination and

unite in coöperating with a single Chinese body of the same communion. Considerably more than half the missionaries and Chinese Protestants are in fellowship with three great Chinese Christian groups which have arisen during the past twenty years. One of these groups, called the Church of Christ in China, is made up of elements as diverse as Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, United Brethren, and former Methodists (now in the United Church of Canada) — an ecclesiastical union more comprehensive than any heretofore effected in Protestant Christendom. Moreover, the majority of the denominational societies, by mutual understanding, have avoided duplicating each other's efforts. Then, too, among Protestants a great deal of coöperation exists on a national scale — more, strange to say, than among the various Roman Catholic bodies. On the National Christian Council, formed in 1922 and succeeding another body formed in 1913, the majority of the Protestant groups, Chinese and foreign, are represented. For more than thirty-five years Protestant missionary physicians the nation over have coöperated through a single organization. The Christian Educational Association coördinates most of the Protestant educational efforts, and considerable progress has been made toward a unified Protestant system of schools, particularly of those of college and university grade.

In contrast with these many Protestant coöperative enterprises, not until after the World War did Roman Catholics achieve a continuing national organization of any kind. While they have had more unity of doctrine, they have not enjoyed as much unity of fellowship. The Propaganda has parceled out the country among the various orders, societies, and congregations, and each of these has gone on its way

knowing all too little of what the others were doing. Protestant missionaries have never in any country had as prolonged or acrimonious a controversy as that over the 'rites' which troubled the Roman Catholics in China in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The fellowship among missionaries, while extensive, is not all that could be desired. Between Roman Catholics and Protestants a great gulf exists, with occasional local clashes between the Chinese adherents of the two groups. Many of the smaller Protestant societies, and an occasional larger one, hold back from close coöperation with other bodies. The Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy for a time threatened a split in Protestant ranks. A single Chinese Christian Church is as yet a very remote possibility.

As to the quality and training of the missionary body, Mr. Moore Bennett is grossly inaccurate. He declares of Protestants that, 'leaving aside such lights as Legge and Martin, Morrison and a very few others, the men sent out by the Protestant Church can make no pretense to the higher education even of their own countries, let alone advanced study in Asiatic history and culture.' The facts, fortunately, are otherwise. A minority of Protestant missionaries, most of them sent out by smaller boards, are poorly educated. Some, to be sure, are very crude, and are disdainful of China's heritage. The boards appointing the majority of the missionaries, however, insist upon thorough preparation, and high standards of character, ability, and health. Most of the appointees from the United States and Canada have not only their bachelor's degrees, but advanced degrees as well—in theology or medicine, or in arts and science. A large proportion spend their furloughs in further graduate study. On their arrival in China, Protestant

missionaries are usually sent to a language school for from one to two years, and there acquire not only the rudiments of the language, but an introduction to Chinese history and culture. It is significant that of those teaching Chinese history and culture in colleges and universities in this country about half have been members of the Protestant missionary body. The Harvard-Yenching project, the best-financed undertaking yet launched in the United States for the scholarly study of things Chinese, has as its China centre a Protestant university. The professors of Chinese at Oxford and the University of London obtained the expert knowledge that qualified them for these posts during long and busy years as Protestant missionaries. Many of us wish the average missionary were better prepared in the language and in knowledge of the civilization of China, but, even so, in these respects he is far ahead of the members of the foreign business communities.

To the charge of luxurious living—which Mr. Moore Bennett and other critics have brought against the Protestant missionary—Miss Hammond's article¹ seems an ample reply.

As to the exodus of Protestant missionaries two years ago while the majority of Roman Catholic missionaries remained at their posts,—a contrast of which critics have made much,—again the facts are that British and Americans, merchants as well as missionaries, were singled out for attack by Communist agitators, and the Germans, French, Italians, and Spaniards were largely ignored. Since most of the Protestant missionaries belong to the former and most Roman Catholic missionaries to the latter group, Protestants were more affected. In centre after centre, however, Chinese Christians rose nobly to the emergency and

¹ See the *Atlantic* for November 1928

carried on the tasks dropped by the foreigner. Some observers, indeed, believe that the Protestant movement is emerging from the testing more firmly established in Chinese hearts than before.

IV

This naturally leads to a query of Mr. Jones as to whether 'reasonable progress is being made in nationalizing local projects by turning them over to the management of the Chinese,' and to the criticism of Mr. Moore Bennett that Protestants are denationalizing the Chinese. From the inception of their enterprises both Roman Catholics and Protestants have striven to train Chinese to whom they could transfer the leadership of the Church. For Roman Catholics, with their conscientious insistence that Chinese Christians must remain in full communion with Rome and reasonably free from danger of schism, the process has been delayed until an adequate and trustworthy body of native-born clergy could be created. Of late years, however, and especially during the World War, when missionary staffs were depleted and could with difficulty be filled, both the number of Chinese priests and their proportion to the foreign clergy have rapidly increased. The reigning Pontiff has been especially insistent that a native clergy be developed, and three years ago gave vivid demonstration of his sincerity by raising six Chinese to the episcopate, the first of their race to be promoted by Rome to that dignity after a single experiment in the seventeenth century.

Protestants, being less bound by a rigid ecclesiastical system, and being traditionally more tolerant of nationalism, have made even more rapid progress toward the goal of a Chinese-manned Church. They now count two Chinese bishops — a larger proportion

than in the case of the Roman Catholics, for only a minority of the Protestants in China are under the Episcopal polity. For years Chinese have predominated on the governing bodies of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the National General Secretary is a Chinese. The chairman, the senior secretary, and a majority of the members of the National Christian Council are Chinese. In Christian community after Christian community and denomination after denomination, the control, these past few years, has been transferred to Chinese. One of the latest developments is the appointment of Chinese presidents and governing bodies for about half the Protestant colleges and universities. Under the new day some of the missionaries are going at the invitation and are being placed under the direction of Chinese ecclesiastical authorities or of governing bodies in which Chinese are in the majority.

With independence of foreign control is coming, although less rapidly, financial self-support. Many of the Protestant schools have long been entirely supported by fees and contributions from Chinese or have received from abroad only the salaries of foreign teachers and funds for new equipment. A number of hospitals are largely maintained by fees and local gifts. In 1926, as against \$1,650,000 of American funds spent in China by the Northern Presbyterians on all branches of their work, \$587,135 came from Chinese in fees and gifts to the hospitals and schools under that board. Churches have been slower to develop self-maintenance, particularly since the Chinese usually support their temples and monasteries by endowments and so are unaccustomed to the system of regular subscriptions which is in use by Protestants. However, in spite of the financial distress caused by the political

chaos of recent years, numbers of congregations are entirely independent of funds from abroad and are giving to the extension of the faith in their own land.

Some denationalizing of Chinese Christians is inevitable. By its very nature, Christianity runs counter to many older Chinese customs and beliefs. The guild, the family, the village, and the State all have religious observances entwined in their structure which Christians feel they must oppose. Both Roman Catholics and Protestants have condemned the customary honors to ancestors and thus have threatened one of the strongest supports of that basic Chinese social institution, the family. However, substitutes have sometimes been arranged, particularly by Protestants. It is important to remember, moreover, that other forces than missions are threatening the family and that both groups of missionaries are seeking to nourish a new type of family life which they believe to be superior to the old.

Unnecessary denationalizing does undoubtedly exist. Western forms of worship and organization are unintelligently reproduced. Many pupils in mission schools have, in their enthusiastic zeal for new ways, taken on foreign dress and manners and have failed to acquire much knowledge of Chinese culture. A substantial proportion of the students in Protestant schools are there because they want the English language and a knowledge of Western subjects, and tend to slide through the Chinese side of the curriculum as easily as possible. Appeals have been made for French support for some of the Roman Catholic schools on the grounds that they teach Chinese the French language, and so further French influence. On the other hand, the initial department in the new Catholic university in Peking was one of Chinese language and culture, and Protestant educators

have attempted, even though with many failures, to cultivate in their students a respect for and knowledge of the older native civilization.

The antichristian movement of the past few years has opposed Christian missions, in the main, on three grounds: that they are seeking to propagate a faith which scientifically is untenable and which is being abandoned in the Occident; that they are agents of Western capitalism; and that they are part of Western imperialism. Of the first of these criticisms nothing should be said here; an examination of the claims advanced for the intellectual validity of Christianity cannot adequately be made in an article of this length. As to the charge that missionaries are tools of Western capitalism, no further answer should be needed than the lack of sympathy, amounting often to a gulf, which exists between the foreign business and missionary communities.

In support of the third criticism, however, a number of uncomfortable facts can be adduced. The interpreters through whom several of the early treaties between China and the Powers were negotiated were Roman Catholic or Protestant missionaries. The official murder of a Catholic missionary was made an excuse by France for war on China in 1856, and the death of two other missionaries of the Roman communion gave the Germans a pretext for the seizure of Kiaochow in 1897. For many years the French protectorate of Roman Catholic missions was a means of strengthening French influence in China, and recently Mussolini has subsidized Italian missions. The toleration clauses in the treaties, usually introduced at the instance of missionaries and unanimously welcomed by them, by guaranteeing to the Chinese liberty to profess and practise Christianity, in effect have tended to remove Chinese Christians from the jurisdiction of their

own officials and to weaken the State. Under cover of these clauses Chinese have sought the assistance of missionaries in litigation, and not infrequently missionaries, particularly Roman Catholic missionaries, have brought pressure to bear through their consuls on Chinese courts, to the just indignation of the Chinese.

Against these facts, however, must be placed others. Protestant missionary bodies and Rome have strictly forbidden interference in lawsuits. The majority of Protestant missionaries and of the more important Protestant mission boards have recently shown by formal action that they would welcome the abolition of the toleration clauses. A large number of Protestant missionaries desire the rescinding of extraterritoriality, and many have put themselves on record as opposing any use of force by their respective governments to protect them or avenge injuries to them. As long ago as the Boxer Uprising, the China Inland Mission, the heaviest sufferer among the Protestants from that disaster, adopted the policy of declining to ask for or to accept indemnities for property destroyed or lives lost, and other Protestant groups have since taken that position.

V

From the criticisms of missions, it is pleasant to turn to the positive achievements of the enterprise.

Missionaries are, of course, bringing into existence Christian communities. Baptized Protestants, as we have seen, number about half a million, and Roman Catholics between two and a quarter and two and a half millions. All told, therefore, there are to-day in China about three million professing Christians. It is well to recall, moreover, that during the past eighty years both Roman Catholics and Protestants

have been increasing proportionately far more rapidly than has the population as a whole.

Much more important than the number of Christians is the question of their quality. Is becoming a Christian merely a change of labels, or is conversion real, and does it mark the beginning of spiritual and moral improvement? Do Christians, by virtue of being Christians, add anything constructive to Chinese life? To anyone who knows the situation it is obvious that Chinese 'study the doctrine' from a variety of motives. Some have been attracted by expected support in litigation, and some by hope of financial assistance — for several of the Roman Catholic missions pay the expenses of Chinese while they are in the catechumenate being prepared for baptism, or give aid in time of famine on condition that the recipient enroll for religious instruction, and Protestants employ so large a proportion of the membership in the service of the Church that a Chinese may come to them hoping to fill his rice bowl. Others expect Christianity to give them more effectively than could their former faiths freedom from misfortune for themselves and their domestic animals. Many, on the other hand, are attracted by the lives of worthy Christians whom they have known. Not infrequently some high-minded soul affiliates himself with the Church because in China's present plight he despairs of any regeneration for the country unless a new dynamic can work a moral and spiritual revolution, and believes that this is to be found in Christianity. Still others, left hopeless by the agnostic tendencies of traditional Chinese philosophy, and conscious of a desperate need for the supporting fellowship of a loving and wise God who is at work in the universe, find in Christianity the experience for which they have been looking.

Coming into the Church as they do from a variety of motives, Christians are of varying quality. The testimony both of experienced missionaries and of neutral well-informed foreign observers, however, is predominantly to the effect that, taken as a whole, Christians are superior to their non-Christian neighbors. Protestant missionaries and travelers are usually agreed that 'old Catholics' — the descendants of converts and reared from infancy in the faith — are cleaner, more orderly, more thrifty, and of more admirable moral character than are the non-Christians around them. Instance after instance, too, is to be found of Protestants who by their new faith have been freed from the opium habit, or have turned away from thieving and gambling, or have been reconciled to their families, or have been saved from despair over their country's ills, and have lived inspiring, unselfish lives.

To discover the reasons for the improvement wrought in Christians, it would be necessary ultimately to examine the nature of the Gospel. Part of the secret, however, is to be found in the character of the missionaries through whom the Chinese have seen the faith. Some missionaries are bigoted and narrow, others are eccentric to a degree, and now and then is one who is ignorant. The vast majority, however, while by no means freed by their profession from human frailty, are high-minded, devoted to the Chinese, pure in speech and life, quietly courageous, and show by their lives their profound confidence in a God who loves men and longs to save them. Both Catholic and Protestant missionaries, however much they may differ in other respects, display these qualities; for nobility of life it is hard to choose between the two groups.

Chinese Christians, moreover, are much better educated than the average Chinese about them. In the school

systems organized by the missionaries a very large proportion of the children of Christians are being given regular instruction. Fourteen per cent of the Roman Catholics are in school, as against two per cent of the population of the country. Protestants especially have made much of the school; several of their missions endeavor to teach every Christian to read, if for no other purpose than to be able to study the Bible. Sixty per cent of the men and forty per cent of the women who are members of Protestant churches are sufficiently literate to be able to read the New Testament. This is many times the percentage of literacy of the non-Christian population. Particularly have Protestants stressed secondary and higher schools.

Missionaries, especially Protestants, were pioneers in introducing the educational methods and materials of the West. The result has been that in the Christian and notably in the Protestant community China has a body of men and women who are better prepared than the great body of their fellow countrymen for the transition brought by the coming of the West. One of the most hopeful educational enterprises in China to-day, the Popular Education Movement, has as its organizer James Yen, a Christian, and was begun under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was at the hands of Protestant teachers in Hawaii and Hongkong that Sun Yat-sen obtained most of such education as he acquired through schools. Sun Yat-sen may have been too radical and visionary, but he furnished leadership for the idealism which, otherwise unorganized on a national scale, was weary of the sordidly selfish strife of militarists into which the collapse of the Manchus had thrown the country. Six out of ten of the present heads of the executive

departments at Nanking are Protestant Christians, some of them the product of Protestant schools, and one the son of a Protestant clergyman. The largest publishing house in China, — and, incidentally, in the world, — the Commercial Press, which is doing more than any other single agency to put China in touch with the printed form of the best thought of the new age and has provided a large proportion of the textbooks for the new government schools, was begun by men trained in a Protestant mission press.

In numbers of other ways missionaries have been pioneers in preparing China to take the best from the West. When in the nineties the 'reform movement' started in China, — the first widespread attempt to adjust China to the invading Occident, — literature prepared by Protestant missionaries was one of the chief sources of information open to the liberals. Protestants have translated and disseminated by the millions of copies, either entirely or in portions, one of the greatest religious classics of all time, the Bible, particularly the New Testament. In 1927, in spite of the stress under which missions were placed, over eight million Bibles or portions of the Bible were circulated. We hear much in these days, and rightly, of the literary revolution inaugurated by young radicals, with its substitution of the vernacular for the classical style. Yet more than a generation ago, in translating the Bible, Protestants dared to use the language of the common people. In some dialects the Bible was the first literature.

National unity in China is being assisted by the country-wide organization of the Church; for instance, by the Roman Catholic gathering of 1924, the first of its kind, and by the many Protestant national bodies, such as the Young Men's Christian Association,

the Church of Christ in China, the National Christian Council, and numbers of others, some of them now in existence for a generation. Moreover, Protestant bodies, most of them democratically governed, provide practical training in the kind of political machinery which must be adopted if China is to make a success of the Republic.

The new medical profession of China, embodying the best of modern science, and an immeasurable distance beyond the older Chinese systems, has been largely the product of Protestant missionaries. The majority of the best hospitals are under Christian auspices, as are most of the best medical schools. The China Medical Association is an outgrowth of the Medical Missionary Association. If the future medical profession of China maintains ideals of unselfish service and disinterested scientific accuracy, it will be largely because of its missionary parentage. The promotion of public health has much of it been inaugurated by the Protestant missionary. The first hospital in all China for the insane was the work of a Protestant missionary, as was the first successful attempt to teach the Chinese blind to read.

A large proportion of the famine relief of recent years has been administered by missionaries, and missionaries have usually taken the lead in stirring up Europe and America to give to famine funds. The even more difficult problem of preventing famines has been attacked by missionaries, partly through improvements in agricultural methods. Roman Catholics have extensive farm colonies, and Protestants, through agricultural and forestry schools, particularly the notable school in Nanking, are assisting the Chinese with the best that Western science has to say about increasing a nation's food supply.

Roman Catholic orphanages, with their thousands of children rescued from beggary and death, have helped to place new value on child life, and Protestant missions for prostitutes have encouraged care for the wrecks of society. Both great branches of the Church have stood against any of their members engaging in the preparation or sale of opium. Protestants have been active in initiating and supporting local and national campaigns in China against the drug, and in Great Britain and elsewhere against foreign complicity in the traffic.

VI

In a day when not only does China need to come in touch with the best of the Occident, but the Occident must have a sympathetic understanding of China, missionaries have been among the most intelligent interpreters of the land of their sojourn. After Marco Polo, it was the Roman Catholic missionaries of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries who gave Europe its first scholarly information concerning China. Members of the Russian Mission supplied their native land with its earliest Sinologies. A large proportion of the standard books on China in English, from Williams's *Middle Kingdom* through Legge's translations of the classics, and on down to Bruce's books on Chu Hsi, have been the work of Protestant missionaries. The Institute of Pacific Relations, that promising undertaking for bringing together, unofficially, representatives of the peoples of the Pacific, is an outgrowth of the foreign missions of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Through their education of their home constituencies in the support of their enterprise, Protestant missionary agencies are spreading in this country a

sympathetic understanding of China. Some missionaries, in their eagerness to arouse support for their undertakings, have pictured to their constituencies the seamy side of Chinese life, but on the whole China has had in this country no more discerning and fair-minded interpreters, and no more enthusiastic advocates, than Protestant missionaries.

Christian missions, then, with all their mistakes and shortcomings, have been and are of inestimable service to China. No one knows what the future of China is to be, whether the nation is to disintegrate, with disaster to its millions and to the world, or whether it is to produce a new and richer culture — whether the present distresses are death throes or birth pangs. If a newer and finer China emerges, as some of us have faith to anticipate, it will be in part because in the days of its transition there were unselfishly laboring in it thousands of foreigners who sought to bring it in touch with the best that the Occident had to give.

The day of the missionary is by no means done. His relation to the Chinese churches is changing. In the future he must go out to assist rather than to lead. The Chinese churches are showing commendable vitality and are propagating their faith. They are, however, still so small and are faced with so many urgent tasks that for at least another generation they must have foreign assistance in money and personnel. His position is more difficult and more fraught with personal danger than it was a decade ago, but in some respects the missionary is more needed than he ever has been. It may be a hundred years or more before stability and order return in China. In that interval the missionary enterprise offers one of the most effective ways for the West to ensure and hasten the coming of a better day to that great country.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE THIRD DEGREE

WHEN two or more Doctors of Philosophy are gathered together, their erudite conversation sometime or other gets round to the happily remembered horrors of their final examinations. There is no sport quite so delightful to them as putting the fear of the examiners in the hearts of prospective candidates. In fact, one might almost believe that the solemn torture of doctor-making is kept alive for the sport of the initiation ceremonies.

There used to be some fun in it, so the veterans of the day when we sent our professors, as well as our opera singers, to Germany for a final grooming like to remind us. You learned in a few weeks to speak the dialect of your professors, endured the Seminar in Old Frisian, wrote a thesis out of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Finally you bought a dress suit, called on your professors, and told them what you'd like best to be questioned on. The hour arrived. The hall was crowded or was n't crowded, depending on the kind of show you were expected to furnish. A friend of mine, the first American to invade a certain Swiss university, arrived, perspiring and quaking in new dress clothes cut by a Swiss tailor, to find the whole town awaiting him, from the mayor, the curé, and the prefect of police down to the dog catcher. The examiners, one of them borrowed from France to make sure no American bought even a doctor's degree at market price, were as fussed as the candidate and asked questions no one, not even they themselves, could answer. He got the degree; the enthu-

siastic crowd would have mobbed the professors otherwise, for they admired his heroism under fire.

Always there was the consolation of the coming frolic to be anticipated, even in those terrible moments when the preoccupied professor forgot his instructions as to the limits of your knowledge and ventured into the quicksands. How many tales have I heard from the lips of sober deans and heads of departments, busy now in closing 'speak-easies' to sophomores, of nights spent in Faustian revels, of inns where the bewildered host believed the Walpurgis Night had descended on his bar, astounding tales of waking up in the morning battered and half-naked under strange hedges. No matter how many officials tried to collect damages done to wrecked villages in the path of the celebrating doctors, you had the degree safely stowed away, and it was now only a matter of making a quick getaway.

And what a difference! Like the procession of sacrificial lambs in a Chicago abattoir they stream into our doctor-factory in this latter day. A few bleats, a well-directed blow from the Lord High Executioner, and that is all. One university I know still advertises its doctoral examinations as 'public,' but the public usually consists of a clerk from the graduate office sent to see that the professors don't cheat by going home to lunch before the time is up, a stray, morbidly-minded undergraduate, well-meaning but ill-advised friends of the candidate, and an extra professor fatally addicted to intellectual autopies. Once a mother came and sat knitting to make her son feel at home while

juggling with the parts of the strong verb in Gothic.

In most places there is no attempt to conceal the fact that it's a nasty business. The guillotiners shut the door on the secret session and stuff the keyhole so that the wails of the victim will not penetrate to the world outside. One never really knows what goes on within, because, while the sacrifice rejoices to show his wounds, he can never recall what horrible things were done to make them. Out of the sky comes a sudden bolt aimed straight and unescapable, or the professor prefers to creep up by a circuitous route, covering all avenues of escape until he confronts his victim with the dilemma. He can remember perfectly the names of the poets laureate from Shadwell to Pye, but the author of the *Faerie Queene* escapes him and he is inclined to think it is Shakespeare.¹ One influential member of the Modern Language Association of America, when asked by his examiners — hoping in this way to stop the wavering of his knees — the name of his Alma Mater, gave it out as Harvard. Now he had really gone to Williams, but before finally admitting the fact, under pressure, he tried to claim Amherst! Such are the minor madnesses of a doctor's examination.

Now and again a candidate has to be revived before he can get through to the end. I ran into one a few months ago being supported along the path from the library while his chagrined professor babbled to him of green fields and tried to make him forget how sadly he'd confused the writings of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. Occasionally one goes mad, — temporarily, of course, — but so evidently that his fantastic rearrangements of the cherished facts of his subject cannot be laid to a natural indisposition of mind.

¹This is no fable. I know the man who for ten minutes maintained this monstrous thesis.

Two alleviating practices let me, finally, commend, for we may not hope that the cult of the Ph.D. will die out in our time. Certain professors seem to regard the examination as a kind of intellectual spree. They lead their candidate where neither he nor the rest of the committee can find a trail out. The moment is painful for the candidate, but let him be at rest; minutes will rush by while the triumphant examiner leads the procession out of the woods, only to be hotly challenged by his colleagues immediately he emerges. In the ensuing battle the incipient doctor may draw breath safe from danger. One American professor, now unfortunately emeritus, employed a painless method of extracting a minimum of information which used to enrage his bloodthirsty fellow examiners but anesthetized the candidate. I commend it to all graduate-school committees inclined to mercy. He held the novel opinion that the examiners were present to learn. He poked about in the miscellaneous knowledge of his victim until he came on something new. He continued to pump him dry and then looked about for more — humiliating for his colleagues, most flattering to the candidate, and apparently considerable fun for the whimsical doctor.

'WHAT'S IN A NAME?'

THE novelty of a first job was wearing a bit thin. Sorting numbers and filing orders in neat little folders had been quite an enjoyable pastime for a few days, but was now becoming rather monotonous.

Number 26378, 49502, 83508 — my weary eyes trailed off to rest themselves momentarily on the names attached to these orders. Mrs. Briggles — delightful name! And the address some romantic spot in Turkey. A note was attached and I hungrily scanned it.

Why, Mrs. Briggie complained, did the — *Monthly* include so many advertisements? And would n't they please change the color of its cover? It did n't harmonize with anything in her parlor, and she was sure a pretty, neutral shade would be more popular.

My flagging interest in life was aroused by Mrs. Briggie, and thereafter my attention was divided between names and numbers.

Before going further I should like to state that my own name borders on the ridiculous, so that the amusement I derive from other names is not due to a snobbish feeling of superiority. Even in the anonymity of the Club, I may confess that it rhymes with 'splutter.' Any filing clerk coming across my name in the course of a hard day's work is at perfect liberty to laugh heartily if so inclined — and, this permission having been granted, I feel I may also be allowed to glean what amusement I can from our esteemed subscribers.

The names fall naturally into pairs or groups, and it is rather like playing old maid to find one name and then suddenly come across one that matches it. A few days ago I found Mr. Honk, and to-day who should appear but Mrs. Toot? Mr. Parsley and Mrs. Sellery were followed shortly by Mr. Beans and then Mr. Colliflower. After them came Messrs. Ruff and Ready and the Misses Wilde and Woolley, with Dr. Ill accompanied by Mrs. Ake. Mr. Freeze and Miss Shivers appeared together one cold morning, and after them came Mr. April, Mrs. Showers, and Miss M. Flowers. Mr. Midwinter paired with Miss Easterday, and Miss Worms came with Mr. Bugg and Mr. Beetle.

The Ook family was well represented, and included Mr. Zook, Mrs. Pook, Colonel Shook, and Mrs. Snook.

The largest group comprised the athletes, led off by Mr. Spry and Mr. Lively, followed by Miss Walk, Mr. Ran, Mrs. Gallup, Mr. Jump, Dr. Dash, Mrs. Hurdle, Miss Hopps, Mrs. Shove, Mr. Staggers, and finally Mrs. Bump.

Mr. Sheets and Mrs. Pillow made quite a striking pair, and were later joined by Mr. Blanket and Miss Bolster. My hopes of a Mrs. Four-poster were doomed to disappointment, but Mrs. Couch finally appeared to complete the picture.

Many of them might have stepped out of Dickens's works — Mr. Spinx and Mr. Twitty; Mr. Panky, Mrs. Gump, and Mr. Scroggs. Also Angelina Mudge, Selina Heaps, Mrs. Wiggers, Mr. Heebink, Mrs. Tubby, and Mr. Maul Measey. Others were more individualistic — Peachy Fleet, for instance, and Artie Skoog; Mr. Good-night, Miss Blythe Slaughter, Josie Wardrobe, Miss Finefrock, Thomas Doubt, and Mr. O. Heck.

My list also includes a name which may in Finland be as common as Smith in America, but which looks rather striking to the New England eye — Rautatiekirjakauppa. Some day I hope to meet a Finn who can spare the time to pronounce this name for me.

The list continues indefinitely, and I feel that I am doing many of our subscribers an injustice by not including their names. But I must close with a quartette that deserve at least honorable mention — Mr. Cuss, Mrs. Sass, Mrs. Gass, and Miss Hiss.

In conclusion, may I thank any of the above-mentioned people who happen to read this for helping to brighten the life of one very appreciative filing clerk?

After all, lacking a touch of humor, what's in a name?

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA¹

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XII

Two evenings later Eden Whiteoak was sauntering along lower Fifth Avenue, one hand thrust in a pocket of a rather shabby tweed jacket, the other carrying a light stick. The change in him since he had disappeared from Jalna was remarkable. He had become thin almost to emaciation. His movements were still graceful, but the bright vigor of his carriage was gone. He seemed to progress only by an effort of the will, either because of bodily weakness or because of extreme despondency. If he had removed his hat, one would have seen that his hair, which had lain like a shining metal casque upon his head, was now rough and unkempt. Above the hollows in his cheeks two feverish spots burned where had been only a fresh glow. The beauty of his large blue eyes seemed accentuated. They still retained their peculiar unseeing expression, which sometimes disturbed one in company with him, and his lips still curved in their odd half-smile.

He was feeling himself near the end of his tether, and he was filled with a cynical dislike toward the moving mass of people who shared the pavement with him. This dislike, through some whim or perhaps some old resentment, was directed chiefly toward those of the opposite sex. And his aversion was at the moment centred upon their legs, which, like the sleek antennæ of insects, moved mechanically past him. It seemed to him that if ever he should look back upon this night of humid, unseasonable heat, he

would recall it as being borne along its course by innumerable silk-clad legs.

Four girls approached abreast, wearing French heels and flesh-colored stockings, their eight legs flashing in quick rhythm. 'Beasts,' he thought. 'Beasts. Why cumber ye the earth? Why, in God's name? I wish I could help you off it. Four. Why should there be four of you, all alike?' He glanced up at their faces — heavy-eyed, smooth-cheeked, crimson-mouthed faces. He scowled at them. Beasts. A little later he singled out one walking with a thin, undersized youth. Her skirt was very short. Her calves large, caught inward abruptly at knee and ankle. Her feet ridiculously short. Oh, the grotesque shape of her! Why should she exist? Why, oh, why? How could the spotted-faced youth endure her?

There was no air. The air seemed to have been sucked out of the street, leaving it a vacuum through which a dreamlike procession marched, a procession so dreamlike that it required no air. The faces, the legs, passed in a blur before Eden's eyes, until at last the form of an old woman stood out clearly. She was in rusty black, wearing an old-fashioned bonnet, the strings of which were tied in a greasy bow beneath her withered, jutting chin. Her slate-colored eyes, which had once been as blue as Eden's, were fixed in the unseeing stare of one who had looked too long on life and could bear to look no more. Her sunken upper lip gnawed always the pendulous lower one. The turned-out toes of her large shoes could barely be seen beneath the heavy width of her dragged skirt. Instantly she appeared as something precious to Eden. Here was a woman who had meaning. One could

¹ A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

understand why she existed, not cumbering the earth, gracing it — beautiful. Ah, the gracious, exquisite reality of her waddling legless form! There she was — a woman. He was jostled, almost pushed from the curb as he stared. He drew a bank note, his last, from his pocket, and hurried after her. He pressed it into her hand. The hand, a claw, closed over it. She shambled on without a glance at him.

He entered the little garden in Madison Square, sat down on one of the benches, and lighted a cigarette. A feeling of extreme lassitude crept over him, from the legs upward, at last reaching his head and making him drowsy. The figures passing through the park became shadowy. He saw as in a dream the twilight arch of the sky, the far-off hazy moon, the rows of lights, like strings of bright beads in the surrounding buildings.

He was weary with a deep sickness of dejection. He remembered his young strength, his gifts — and they had come to this! And he was twenty-five! He remembered Jalna, his brothers, Alayne. He had harmed them all in one way or another, he supposed. But he did not think of them clearly. Himself only he saw with great clarity. His own white face, like the face of a drowning man, risen for a moment on the crest of a wave.

What was there for him to do? He could not now earn his living. He could not go home. He had parted from the woman with whom he had been living, because he could no longer contribute to their joint expenses. She would have been glad to pay all — but he had hardly come to that! How they had quarreled, and she had rained tears whom he had thought too hard ever to shed one! How he had grown to hate her heavy arms! To be free of them — that was the one bright spot.

The smell of damp earth rose from the roots of the new grass about him. The sound of traffic was lulled to a deep hum. He felt isolated, as though he were on an island in the midst of a lonely sea. He was alone. Utterly alone. A wave of loneliness swept over him, so engulfing that beside it the homesickness of Finch was little more than a ripple. He sank back on the bench, his chin sunk on his chest.

Two people had come and seated themselves beside him. They were talking steadily, but in low tones — a mellow old voice and a boyish one. He scarcely heard them. A fit of coughing came upon him, and he clung to the back of the bench for support. When it was past he took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. The elder of the two men leaned forward and looked toward him with compassion. Eden, embarrassed, took out a cigarette, struck a match. His face was illuminated.

'My God!' cried Ernest, springing up. 'Eden, is it you?'

Eden looked up at him, too astounded for speech.

'Speak, Eden! Tell me what is the matter.'

'Everything, I guess.'

'But that cough! It's simply terrible. How long have you had it?'

'Several months. Don't bother. It will be all right when the warm weather comes.'

'But the weather is hot now!'

'It's unseasonable. Probably be cold again to-morrow. . . . Please don't trouble about me. Tell me why you are here. Is that young Finch?'

Finch got to his feet, trembling. He was bewildered, frightened by this sudden meeting with Eden. He remembered his last encounter with him. That summer night when he had discovered Eden and Pheasant in the birch wood together. His mind fastened on an incident strikingly similar in both meetings, and yet how dissimilar! On each occasion Eden had, at a moment of climax, struck a match, illuminated a face. But in the first instance it had been the white, terrified face of Finch; now it was his own, hollow-cheeked, feverish. Then he had exclaimed bitterly, 'What a worm you are, brother Finch!' Now he said in a low tone of reckless self-possession, 'Hullo, Finch! You here, too? God, what a meeting!'

'Hullo!' returned Finch, but he could not hold out his hand. His heart sank when he looked at Eden. He had helped to bring him to this.

'Eden, Eden!' cried their uncle. 'I am distressed to find you looking so ill. I could not have believed —'

'Oh, I'm not in such bad shape as I look.' He stared at these newly arrived members of his family in satiric mirth. 'Lord, what a quaint pair you are! When did you come here, and why?'

Ernest and Finch glanced at each other uncomfortably.

'I — he —' mumbled the boy.

'He — I —' stammered Ernest.

Eden broke into laughter. 'I see it all! You ran away, Finch, and Uncle Ernest came to fetch you. Or was it the other way about? Never mind, it's enough that you're here! I would n't have believed you'd have the guts.'

'You must come back to my hotel,' said Ernest.

'I wish I could invite you to my lodgings, but they're too tough for you, by a long shot.'

Ernest was greatly upset. He turned to Finch. 'Get a taxi. Eden is n't fit to walk.' On the way to the hotel, Eden asked, 'Have you seen Alayne?'

'Yes, I've had dinner with her — and luncheon. M-yes. She's looking lovely, Eden.'

'She would! Some women thrive on marital troubles. They find them more stimulating than babies.'

In the hotel bedroom Ernest said, 'What you need is a good hot toddy, but how am I to get you one?'

'No, thanks,' said Eden. 'I could n't possibly take anything.' He drank a glass of water and fidgeted about the room, talking in a way that seemed to Ernest rather strange and wild. Finch sat by the window smoking, and took no part in the conversation. Eden did not speak to him.

After a time Eden announced his intention of going, but just as he took up his hat he was attacked by another fit of coughing. His last strength seemed to go into this. After it was over, he flung himself on the bed and shivered from head to foot. He was plainly so ill that Ernest was distraught. He sent Finch running downstairs to inquire about a doctor. The next morning he sent a telegram to Renny which read: —

HAVE FOUND EDEN VERY ILL PLEASE COME
AT ONCE CANNOT COPE WITH THIS

E. WHITEOAK

XIII

On the morning that followed, another member of the Whiteoak family might have been seen ascending in the hotel lift, attended by a porter carrying a rather shabby suitcase. When they alighted, he limped vigorously after the man and knocked with impatience on the designated door. It was opened by Finch.

When the porter had been tipped and the door closed behind him, Renny swept his eyes over the boy and gave a grunt, half of satisfaction at beholding him, half of derision.

Finch, red in the face, drew a step nearer. The elder took him by the arm, then kissed him. Finch seemed to him little more grown up than Wakefield. Joy and pure love surged through Finch. Animal joy and love that made him want to leap on Renny and caress him roughly like a joyous dog. He stood still, grinning sheepishly.

'Where's Eden?' demanded Renny.

'In there.' He nodded toward the next room. 'Uncle Ernest's with him.'

Ernest himself then entered. He looked white and drawn.

'Heavens above!' he exclaimed. 'I'm thankful you've come,' and he gripped Renny's hand.

'This is a pretty mess,' said Renny. 'Have you a doctor? How ill is he? What's the matter with him?'

'It is indeed,' returned Ernest. 'I don't know when I've been so upset. I called a doctor as soon as he was taken badly. I think he's a good one.' He braced himself and looked Renny in the eyes. 'Renny, it's the boy's lungs. They're in a bad way. He's in great danger, the doctor says.'

Renny's brow contracted. He set the point of his stick in the centre of the geometrical pattern of the rug and stared at it. He said in a low voice, 'His mother died of consumption.'

'Yes. But none of the children have shown any tendency that way. I suppose he's been exposing himself.'

Renny began to limp nervously up and down the room. Ernest asked, solicitously, 'How is your knee? It is a shame to have brought you here, when you're not fit, but I — you understand —'

'It's nothing. I wish I had our own doctor to see him. This man may be an alarmist.'

'I don't know. I hope so. He says that he must have the very best care.'

'We must take him home. . . . What does Alayne think of this?'

'She's terribly upset, naturally. She's shocked. There's no hatred in her toward Eden. She thinks that he simply can't help being what he is. Unfaithful. I agree, too. What do you think?'

'I think he's a damned nuisance. All these brothers of mine are.' He turned his incisive gaze suddenly on Finch. 'I hope you're going to behave yourself, now,' he said.

Finch pulled at his underlip.

Ernest put in, 'It's God's mercy that the boy ran away. We should never have heard of Eden till too late.'

Both men stared at Finch. He writhed inwardly, not knowing whether he was being commended or jeered at.

Ernest continued, 'Alayne had got him quite a decent position in a publishing house, as costing clerk. I saw this Mr. Cory and got him to let him off at once. I had to have his help with Eden. I could n't be alone here, not knowing what might happen. I little thought, when I left home, the time I'd have.'

'Well, it's a good thing he's been of some use,' replied Renny. 'Now, you'd better take me in to Eden.'

Eden was propped up in bed, not seeming so ill as Renny had expected until he had taken the hot dry hand and felt the thinness of it, noticed the sharp outline of the limbs under the coverings.

Renny seated himself on the side of the bed and surveyed his brother. 'You've got yourself into a pretty state, have n't you?'

Eden had been told that Renny was coming, but it seemed too unreal to see his family thus gathering about him. It frightened him. Was he so dreadfully ill? He withdrew his hand quickly from Renny's and raised himself in the bed. He said, excitedly, 'I don't like this at all! What in hell's the matter? Does that doctor say I'm going to die?'

'I have n't been told anything of the sort,' returned Renny, with composure.

'Uncle Ernest wired me that he had come across you, and that you were on the rocks. Well, you are, are n't you? What are you getting up in the air about?'

Sweat stood on Eden's forehead. 'He wired you! Show me the telegram!'

'I can't. It's at home. For heaven's sake, keep your hair on! You don't feel like dying, I suppose.' He grinned as he asked the question, but he was filled by a great anxiety. All that was sturdy in him rushed out toward Eden to protect him.

'Tell me what he said! Had he seen the doctor yet?' He dropped back on the pillow. 'Never mind. You would n't tell me the truth.'

'I'm going to take you home.'

Eden's agitation had subsided. Now he stared at his brother hungrily. 'God, it looks good to see you sitting there! But I wish you'd take a chair! You make the bed sag. You're no featherweight, Renny. . . . Look at my arm.' He thrust it out from the sleeve, thin, dead-white, blue-veined. Renny scowled at it.

He got up, dragged a chair to one side of the bed, and reseatd himself.

'I can't think how you got yourself into such a state. You don't look as though you'd had enough to eat. Why have n't you sent to me for money?'

'Should you have sent it?'

'You know I should.'

'And now you want to take me home?'

'That's why I'm here.'

'Good old patriarch! The two lost lambs. Young Finch and I. . . . But what about Piers? He'd not stand for that. God, I should like to see his face if it were suggested!'

'I did see it. I told him I might fetch you if you were fit to travel.'

Eden laughed, suddenly and maliciously. 'Poor Piers! What did he say? That he'd poison all his pigs and then take a dose himself?'

'No,' Renny returned, sternly. 'He remarked that you were a waster and always would be. He said that if you were coming home to — to —'

'To die. . . . Go on.'

'That he'd take Pheasant away till it was over.'

Again Eden was moved to mirth, but this time there was a hysterical note in it.

'It's a good thing you're amused,' Renny observed calmly. 'I should say that the joke is on you.' He thought, 'I wish I knew what is in the bottom of his mind. I wish I knew what he's been up to the past year.'

But Eden's laughter brought on a fit of coughing. Renny watched him, his hard, thin frame tense with misery. 'Can I do anything?' he entreated.

Eden raised his head, which he had buried in the pillow. His hair was plastered in damp locks on his forehead, his face flushed crimson.

'Look here, Renny.'

'Yes.'

'My mother died of lung trouble, did n't she?'

'The doctor called it that, but I think she simply pined away after Wake's birth. Father's death was hard on her.'

'That's the way I'll go!'

'If you are determined to look on the black side of this trouble, you'll die and no mistake,' declared Renny, emphatically. 'Buck up! Be a man! I'm going to take you home. You'll get good care — the best care —'

'Who will take care of me?'

'A nurse, I suppose.'

'Like hell she will! I tell you, I hate women! I won't have a nurse about me. I loathe them — starchy, flat-footed, hard-eyed — I'll not go home if you make me have a nurse! I'll die first!'

Ernest, his face puckered by anxiety, came into the sick room. Finch, drawn by morbid curiosity, slunk after him.

Ernest said, reproachfully, 'This will never do. The doctor says he must be kept quiet. I don't think you realize how ill he is, Renny.' He poured something into a glass and brought it to Eden.

Renny regarded the proceeding with intense irritation and concern. He remarked, 'I realize that he's making this affair as difficult as possible.'

Ernest, looking down his nose, smoothed Eden's pillow.

'Perhaps you expect Uncle Ernie to nurse you,' observed Renny, sarcastically.

Finch guffawed.

Renny wheeled on him. 'What —' he began. 'What —'

'Let the lad be,' said Ernest. 'Finch, my boy, fill the hot-water bottle and fetch it.'

Eden did not want the hot-water bottle, but he pretended that he did, since the need of it made him appear rather more ill-used. Finch, with Renny's eye on him, slunk out with the bottle.

'I'll die before I'll have a nurse,' Eden persisted, in a weak voice, after a silence broken only by the running of a tap.

The hot-water bottle was put in with him. Ernest patted his back, and said, 'If it were not for Meggie's baby, she would be the very one! She would be perfect. She is almost perfect in every way.'

'Yes,' agreed Renny. 'She is.'

'Could n't she get someone to look after the kid?' asked Eden.

'She has a sort of companion, but she'd never trust it to her entirely. She's a perfect mother,' said Ernest. After a little he continued, hesitatingly, 'Do you know, I have an idea. It may not be feasible, but,' — he looked from one to the other, — 'but the whole affair is so unusual . . .'

'What is your idea?' asked Renny.

'Oh, I'm afraid it would be impossible. We'd better not discuss it. We had better think of someone possible. Eden, if the thought of a trained nurse is so intolerable to you, how would it do if we engaged some elderly woman who has had experience —'

'I saw one on the street!' interrupted Eden. 'Wonderful old body! Tatters, and a face like one of the Fates.'

Renny asked of Ernest, 'Do you think he's a little light in his head?'

'Not at all,' said Ernest. 'You don't understand him, that is all. . . . Now the person I have in mind is Mrs. Patch. She is reliable. She has had experience in nursing —'

Finch, unable to stop himself, interjected, 'She ought to do. She's buried three of her own with T. B.'

'Finch,' said his uncle, sternly, 'that remark was in very bad taste. I'm surprised at you!'

'Don't mind me,' said Eden, faintly smiling. 'Only please tell me about this idea of yours. Whom had you in mind?'

Ernest answered, looking, not at him,

but at Renny, 'I was wondering whether Alayne might be persuaded to nurse him.'

This sudden mention of her name seemed to conjure Alayne's bodily presence before the occupants of the room. A subtle embarrassment dimmed their vision of each other. Ernest, after uttering the words, was moved to wish that he could recall them. They had seemed to him to besmirch her present aloofness, to drag her again into the shame and darkness of her last days at Jalna. He looked rather pathetically into the faces of his nephews, seeing each in his relation to those days.

Renny, experiencing a feeling of shock by the proposal, stared at Eden, lying on the bed, disheveled, ill, beautiful. He saw him as again the possessor of Alayne. He felt in himself the pain for something he could never possess. No, she must not do such a thing. It would be cruel to ask her, and yet—if she could bring herself to do it—he thought of her as standing reluctant in the room, midway between himself and Eden. . . .

'She's not quite a saint,' he said.

Finch, crouching in a big chair, twisted his fingers together. Figures in a dream, that was what they were—gesticulating, hiding their troubled eyes, disappearing, reappearing, beckoning one who had eluded them to return, seeking to draw her again into the circle. Again, in spite of himself, he spoke. 'Do women,' he asked, 'ever take a man back after a thing like that?'

His brothers regarded him in silence, too astounded to speak. It was Ernest's mellow voice that answered.

'Many a woman has taken a man back after such an escapade. . . . I was only suggesting that if Alayne could be persuaded to return to Jalna with us—to help look after Eden—how splendid it would be. . . . I was thinking of her hands. They're so cool, so capable.'

'You must think she's without character,' said Renny.

'Not at all! I think she has great strength of character, or I should not suggest such a thing. . . . She's sick and tired of her life as it is. If she should return to Jalna she might never leave it again. Mamma is really too much for Augusta.'

Renny turned to Eden. 'What do you

think? Should you like Alayne to nurse you?'

Eden rolled over, hiding his face in the pillow.

Finch exclaimed, 'He does n't want her! He does n't want her!' He could not bear the idea of Alayne's being drawn again into Jalna, as into a whirlpool in which she would be sucked under.

'Let him be,' said his uncle. 'Let him have time to think.'

The three sat with their eyes on the hunched-up figure on the bed. In and out, through the mazes of their thoughts, the shape of Alayne moved, in a kind of mystic dance. The roar of traffic from below rose as a wall around them.

At last Eden rolled over and faced them. 'I give you my word,' he said, 'that unless Alayne comes to help me get well I shall die.' His eyes were challenging, his mouth feverish.

Finch kept saying over and over again to himself, 'It's a shame—a shame to ask her.'

'You are the one to ask her,' said Ernest to Renny. 'You must go to see her at once.'

'I think you are the one to ask her. You've been talking to her.'

'No—no. It must be you, Renny.'

'I will bring her here, and he shall ask her himself.'

'I am afraid it will upset him.'

'I'll prepare her, but he must do the asking.'

'Very well,' said Eden. 'Bring her here to see me. She can't refuse that.'

Renny's feelings, as he stood waiting for Alayne to answer her door, were a strange mixture. He had a disheartened, hang-dog feeling at being forced, through his solicitude for Eden, to come on such an errand. Yet stirring all through him was a ruthless exhilaration at the thought of once more becoming a moving force in Alayne's life, in tearing her from her security and exposing her to the tyranny of passions and desires which she had thought to set aside.

As she stood before him, his thought was that she was in no way striking, as he had pictured her in his fancy. She was less tall, her hair was a paler gold, her eyes more gray

than blue, her lips closed in a colder line. Yet his reaction to this meeting was greater than he had expected. He felt a magnetic fervor coursing in his blood as his hand held hers. He wondered if this was palpable to her. If it was, he marveled at her self-control.

Alayne's sensations were the very reverse of his. Standing before her in the flesh, his characteristics were even more intense than in her memory. He was taller, more incisive, his eyes more burning, his nose larger, more arrogantly curved at the nostrils. Inversely, his effect on her was less profound than she had feared. She was like a swimmer who, dreading the force of current, finds himself unexpectedly able to breast it. She felt that since she had last seen him she had gained in self-confidence and maturity.

With the conflict of these undiscovered emotions surging between them, they entered the living room.

He said, 'One after another we are appearing. Only wait and you shall have Gran at your door with Boney on her shoulder.'

She gave a little laugh, and then said, gravely, 'But it is too bad it is trouble that brings you.'

He looked at her shrewdly. 'You know how serious Eden's condition is?'

'I have talked about it with your uncle.' Her face was quite calm.

He said, his eyes devouring her, 'God, it seems strange to see you!'

'And you!'

'Has the time seemed long or short to you?'

'Very long.'

'Short to me. Gone like the wind.'

'Ah, well, you have your horses, your dogs, your family. I am rather a lonely person.'

'But you're busy.' He glanced at the books on the writing table.

She gave a little shrug, and then said, 'I am afraid I think too much and take too little exercise.'

'You should have more exercise. I do my best thinking on horseback. Do you remember our rides together? You thought I was a stern riding master, did n't you?'

'Our rides together,' she murmured, and

in a flash saw herself and Renny galloping along the lake shore, heard the mad thud of hoofs, the strain of leather, saw again the shining, flying manes. Her breath came quickly, as though she had indeed been riding. 'How is Letty?' she asked. Letty was the mare she had ridden.

'Beautiful as ever. Ready — waiting for you to ride her again.'

'I am afraid I shall never do that,' she said, in a low voice.

'Are n't you ever coming to visit us?'

'Renny,' she said with sudden passion, 'we said good-bye on that last night. You should not have come here to see me.'

'Have I disturbed you?' he asked. 'You look cool enough in all conscience.'

'That is what I wish to be. I — I want to forget the past.'

He spoke soothingly, as to a nervous horse. 'Of course. Of course. That's right, too. I should never have come if I were n't so worried about Eden.'

She opened her eyes wide. 'I cannot do anything for Eden,' she said, abruptly.

'Not come to see him?'

'Go to see Eden! I could not possibly. Why should I?'

'When you have seen him you won't ask that question. He's a sick man. I don't believe he'll get over this. His mother went in consumption, you know.'

Consumption! They would still call it that at Jalna. What a terrible word!

'I am the last person Eden would want to see.'

'You're mistaken. He's terribly keen to see you.'

'But why?'

'There's no accounting for the desires of anyone as ill as Eden. Possibly he has something to say to you that he thinks is important.'

'That is what has brought you here?'

'Yes.'

A flash of bitter disappointment pierced her. He had not sought her out because he must set eyes on her, but for Eden's sake. She said, 'I cannot see him.'

'Oh, but I think you will. You could n't refuse.'

He sat doggedly smoking, endeavoring to override her opposition, she felt, by his taciturn tyranny.

She murmured, 'It will be a difficult scene for me.'

He replied, 'There will not necessarily be a scene. Why should women always expect scenes?'

'Perhaps I learned to expect them in your family,' she retorted.

He showed his teeth in the Court grin, which, subsiding, left his face again dogged.

'You will come, Alayne,' he said. 'You can scarcely refuse to see him for five minutes.'

'Do you know,' she said, 'I believe I guess what he wants. He is frightened about himself and he wants me to look after him — nurse him back to health!'

'That may be,' Renny replied, imperturbably. 'At all events he absolutely refuses to have a trained nurse. I don't know how Aunt Augusta and Mrs. Wragge will make out with him. Uncle Ernest suggested old Mrs. Patch, and Finch said at once that she ought to know something of nursing consumption, as she had buried three of her own with it!'

He looked shrewdly into her eyes to read the effect of his words there, and saw dismay, even horror.

'Mrs. Wragge — Mrs. Patch,' she repeated. 'They would be the end of him!' Another thought struck her. 'He should not be in the house with the boys — Wakefield, Finch. It would be dangerous.'

'I had thought of that,' said Renny, 'and I have an idea. You remember Fiddler's Hut?'

Was she likely to forget it? 'Yes, I remember.'

'Very well. Early this spring I had it cleaned up, painted, made quite decent for a Scotch couple who were to work for Piers. Something went wrong. They did not turn up. Now, I'm wondering whether it might not be made quite a decent place for Eden. You have a great deal of influence over him still. You might persuade him to have a trained nurse. God, if you only knew how troubled I am about him!'

Suddenly he seemed, not domineering, but naïve to her; pathetic in his confidence in her. She did not look into his eyes, which for her were dark and dangerous, but at the troubled pucker on his forehead, above which the rust-colored hair grew in a point.

She pictured the mismanagement of a sick room at Jalna. She thought of Fiddler's Hut, embowered in trees and rank growths. And Eden terribly ill. All her New England love of order, of seamliness, cried out against the disorder, the muddle-headedness of the Whiteoaks. She was trembling with agitation, even while she heard herself agreeing in a level voice to accompany him to the hotel.

In less than an hour she found herself, with a sense of unreality, by Eden's bed, pale, with set lips.

He lay, his fair hair wildly tossed, his white throat and breast uncovered. She thought of dying poets, of Keats, of Shelley sinking in the waves. Young as they had been, both older than he. And his poetry was beautiful, too. She still loved his poetry. She knew it by heart. What might he not write if he could only be made well again! Was it her duty to Art? To the love she still felt for his poetry, his beauty? Ah, he had been her lover once, lying with that same head on her breast! Dear heaven, how sweet their love had been, and — how fleeting!

Eden caught her hand and held it. He said, huskily, 'I knew you'd come! You could n't refuse me that — now. Alayne, don't leave me. Stay with me — save me! You've no idea how I need you. I refused to have a nurse because I knew it was only you who could help me. It's your strength — your support . . . I can't get well without it.'

He broke into a passion of tears, and, with his eyes still wet, fell into a paroxysm of coughing.

She looked down on him, her face contorted like a child's in the effort to keep from crying. She heard herself promise in a broken voice to accompany him back to Jalna.

XIV

Eden had borne the journey well. Renny had taken a compartment for his comfort, and had shared it with him so as to be on hand to wait on him. Ernest, Finch, and Alayne had berths at the other end of the car. The four — for Eden had not been visible to the other occupants of the car — were the subjects of much conjecture. The men — tall, thin, absorbed in

themselves and their female companion — made their numerous passages from end to end of the car in complete obliviousness of the other travelers. Thus the Whiteoaks revealed their power of carrying their own atmosphere with them. With calculated reserve they raised a wall about themselves, excluding the rest of the world. In the smoking compartment not one of them exchanged more than a glance, which itself lacked any appearance of friendliness, with any other passenger.

They were met on their arrival by two motor cars. One was of English make, a very old car but still good, owned by Maurice Vaughan, Renny's brother-in-law, and driven by him. Eden was installed in it, and with him went Ernest and Renny. Watching their departure, Alayne wondered why Renny had not chosen to ride with her. She was relieved that the proximity of a long drive had not to be endured, but she felt a quick disappointment, even resentment, that he had shunned her. His mixture of coldness and fire, of calculation and restrained impulse, had always disturbed her. To be near him was to experience alternate moods of exhilaration and depression. She was glad that she was not to be in the house with him. Fiddler's Hut was near enough.

As she settled herself in the familiar shabby car of the Whiteoaks beside Finch, beheld the remembered form of Wright, the stableman, driving, she wondered what had been the force which had impelled her to this strange return. Had it indeed been the shadow of her dead love for Eden — springing desire to cherish his life for the sake of his poetry? Or was it that, knowing Renny willed it so, she had no self-denying power to resist? Or was it simply and terribly that the old house — Jalna itself — had caught her in the coil of its spell, had stretched forth its arm to draw her back into its bosom?

Finch and she said little. An understanding that made words no obligation had been born between them. He too had his moving thoughts. He was passing through the town where his school was. What a great city it had seemed to him until he had seen New York! Now it looked as though it had had a blow on the head

that had flattened it. Its streets looked incredibly narrow. The crowd, which had seemed to him once to surge, now merely loitered. They had different faces, too — less set, more good-humored. And how jolly the policemen looked in their helmets!

They came to the low white cottages of Evandale, the blacksmith's, Mrs. Brawn's tiny shop, the English church on its high, wooded knoll, the vine-covered rectory. The wind blew, high and fresh, scattering the last of the orchard blossoms. They entered the driveway of Jalna just as the occupants of the other car were alighting. Renny had Eden by the arm.

They were crowded together in the porch. The lawn seemed less spacious than Alayne had remembered it. The great evergreen trees, with their heavy, draped boughs, seemed to have drawn nearer, to be whispering together in groups, observing the return.

Rags flung wide the front door, disclosing, as in a tableau, the grandmother, supported by Nicholas and Augusta. Her face was set in a grin of joyous anticipation. She wore her purple velvet tea gown, and her largest cap, with the purple ribbons. Her shapely old hand, resting on the ebony stick, bore many rich-tinted rings. Behind her, down the hall, the sunlight, coming through the stained-glass window, cast strangely shaped bright-colored patches. Still grasping her stick, she took a step forward and extended her arms.

The arrival had been well timed for her. After a sound night's sleep, she had just arisen refreshed, her initial vitality not yet lowered by the agitations of the day.

'Ha!' she exclaimed. 'Ha! Children. All my children. . . . Kiss me quick!'

They pressed about her, almost hiding her — Ernest, Renny, Finch, Eden. Loud smacks were exchanged.

Her mind had never grasped the fact that Eden and Alayne were estranged, separated. She saw them now only as an inseparable pair who had disappeared for a long time and were now returned miraculously to her.

'Ha!' she ejaculated. 'And so you're here! At last, eh? My young couple. Bonny as ever. Lord, what a time I've had getting ready for you! What a to-do! Eh, Augusta? A to-do, eh? Alayne, my dear, you remember my daughter, Lady Bunkley?

She's failing. I notice it. This climate don't agree with her. It takes an old war horse like me to stand it. I've lived through India and I've lived through Canada. Roasting and freezing—all one to me.'

Augusta looked down her nose. She was greatly chagrined by the old lady's remarks. She said, 'It is no great wonder if I am unwell. It has been a trying time.' She directed her offended gaze toward Renny.

He did not see it. His eyes were fixed on his grandmother. He was absorbing her aspect, delighting in her. Some perversity of his nature had impelled him to write to her, asking her to oversee the furnishing of the Hut for Eden and Alayne—she was the one above all who would see to it that the Hut was made comfortable. This he wrote, knowing that she was capable only of making things difficult for his aunt. His feeling toward Augusta was not altogether dutiful, though on occasion he would be demonstratively affectionate. Augusta too often interfered with the boys. She too often sounded the note of England's superiority, of the crudity of the Colonies. He admired her, but he resented her. He admired his grandmother and resented not her most flagrant absurdities. Now her air of hilarity, of the exaltation of a superior being, moved him to tenderness toward her. He forgot for the moment his anxiety over Eden. He forgot his smouldering passion for Alayne. He was satisfied to see her sitting at his grandmother's right hand, for a while, at least, a member of his tribe. He felt the tug of those unseen cords between himself and every being in the room.

Eden's exhaustion after the journey was, for the moment, forgotten in the excitement of the home-coming. He felt the cynical bliss of the prodigal. He was at his own hearth again, he was loved, but he knew he was unchanged. He smiled mockingly at Alayne across the purple velvet expanse of Grandmother's lap, across the glitter of her rings. He felt an exquisite relief in the knowledge that Alayne would be with him at Jalna, to care for him as she had done once before when he was ill. He could not have borne anyone else about him. If he were to die, it would not be quite so horrible with her beside him. . . . But he could not help that mocking smile.

'I am trapped,' Alayne thought. 'Why am I here? What does it all mean? Is there some plan, some reason in it all? Or are we just mad puppets set jiggling by the sinister hand of a magician? Is the hand this old woman's? Not hard to think of her as Fate. . . . Is Eden going to die? And if he does—what? Why am I here? If I can nurse him back to health, can I ever care for him again? Ah, no, no—I could not! What are Renny's thoughts? Why was I such a fool as to think that his presence no longer swept over me like a wave of the sea? Oh, why did I come?' Her brow contracted in pain. Old Mrs. Whiteoak's rings were hurting her hand.

'Are you glad to be home again, child?'

'Y-yes. Oh, yes.'

'And where have you been all this time?'

'In New York.'

'It's a poor place, from what I hear. Did you weary of it? Had Eden a good position?'

All the eyes in the room were on her. She hedged. 'I went away once for a change. To visit cousins in Milwaukee.'

The strong rust-colored eyebrows shot upward. 'Milwaukee! China, eh? That's a long way.'

Nicholas came to the rescue. 'Milwaukee's not in China, Mamma. It's somewhere in the States.'

'Nonsense! It's in China. Walkee-walkee—talkee-talkee! Don't you think I know pigeon English?' She grinned triumphantly, squeezing Alayne's hand.

'Walkee-walkee—talkee-talkee!' chanted Wakefield.

Nicholas put out a long arm and drew Wake to his side. 'Listen,' he said, with a finger up; 'an improving conversation.'

Grandmother said, with her dark bright eyes on the two beside her, 'What's the matter? Why have n't you got a child?'

'This is too much,' said Augusta.

Her mother retorted, 'It's not enough. Pheasant's had one. Meggie's had one. May manage another. . . . I don't like this business of not having children. My mother had eleven. I should have done as well. I started off smartly. But, look you, when we came here the doctor was so hard to get at, Philip was afraid for me. Ah, there was a man, my Philip! The back on him!

You don't see such straight backs nowadays. No children. . . . H'm. In my day, a wife would give her husband a round dozen. Hey, Renny?'

'Yes, old dear. Great days, those!'

Eden withdrew his hand from his grandmother's. There was a look of exhaustion on his face. He got to his feet; his lips were parted, his forehead drawn in a frown. 'Awfully tired,' he muttered. 'I think I'll lie down for a bit.'

'Poor lad,' said the old lady. 'Put him on the sofa in the library.'

Eden walked slowly from the room. Ernest followed him, solicitous, a little important. He covered him with a rug on the sofa.

Grandmother's eyes followed the pair with satisfaction. She then turned to Alayne. 'Don't worry, my dear, we'll soon have him well again. Then let's hope you'll —'

'Mamma,' interrupted Nicholas, 'tell Alayne about the Hut. What a time you've had, and all that.'

This was enough to distract her attention from the necessity of multiplying. She now bent her faculties to a description of the downy nest she had prepared.

Nicholas said in an undertone to Renny, 'It was appalling. The Hut could not possibly have held the furniture she insisted on sending to it. There was only one thing to do, and that was to carry the things out at one door and bring them back through another. Augusta, poor old girl, was at her wit's end.'

The master of Jalna showed his teeth in appreciation. Then, his face clouding, he asked, 'What do you think of Eden? Pretty sick boy, eh?'

'How bad is he? I could n't gather much from your letter.'

'I don't quite know. I must have Dr. Drummond see him. The New York doctor says his condition is serious. Not hopeless.'

'American doctors!' observed Nicholas with a shrug. 'Fresh air. Milk. We'll soon fill him out. . . . Gad, what a trump that girl is! Gone off in looks, though.'

'Nonsense,' denied Ernest, who had come up from behind. 'She's lovelier than ever.'

Renny offered no opinion. His eyes were on her face. He read there spiritual accept-

ance of her changed condition. A trump? No. A proud spirit subdued by passion. He sat down on the ottoman that had been occupied by Eden.

'I want to tell you,' he said, 'how happy it makes me to have you here.'

Old Mrs. Whiteoak had fallen into a doze. Fate seemed to be napping. Alayne and Renny might have been the only two in the room, each so felt the isolating power of the other's propinquity.

'I had to come. He wanted me — needed me so terribly.'

'Of course. He needs you. . . . And when — he gets better?'

'Then I shall go back.'

But the words sounded unreal to her. Though she had left her possessions in the apartment, had made preparations for only a summer's stay, the words sounded unreal. The apartment with its artistic rugs, its pretty lamps, its bits of brass and copper, seemed of less importance than the ebony stick of this sleeping old woman. Rosamund Trent seemed of no importance. This room spoke to her. Its cumbersome furniture had a message for her. Its thick walls, enclosing that subjugating atmosphere, had a significance which no other walls could have. The room might be only a trap, and she — a rabbit, perhaps — a limp, vulnerable rabbit — caught!

His tone, when he spoke again, was almost crisp. 'Well, you've come, and that's the great thing. I can't tell you what a load it takes off my mind. I believe it will mean recovery for Eden.'

She must work, she must strain for Eden's recovery. And that was right. One must obey the laws of one's order. But what a fantastic interlude in her life this summer was to be!

Augusta had gone out. Now she reappeared in the doorway and motioned them to come. They rose and went to her.

'He has fallen asleep,' said Augusta. 'Done up, poor boy. And you must be so tired, too, my dear. Should n't you like to come up to my room and tidy yourself before dinner?'

Alayne thanked her. She would be glad to change her dress and wash.

'Then,' continued Augusta, 'I shall take you to the cottage — I think we had better

drop that horrid name of Fiddler's Hut, now that you are going to live there — and show you our preparations. I suppose I should say my mother's preparations.' And she directed a reproachful look at Renny.

He returned her look truculently. 'I like the old name,' he said. 'I don't see any sense in changing it.'

'I shall certainly never call it that again.'

'Call it what you please! It's Fiddler's Hut.' He gave an angry gesture.

'Why one should cling to low names!'

'You'll be sneering at Jalna next!'

Alayne thought, 'Have I ever been away? Here they are, wrangling in exactly the same fashion. I don't see how I am to bear it. What has come over me now I am in this house? A mere movement of his arm disturbs me! In New York it was possible — here, I cannot! I cannot! Thank God, I shall be under another roof!'

A red patch of light, projected through the colored glass of the window, rested on Renny's head. His hair seemed to be on fire. He said, contemptuously, 'The cottage, eh? Better call it Rose Cottage, then, or Honeysuckle Cottage. Make it sweet while you're about it!' It was a passion with him that nothing about the place should be changed.

The front door was thrown open, and Wakefield ran in. With him came a rush of spring wind and three dogs. The two spaniels began to bark and jump about their master. The old sheep dog sniffed Alayne and wagged the clump of fur that was his tail. He remembered her.

Wakefield held out a small bunch of windflowers. 'I've brought these for you,' he said. 'You're to keep them in your room.'

Alayne clasped him to her. How adorable his little body felt! So light, so fragile, and yet how full of life! 'Thank you! Thank you!' she breathed, and he laughed as he felt the warmth of her mouth against his ear. He wrapped himself about her.

'Child,' admonished his aunt, 'don't be so rough with Alayne! She is coming to my room now. She is tired. You're dragging her down.'

Renny removed the little limpet, and Lady Buckley took Alayne by the arm.

XV

That same afternoon Renny and Wakefield descended the slope that led from the lawn into the ravine, crossed the bridge over the stream, and reascended the opposite slope, along the winding diversities of the continued path which led them, at last, to an open oak wood, the property of Maurice Vaughan. The house itself stood in a hollow, and so thick was the foliage of the surrounding trees, following a month of rains, that only the smoke from one of its chimneys, rising in a delicate blue cloud, was visible to them, though they could hear the sound of a woman's voice singing inside.

No one in the dim parlor. The sitting room, the dining room, empty. Still, the sweet, full woman's voice flooded the house. They went up the stairs. Wakefield ran along the hallway, knocked on a door, and, almost immediately, opened it.

The room discovered was splashed with sunshine coming through the swaying branches of trees. It was bright with highly glazed, gayly colored chintz. A vase holding daffodils stood on the centre table. On the table also was a silver tray bearing a teapot, a plate of scones, and a small piece of honey in the comb. Meg was enjoying one of her little lunches.

'Ha!' said Renny. 'Nibbling as usual, eh?' He bent and kissed her.

'I had no appetite for dinner,' she said, 'so I began to feel a little faint, and had this brought to me. I don't really want it. You may finish it, Wake, darling.'

'To think,' she exclaimed, 'that you have been in New York since I saw you last!' She regarded Renny as if she expected to find something exotic in him. 'What you must have seen! But before any of that, tell me about Eden. This is a great shock. Is he very ill? If he is in danger, I don't know how to bear it. Poor lamb. And he was always so well. Everything started with that wretched marriage of his. The day he first brought that girl to Jalna, I saw trouble ahead.' She screwed up her courage. 'Renny, is Eden going to —' She glanced at the child. He must not hear anything terrible.

'Well, he has a spot on one lung. He's

very thin. . . . I think he is n't quite so ill as that doctor made out. But he'll need a lot of nursing.' He thought, 'What will she say when I tell her that Alayne is here?' He continued, 'Everything depends on fresh air and good nursing.'

Meg exclaimed, 'I should be the one to nurse him! But there's Baby. I can't expose her.'

He reckoned with her indolence. 'What about this "mother's help," — whatever you call her, — could n't she look after the youngster?'

Meg moved on her chair to confront him. Her voice was reproachful. 'Trust my baby to Minny Ware! She's a featherbrain. One never knows what she will do next! Sometimes I wish I had never seen her. You know, it's going to be terribly trying for me having Pheasant here. Nothing but my love for Piers would induce me. She made up to Minny Ware at once. Already they are talking together in corners.'

A heavy step was heard in the hall. A knuckle touched the panel of the door.

Meg's smooth brow showed a pucker, but she murmured, 'Come in.'

The tap came again. 'He did n't hear you,' said Renny. 'Hello, Maurice!'

The door opened and Vaughan appeared. His graying hair was rumpled, his Norfolk jacket hung unevenly from his broad shoulders.

'Been having a nap?' asked Renny.

Maurice nodded, grinning apologetically. 'Anything private under discussion? I only came for my pipe. Left it somewhere about.' He thought, 'Why does Meggie look at me that way? A damned funny look.'

'I was just about to ask whether Miss Ware ever stops singing,' said Renny. 'A joyous sort of being to have about. I wish we could borrow her for Jalna.' He thought, 'Marriage is the devil. She's got old Maurice just where she wants him.'

Meg thought, 'Why is it that I can never have my own brother to myself? Is there no such thing as privacy when one is married?'

Vaughan had found his pipe and tobacco pouch. He filled the pipe deftly, considering that his right hand had been crippled in the War.

Meg's full blue eyes were fixed on the crippled hand, and the leather bandage worn about the wrist. It was the sight of that which had melted her heart toward him. Yet now its movement had the power to irritate her. It was abnormal, even sinister, rather than pathetic. She said, reproachfully, 'Renny says that he does not think Eden is very seriously ill. You had me so terribly frightened.' She turned to her brother. 'Maurice said Eden looked half-dead.'

'He did look pretty seedy after the journey,' agreed Renny. 'But he had a sleep and something to eat, and he's more like himself now. We've got him moved into Fiddler's Hut.' In a moment more he must tell her that Alayne had returned.

She asked eagerly, 'How did you get him there? Could he walk so far over rough ground?'

'Wright and I took him. Half carried him. . . . They've rigged it up very comfortably. You'd be surprised. Gran had a glorious time ordering everyone about, and Aunt Augusta has the hump.' No, he could not tell her yet. . . .

Another knock sounded on the door — a quick tattoo, signaling a delicate urgency. 'It's Baby,' said the singer's voice. 'She's been crying for you.'

Wakefield flung wide the door. A blonde young woman stood there, holding in her arms a plump infant.

Meg's face was smoothed into an expression of maternal adoration. Her lips parted in a smile of ineffable sweetness. She held out her arms, her breast becoming a harbor, and received the child. She pressed a long kiss on its flower-petal cheek.

At forty-two she had been made a mother by Vaughan, and he had realized his dream of becoming the father of her child. But their inner selves had not been welded together by the birth. She who had never yearned toward motherhood now became extravagantly maternal, putting him outside the pale of that tender intimacy. Sometimes he found himself with the bewildered feeling of a dog whose own door is closed against it. He loved this child as he had never loved Pheasant, who had been so lonely, so eager for love. Meg had named it Patience. 'But why?' he had exclaimed,

not liking the name at all. 'Patience is my favorite virtue,' she had replied, 'and we can call her Patty for short.'

Meg turned smiling to Minny Ware. 'Don't go,' she said, graciously. 'Sit down, please. I may want you to take Baby.'

Minny Ware had had no intention of going. The infant had not so longed for the society of its mother as she had longed for the society of men. It was ill going for her when there was a man about and she not bathed in his presence. At this moment of her life it was her hot ambition to capture the master of Jalna. But he had a wary eye on her. She almost feared that he scented her desire.

She sat with crossed knees, watching the family group about the baby. A bright blue smock, very open at the throat, showed her rather thick milk-white neck and full chest. The smock was short, and beneath it were discovered excessively pink knickers, and stockings such as only a London girl would have the courage to wear.

She had, as a matter of fact, been born, not in London, but in a remote part of England, where her father had been rector of a scattered parish. She had rarely known what it was to have two coins to rub together. When her father had died, two years after the close of the War, she and another girl had gone up to London, keen after adventure, strong and fresh as a wind from their native moor. For several years they had earned a precarious living there. They managed to preserve their virtue, and even kept their wild-rose complexions. But life was hard, and after a while they thought of London only as a place from which they longed to escape. Mercifully, the friend had a small legacy left to her, and they decided to go to Canada. A short course was taken at an agricultural college. Armed with this experience, they set out to run a poultry farm in Southern Ontario. But they had not sufficient capital to support them while they became accustomed to conditions so different. The seasons were unfavorable; the young chicks died in large numbers from a contagious disease; the turkey poulters were even more disappointing, for they succumbed to blackhead. At the end of two seasons the girls were stranded, with just enough left to pay their debts. They did

this, for they were inherently honest, and turned their thoughts again cityward.

One night Minny read an advertisement for a 'mother's help' and companion — a Mrs. Vaughan the advertiser. The place was in the country, the child an infant. She longed for the country, and she 'loved babies.' She applied for the position by letter in excellent old-country handwriting. She explained that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and had come to Canada to raise poultry. Having failed in that, she felt that nothing would be so congenial to her as a position in charge of a young child. She did not mention her experience as waitress. The fact that she had failed in an undertaking commended her to Maurice. He had always a fellow feeling for failures. Meg liked the idea of her being the daughter of a parson. Minny Ware had now been with them for five months.

As soon as there was an opportunity, the girl said in a low tone to Renny, 'New York must be great fun.'

'I suppose it is,' he returned. 'I was n't there for fun. I dare say you would like it. Do you want to go there?'

'Who does n't? But do you think they would let me across the line?'

'Not with that London accent, I'm afraid.'

She gave a rich, effortless laugh, which, having passed her lips, left her face round and solemn, like a child's. She said, 'You must teach me how to speak, so they will take me in.'

'Are you so restless, then?' His eyes swept over her, resting on the freckles that accentuated the whiteness of her rather thick nose. 'You have looks that are unusual. You've got a voice. What are you going to do with them?'

'Exploit them in the States. There's nothing to keep me here.' Her eyes, of an indeterminate color, narrow above high cheek bones, looked provocatively into his.

The frustrated torrent of his passion for Alayne turned, for a moment, toward this girl. As he realized this, he felt an intense, inexplicable irritation. He looked beyond Minny Ware to his sister.

'Alayne,' he said, 'has come back to look after Eden.' Let Meggie fly into a rage, if she would, before an outsider.

'Alayne come back!' She repeated the words, softly, curling her lip a little.

'Eden begged her to come.'

'She has not much pride, has she?'

'She's full of pride. She's too proud to care what you or anyone else thinks.'

'Even you?' Her lip curled again.

Minny Ware looked eagerly from one face to another. Could she make herself a place here?

Renny did not answer, but his eyes warned Meg to be careful.

She sat, winking very fast, as though to keep back tears or temper, her full cheek rested against her closed hand. She was, in truth, blinking before a new idea. If Alayne and Eden were reconciled, so much the better. Let Alayne provide for the poor darling. There was no use in Alayne's pretending she was poor. Americans always had plenty of money. Eden might be delicate for a long time. And if Alayne fancied that he was not going to recover—that she could capture Renny through Eden's death—she would find how mistaken she was!

In any case Renny must be protected from Alayne. There was only one way by which he could be protected. A wife. And here, at hand, was Minny Ware. Meg's perceptions, slow but penetrating, left no doubt in her mind that Alayne loved Renny—and that Renny was intensely aware of Alayne. Very different this controlled awareness from the calculated passion and abrupt endings of his affairs with other women, which Meg had sensed rather than observed—affairs which her stolid pride had made her overlook.

She absorbed the picture of Renny and Minny Ware side by side. Should she, she asked herself, be willing to see them so attached for the rest of their days? Her heart's answer was in the affirmative. Though she was ready to find fault with Minny, — for being careless, for making up too readily to Pheasant, — it was certain that Minny was the one woman she would be willing to accept as a sister. She knew already what it was to hate two women married to her brothers. From the first, Minny's lavish light-heartedness, her physical exuberance, her good temper under

correction, her willingness to be at another's beck and call, had caused Meg to look on her with favor, even approaching affection.

To understand Meg Vaughan, it must be remembered that she had led a life of extraordinary isolation. She had been educated by governesses. She had made no friends. Her brothers, her elderly uncles, her grandmother, had sufficiently filled her life. During the long years of her estrangement from Maurice, she had acquired a taste for solitude. Those long hours in her chamber — what did she do with them? Brush her long hair that showed a feather of gray above the forehead? Eat comforting little lunches? Dream, with her head supported on her short plump forearm? In winter weeks would pass in which she would not set foot out of doors, except to go to church.

Now here she was, with a husband and a baby, and a companion whom she desired to marry to her favorite brother. She was as comfortable as a plump rabbit in its burrow. She longed to secure Renny in a peace as nearly approaching hers as was possible to his turbulent nature. One's mate must not matter too much, if one was a Whiteoak. Maurice did not; Minny would not. One's children mattered terribly. Her breast rose in a heavy sweet breath when she thought of Baby.

Meg did not know what it was to be socially ambitious. How could she, since they were the most important people thereabout? She did not take into account rich manufacturers or merchants who had built imposing residences only a few miles away on the lake shore. She had not changed the position of a piece of furniture since she had come to Vaughanlands.

During the rest of Renny's stay she was sweetly, solidly acquiescent toward him. He left thinking how perfect she was.

When the two women were alone, Minny Ware exclaimed, 'Let me brew a fresh pot of tea. They spoiled your little lunch.'

'Do,' said Meggie. 'We'll have it together.'

They looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Then Minny's eyes filled with tears. She snatched up the infant and kissed it extravagantly.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Ivy Lee is adviser in public relations to the Rockefeller and other important interests. He is the author, among other volumes, of a book on Soviet Russia, and has traveled extensively abroad. **Sir John Campbell** served many years in the Indian Civil Service, from which he retired in 1927. He is now the representative of India on the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations. **Julius Rosenwald** is Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck, and Company. He has not only given generously from wide resources, but has interested himself in a variety of causes, especially in negro welfare and educational work and in Jewish charities and colonization. He is a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and of the University of Chicago, and identified with many other public institutions. Δ Familiar to *Atlantic* readers is **Archer B. Gilfillan**, who passed from a theological school to the pastorate, not of a human charge, but of a literal flock of sheep. **Merle Colby**, born in Wisconsin, studied at Harvard and is now manager of one of the oldest bookstores in Boston. **Eileen Shanahan** is a singer of Erin whose work we are glad to welcome to the *Atlantic*.

The debate between **Edward A. Filene** and his brother, **A. Lincoln Filene**, is, so far as the *Atlantic* knows, unpremeditated. Each paper was sent us separately and on a different occasion, but so significantly do they argue the merits of the force that is shaping our modern world that it would have been a loss not to print them together. Both men are identified with William Filene's Sons Company, prominent merchants of Boston, and both are known for their broader efforts to advance industrial and social organization. **Lee Simonson** is the gifted scenic director of the Theatre Guild in New York. He has been responsible for the setting of such diverse plays as *Liliom*, *Back to Methuselah*, and *Marco Millions*, to name but a few among many.

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His paper will eventually form part of the 'Book of the Theatre Guild,' to be published in commemoration of the first decade of the society. Δ To **Eleanor Risley** adventures would flow whether she found herself on the mountain top or in the valley. **George Edward Hoffman** is a teacher at the University of Alabama. He writes to the *Atlantic*: 'I shall treasure your remark that my verses are "imbued with an understanding of the negro," since I am Yankee born and raised, and no Northerner ever understands the negro, according to the Alabama way of thinking. To me they are an absorbingly interesting people, and have been since I was a child.' **Edith Hamilton**, former Headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, offers a cure for disillusion. **Arthur Train** is the New York lawyer whose stories of crime and courts include the famous 'Mr. Tutt' series.

George P. Auld, former Accountant General of the Reparation Commission, writes with authority. **Paul T. Homan**, who teaches economics in Cornell University, finds 'no light, but rather darkness visible' in the tariff situation. **Kenneth Scott Latourette** is Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale.

For those who may have missed an installment of *Mazo de la Roche's* sequel to *Jalna*, we print a brief synopsis:—

The story up to this point is concerned with the struggles of young Finch Whiteoak to pass his examinations for college, and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings. After a violent scene with his family, headed by his eldest brother Renny, he runs away from home, and arrives in New York. He seeks out his sister-in-law, Alayne, who is working there, having left her husband, Eden, on account of the latter's unfaithfulness. Alayne helps Finch, and finds a job for him; but when the family at *Jalna* learn of the boy's whereabouts his uncle Ernest is dispatched to persuade him to return home.

In our next visit abroad, we shall not dare to look at Notre-Dame de Paris or Westminster Abbey for fear of instantly discovering that they are shameless frauds.

CONCORD, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was both impressed and enlightened by Mr. Mather's method of detecting artistic forgeries as set forth in his article, 'Art and Authenticity,' in your March number, and at once applied it to the impressions brought home from a recent trip to Europe, with startling results.

According to Mr. Mather (I condense, but not, I think, with any sacrifice of accuracy): —

'The masterpiece never has overtly prima-donna manners; it does not "knock you out," but keeps a certain aloofness, waiting in dignity upon your understanding. No authentic masterpiece has the kick, the exciting quality, the insistent charm, characteristic of the successful forgery. The forgery is aggressively effective, completely engrossing, demands to be accepted instant for itself alone, does not consent to be compared with anything else, fills one's entire aesthetic horizon.'

Applying this test to our party's reactions before certain so-called masterpieces, we were able to nail as probable forgeries: —

The 'Hermes,' at Olympia, attributed to Praxiteles.

'The Night-Watch,' at Amsterdam, attributed to Rembrandt.

'Girl Reading a Letter,' at Dresden, attributed to Vermeer.

'Las Meninas,' at Madrid, attributed to Velasquez.

'The Burial of . . .' (I forget who), an altarpiece at Toledo, attributed to El Greco.

'Descent from the Cross,' at Antwerp, attributed to Quentin Matsys. (Rubens's 'Descent,' as I remember, stood up nobly under the test.)

'Crucifixion,' at San Marco in Florence, attributed to Fra Angelico — a most convincing example of the insistent charm characteristic of the successful forgery.

'Laughing Cavalier,' Wallace Collection, London, attributed to Franz Hals.

The so-called Byzantine Mosaics at Ravenna.

The third on the list, the 'Girl Reading a Letter,' is a remarkable example of the 'knock-out' theory, since a good deal of a certain sort of dexterity must have been required to impart a thrill by such simple means — a small picture of a not particularly prepossessing young woman reading an apparently commonplace letter in not particularly interesting surroundings. This picture is also of interest as being of the 'handy size' commonly affected by producers of and dealers in forgeries.

The fifth, the altarpiece at Toledo, is interesting as possessing the 'prima donna,' 'knock-out' quality to a superlative degree, a quality conspicuous by its absence in El Greco's genuine works, which may emphatically be said to 'wait upon one's understanding in dignified aloofness.'

I feel that in thus fearlessly applying this simple touchstone provided by Mr. Mather I am doing a great service to the vast army of purposeful American tourists, since their time is usually limited and many of these so-called masterpieces are off the beaten track, the 'Hermes' most inconveniently so.

M. A. A.

Mr. Calkins's paper, 'Virgin Territory for Motor Cars,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, has met with the recognition which seems always to attend his imaginative grasp of practical problems. But there were dissenters!

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I could not believe at first that Mr. Calkins was serious in his article in the March *Atlantic*. What a perfectly horrible idea to urge more roads and more automobiles! Life would then be utterly intolerable. There is no hope of teaching tourists good manners (I was born in California) and there must be some inaccessible places of beauty left for that true appreciation which comes only with effort in reaching them.

Sincerely yours,

ROMAINE L. POINDEXTER

Readers who have stood by the *Atlantic* for several years past will remember some earlier papers of Mr. Calkins which were later gathered into a book entitled *Louder Please! The Autobiography of a Deaf Man*. Mr. Calkins recently received an appreciative letter from which we quote the following paragraphs.

DEAR MR. CALKINS: —

Your delightful book, *Louder Please!* came to me late yesterday afternoon for the first time. Taking it up at bedtime, the next thing I know is that the telephone is ringing; it is 7.30 A.M., time to get up and face another day! But in the several hours' interval I have read your book, and made it mine! What a wealth of reminiscence is yours, so delightfully and so adequately told. Of your boyhood, the scant mention you make of places nevertheless brought back to memory the several jaunts that I have taken through the

State of Illinois. In my various wanderings to and fro on the earth, several times have I been in Galesburg, know Knox College, and often marveled at the number of Knox graduates who have come out and on and up in the world — perhaps in proportion to the number of students a larger number than many of the older and more famous institutions can show. Is it that the somewhat repellent face of the earth in that section — somehow I have always seen it in the late spring — leads a man to rely more upon the inner than the outer surfaces of life?

And of course I knew John Phillips and Colonel S. S. McClure. My first contact with Colonel McClure was in my husband's office, in the old New York Sun Building, when he was syndicating Rudyard Kipling's work in leading American newspapers. Having known the Kipling family in India (and maintained a friendship with Alice Kipling, later Mrs. Fleming, that has lasted through many changes and chances of life for both of us), Colonel McClure asked me to write an article, and he used that as a sort of poem, or preface, to the syndicated Kipling stories.

Your mention of the breakfast food Force makes me want to ask if you recall Ralph Tilton, who had something or other (I don't quite recollect what) to do with that. A curious happening was that one afternoon, quite by accident, I introduced Ralph and Henry Ward Beecher II to each other. After my husband's death I made my home with the Beechers, and, although there is no kinship, either by blood or by marriage, we adopted each other as uncle and aunt and niece. Quite a friendship struck up between Harry Beecher (grandson of the famous preacher) and Ralph Tilton, son of Theodore, which was ended only with Ralph's sudden and tragic death.

On page 170, your mention of 'Polly' Chase and the Pink Pajama Girl takes me back to those days when I was running a fashion syndicate and she was one of my models. I had known her mother in Washington; and she asked me to use any influence I might have in Pauline's favor. Others in that same association were Elsie Ferguson; the present Mary Pickford (then Gladys Smith, and with her whole family appearing as extras in Frances Starr's play, *The Rose of the Rancho*, antedating by several years the acknowledged extra work in *The Warrens of Virginia*); her mother as a dresser; Mabel Normand, who was really the one responsible for that group going into pictures; the Gish girls and their mother, who likewise assisted as a dresser on occasion; the now Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and her sister; rarely Norma Talmadge; and many others who held their place in the public eye for a space. It was in a subsidized effort to promote pajamas for women that Pauline came to wear a pink pair

around the studio; and when Charles Dillingham — 'I knew him when' he was the dramatic critic of the old *Evening Sun* — put on *The Liberty Belles* at the little old Madison Square Theatre on 24th Street I had him drop in at the studio to see Pauline wear the pajamas and to select the dishabille costumes (delightful paradox!) for that play.

But this must come to an end. All sorts of delightful reminiscences came to mind in reading your book; and, being almost entirely of the forward-looking folk, it has been many, many years since such a Niagara of the past presented itself.

Admiringly yours,

VALERIE YORKE BELL

Comments on Mr. Traquair's thesis that men in America are not (at present) having a fair chance to live and enjoy themselves seem to have come solely from feminine readers.

CROOKSTON, MINNESOTA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Do men to-day in America have a better opportunity for the full, rich development of their lives than women?' asks the author of 'The Regiment of Women' in the *March Atlantic*. Then he undertakes to show that the situation is rather the reverse.

Such a novel point of view is refreshing and humorous, but if one were to take everything that Mr. Traquair says seriously, the only solution to his problem would be some scheme like that of King Ferdinand of Navarre, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* — to renounce the pleasures of society, to attend sedulously to the culture of the mind, and to separate one's self entirely from the company of females. If women are no fit teachers for boys, and if college men are distracted in a mixed class, and, finally, if women are the cause of the materialism of this age, the only thing for man to do is to seek some secluded place where, unmolested, he may develop his superior creative imagination and abstract thought.

Mr. Traquair claims that from past experience it can be shown that creative imagination and abstract thought are manly qualities, while organization and administration are womanly ones, and hence, in this woman-made world, materialism reigns.

That theories must have a scientific basis before we can believe in them is one of the less deplorable features of our materialistic age. Mr. Traquair's theory does not have a scientific basis. The best psychologists do not support him in ascribing different character traits to the sexes. Alfred Adler, for example, says that there is no

foundation for the differentiation of 'manly' and 'womanly' character traits. The old idea that man is more highly sexed than woman is as obsolete as the notion that woman is by nature purer than man. Politics have not been cleaned up since woman entered them; did Mr. Traquair really expect them to be? Is man more passionate than woman, or does he just *behave* that way, just as woman has been purer because purity has been expected of her?

Nor does his theory have an historic basis, even though he says that it does. If Mr. Traquair has among his acquaintances a woman with three or four small children, he probably knows that she, at least, has little chance for developing creative talent along artistic lines. And then, if he should recognize the fact that marriage has been considered the only respectable occupation for woman, he could hardly point to history as the source of his conclusion that woman is doomed to mediocrity by a natural inferiority. (Certainly administration and organization are mediocre as compared to creative genius!) Woman's place has been in the home, and, while many splendid things can be said for the home, a life confined to its narrow limits is hardly stimulating to expression. Universities have been open to women for only fifty years. How well qualified is an uneducated woman, whose place is and always has been in the home, to express Life? She might write fantasies, but even imagination necessitates a certain breadth of experience.

I have heard the materialism of our decadent age attributed to various causes, but never before have I heard woman blamed for modern man's craze for money making. If woman had really been behind this overvaluation of money, then man has shown himself a most docile pupil. He has been surprisingly amiable in sublimating his creative genius for the sake of woman's mercenary ambitions. Think of the Rhapsodies that Rockefeller might have composed, had not some organizing and administrating woman trained all his intellectual tastes out of him!

GENEVIEVE LORING

Who can doubt the utility of the cowboy's costume when even a President has worn it?

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having had some experience in sheep herding, I read with a great deal of interest the articles on sheep tending by Archer B. Gilfillan in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

And then I turned to the Contributors' Column and was dismayed to read the following statement from Mr. Gilfillan's pen: —

'In this age of debunking, the one person that needs debunking most of all is the cowboy — that is, if you can debunk someone who has ceased to exist.'

I have herded sheep and stand ready to support the authenticity of Mr. Gilfillan's observations of their habits and conduct, and of the descriptions he so graphically drew of the sheep herder's lot. But I have also herded cattle, and have been a cowboy, — high-heeled boots, leather chaps, spurs, and all, — and I, at least, have not ceased to exist.

The cowboy to-day is more numerous by far than the sheep herder. True, the open, fenceless range is gone forever, and gone, too, the trail herds and the great round-ups. But the cattle still roam millions of acres of forest and plain, tended by legions of hard-riding, hard-working cowboys.

The cowboy still rides his bucking horses, for horses must be broken, and nearly every colt will buck when first ridden. He still is expert with rope and branding iron.

Mr. Gilfillan states further: 'There is a traditional dislike between the sheep herder and the cowboy, and there is abundant reason for it. The cowboy has been romanticized and all but translated. The herder has been correspondingly vilified, and with just as little reason.'

The dislike existing between the men of the two occupations had its origin in the old lawless days when sheep first encroached on the land the cattleman believed was his by right of conquest. The sheep tramped out the cowman's water holes and ate the grass down so short that the cattle could not reach it. The cowboy immediately retaliated by slaughtering the sheepman's flocks, killing his herders and burning his wagons — instituting a reign of terror in an effort to drive the woolies from his pastures.

The result was a deep and bitter hatred that exists to this day, and which even now sometimes bursts forth in open warfare.

The moving picture and storybook cowboy seems to have no work to do, but spends his employer's time riding madly in pursuit of bandits and heroine kidnappers, or in shooting out all the arc lights in Main Street.

When he is not engaged in either of these thrilling pastimes, he is playing cards for unbelievably large stakes, and shooting the villain who slipped in an extra ace.

This romanticized type of cowboy does not, and never did, exist. The real cowboy, as he exists to-day in several of our Western states, is one of the hardest-working individuals in the world.

His costume is picturesque, but each article of his clothing is a necessary part of his equipment. His chaps prevent the brush and mesquite from tearing the trousers from his legs; the high heels

prevent his foot from slipping through the stirrup; his spurs are to make his horse behave; the wide brim of his hat protects his face from the sun and wind, and the crown is very high in order to afford an air pocket above the hair, giving a coolness not known to those who wear low-crowned hats. The neck scarf, not worn now as much as in earlier times, is warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and may be pulled up over the nose and mouth to protect the lungs from dust stirred up by trampling herds.

Not one article of the cowboy's equipment is worn as a decoration, or for vanity's sake. Each part of his clothing is as necessary to him in his occupation as are hammers, saws, and chisels to the carpenter. That the cowboy's particular brand of equipment happens to be picturesque and appealing is no fault of his own.

In reality the cowboy's life is hard, monotonous, and unremunerative, disagreeable and, at times, exceedingly dangerous. Ten to fourteen hours a day in the saddle, in all sorts of weather; three changes of horses a day (for the animals tire out, but the cowboy is not supposed to); hastily eaten meals of coarse food, and a bed on the ground, which may or may not be dry.

The cowboy will continue to exist in large numbers just as long as the West is blessed — or cursed — with millions of acres of land unfit for cultivation, or for anything else except pasturing the herds of cattle that help feed the world.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY RUBINCAM, JR.

'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' We knew Dr. Sullivan's standing, and judged ourselves of the merits of his paper, but we were not informed of the course of his life.

BILLINGS, MONTANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the March number of the *Atlantic* appears an article entitled 'Our Spiritual Destitution,' by William L. Sullivan. The writer places his finger upon the pulse of fevered America, and diagnoses the disease with the skill of a great physician. One feels like shouting for joy at the Jovian thrusts hurled at the professorial Messiahs who provide new religions overnight. More than one part of their anatomies must have tingled at the sound spanking administered.

But I have a complaint, not of the writer, but of you. I turned with eagerness to the Contributors' Column to learn something more of this modern prophet with the passion of an Isaiah and the bluntness of John the Baptist, and you supply the following information: 'William L. Sullivan, protesting against the ease with which new

religions are summoned from the vasty deep by the academicians, reminds us of Hotspur's rejoinder to Glendower.' Now I maintain that this is not scholarly self-restraint on your part. It is an impertinent reticence. Wantonly to tantalize as you do in this instance is not fair. Certainly it is legitimate for your readers to desire a few biographical details. Even the New Testament with its impressive reticences at least supplies the information that a certain prophet of that day 'had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.' I am not asking what breakfast food our modern prophet favors, nor am I curious as to his habiliments even in this day of changing fashions, but I do confess to a curiosity as to his mental diet and by the banks of what Jordan his habitat is to be found.

DOUGLAS MATTHEWS

Mr. Sullivan is himself reticent, as a prophet should be; but there is no mistaking the prophetic note in the letter he writes us.

MT. GRETN, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR EDITOR, —

You are kind indeed in wishing to know a detail or two concerning me, and I thank you and the readers of the *Atlantic* who have shown this generous interest. There is little, however, to tell. I can indeed hardly imagine a more meagre subject for biography. I am a Christian minister; for the present retired, not through age or other infirmity, but simply seeking in a wooded solitude in Pennsylvania an opportunity to pursue studies upon which the roaring life of cities has closed and banged the door these many years.

There's the whole thing, and for outer incident what could be less? But while I am about it, let me pass from outer incident to inner conviction. I feel that the extinction of the primary trust of the human soul in an eternal Perfection, an extinction preposterously asserted in the name of science, and preposterously compensated by a comfortable earthly paradise populated by the doomed, means the senility of civilization, the ruin of genius, and the decay of character. And with these sharp words, which may, perhaps, reveal more of your contributor than any amount of inconsequential detail, I end my answer to your inquiry.

My response, however, to the unknown friends who have asked for a word about me must have a different end. Through you they have brought into this lonely and quiet cottage the sense of presences warm and friendly and fragrant. I am deeply touched by it and very grateful.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN

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A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

The Intimate Journal of George Sand.
 Edited and translated by Marie Jenney
 Howe. New York: John Day Co. 1929. 8vo.
 x+198 pp. \$3.50.

LAST year, literary France celebrated the 'Centenary of Romanticism.' Books and articles, lectures and exhibitions, have invited the public to look back to the generations of *Hernani* and the *Nuits*. Unpublished memoirs and correspondence have been brought to light. Among them, *The Intimate Journal of George Sand* is a valuable contribution which enables the reader to penetrate more deeply into the soul of a woman who was in many respects the living symbol of what French Romanticism stands for.

Assuredly, coming after the scholarly and exhaustive works of W. Karénine, Vincent, Maurras, and several others, also after the publication of the *Correspondance de Musset et de G. Sand* by Decori and other collections of letters, the *Journal* offers no startling revelations: in its essential features we knew the picture of George Sand it affords. However, no other single book evokes her soul and her character in a more condensed and more striking manner. These pages unfold episode after episode of that stormy, cynical, moving, contradictory, but always sincere existence, from the days when George was carried away by her passion for Musset until the years when, 'very old, gently traversing her sixty-fifth year,' the 'good lady of Nohant' waited, with a heart full of peace, the hour of her final rest.

The first pages of the *Journal* (1834-1835) are in the same style as many letters published by Decori: passionate, burning, disorderly, full of such a lyricism that Musset will use certain lines in the *Nuits*. Outbursts of love, appeals to God, humble supplications of a forsaken *amoureuse*, reproach, jealousy, desire, regrets — everything pours forth in volcanic torrents in the purest vein of the times.

After 1837, the *Journal* takes a new form: 'Daily Conversations with the very learned and skilled Dr. Piffuel,' which is only the name given to George Sand by herself, by Liszt and other friends. Charming sketches here and there: 'Franz's [Liszt's] piano is in a room on the ground floor under mine. My window, before which the lindens are swaying, is just above his window. . . . I love those broken phrases which he flings from the piano, and which rest with one foot in the air, dancing off into space like little lame elves.' At other times she discusses education, the influence of great writers, happiness, and love, over and over again. New personages appear: Adam Mickiewicz, the visionary leader,

Heinrich Heine, who 'can say diabolically clever things,' Pauline Viardot the singer, and many other friends. Friends only: no enemies are ever discussed in these 'intimate' recollections.

The closing fragments of the *Journal* have a real beauty: George Sand is growing old in years; she knows the curtain will fall before long, and she looks life straight in the face, with serenity, confidence, and, despite all storms and whirlwinds, with gratitude. 'Spring means fever, autumn means repose. Late autumn leads slowly to mistiness and sleep. . . . Now I am very old . . . [but] stronger and more active than I was in youth. I can walk farther. I can stay awake longer. My body has remained as supple as a glove.'

George Sand probably 'sinned' beyond the limits generally allowed to the average mortal. '*Paix et pardon* (Peace and forgiveness),' she said, when she finished sorting and collecting her correspondence with Musset. If we want to judge her once more, can we do it any better than she did herself in a letter to a friend: 'To anyone who observes my life superficially, I must seem either a fool or a hypocrite. But whoever looks below the surface must see me as I really am, — very impressionable, carried away by my love of beauty, hungry for truth, faulty in judgment, often absurd and always sincere.'

ANDRÉ MORIZE

Swinburne, by Samuel C. Chew. Boston:
 Little, Brown & Co. 1929. 4to. viii+335 pp.
 Illus. \$3.50.

SUCH an admirable example of creative scholarship as Professor Chew's study of Swinburne affords ample scope for 'the noble pleasure of praising.' Though completed more than a decade ago, the book was deliberately set aside to await the long-deferred publication of the definitive Bonchursh Edition of Swinburne's Works. This latter having recently appeared in twenty magnificent volumes, lasting monuments to the patient, indefatigable scholarship of the late Sir Edmund Gosse and his colleague, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Professor Chew's book now appropriately follows.

Obviously, Mr. Chew is obliged to reiterate much that has already been adequately dealt with in previous critical biographies of the poet. This is inevitable. But, while incorporating the best work of his predecessors, at every step he adds new material of his own gleaming, with the result that this study is the most thorough and complete that has yet appeared. Mindful, no doubt, of the disproportionate emphasis placed by many writers upon certain unpleasant aspects



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

of the poet's life, Mr. Chew has elected to give this relatively negative phase of his subject as little attention as its importance merits, properly preferring to confine his discussion to a study of the peculiar intellectual influences which quickened the strange genius of Swinburne, rather than to perpetuate or enlarge upon the already abundant store of sensational and scandalous anecdotes connected with the poet's pre-Putney days. These, albeit often highly diverting, have no place in a serious critical estimate of Swinburne's work.

One of the many gratifying innovations introduced in this book is Mr. Chew's just vindication of the much abused Theodore Watts-Dunton. Two years after that gentleman's death, Mr. E. V. Lucas, in an article entitled 'A Visit to "The Pines,"' set the fashion of indulging in a generally malicious species of alleged witticism at the expense of Swinburne's most faithful friend. However ridiculous the author of *Aylwin* may have been, and it must be confessed that he was in several respects undeniably absurd, yet, as Mr. Chew points out, 'the man who won the confidence of Tennyson, upon whom Rossetti came to rely, who was the close friend of so self-contained a person as William Morris, and who became the "best and dearest friend" of Swinburne, is not thus lightly to be put aside. . . . It is as the friend of poets that he will be remembered.'

The final impression of the book is one of unqualified respect for the impressive wealth of material, and of gratified admiration for the perspicacious and fair-minded manner in which it is presented. Altogether, Professor Chew's notable study of the last of the great Victorian poets indisputably takes first place among the many critical estimates of his work. It is indeed a fitting companion to the monumental Bonchurch Edition.

EDWARD B. HALL

Action, by C. E. Montague. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. 12mo. 289 pp. \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH his earliest book was published in 1910, it was only in the last few years of his life that C. E. Montague became a figure of considerable literary importance. Though not exactly of Fleet Street, he belonged nevertheless to that journalistic company which wrote with both hands. H. W. Massingham passed before him; Nevins, Tomlinson, and James Bone still survive. It could be said of him that his look was one 'of lifelong converse with astringent winds and cheerful suns.' He was, above all things, a man of action; and his writing, from the bitterest lines to the starry passages of which he was so poetically capable, is full of the fiery particles that accentuate what we recognize as style. Through long editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*, he disciplined, over the initials C. E. M., the fluency which has made him a story-teller

quite the equal of John Buchan. Out of the war in which he served, he brought to his desk a colossus of material and the power and vision to write, in *Disenchantment*, a memorable war book and two volumes of tales.

Action, published posthumously, is the second of these, and, while it contains apparent defects, it has, nevertheless, none of the imperfectly transmuted ideas we are finding now in the last Montague fragments appearing in current periodicals. In portions it is a fine book; and since its chapters are not interrelated, it may be picked up for a story like 'Judith' and laid down again with a feeling that satisfaction has been given. Montague was a writer by instinct, not by avocation. He felt words as we feel a wound. What he dared in life (he was an Alpinist and held the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving a life from drowning) he dared again in a fine, muscular prose.

In this book the title story turns on the glacial fields of the Alps; others again involve the war; and still others, like 'Man Afraid,' are not stories at all, but Borrovian interludes full of a queer, salty humor. This is not Montague's best work. He was too exultant, somehow, to let his pulse down to the cooler ways of majestic writing. He did it perhaps once in *Disenchantment*. You did not expect him to do it again. But he could always write, as witness now fresh evidence.

DAVID MCCORD

John Jacob Astor, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1929. 8vo. 296 pp. Illus. \$3.50.

MR. SMITH, having written of Cornelius Vanderbilt, now turns to John Jacob Astor, who was less spectacular as a person but infinitely more colorful as an American. Both men built great fortunes out of the spate brought down in the spring turbulence of the country; of the two, Astor did so with less exploitation of national misfortune. He was a trader, a merchant, a banker, and a dealer in real estate, but never a speculator or a promoter. His peasant virtues of geniality, humor, and industrious thrift carried with them a peasant meanness that became rapacity, and his real-estate holdings multiplied through his miserly handling of mortgages. But, though willing to ruin an individual whose notes he held, — which is, after all, good business ethics, — he never watered stocks for the wholesale drowning of the public. He was incapable of manipulating his corporations for speculative purposes or of wrecking a business to shear the lambs.

He is commonly thought of to-day as 'the landlord of New York,' the man who, more than all others, understood the potentialities of Manhattan real estate and backed his judgment. The basis of his fortune, however, the source of the money that enabled him to buy real estate, was the fur trade. He was the greatest figure that the trade produced, and his association with it is his

2

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only importance in American history. Mr. Smith, therefore, wisely devotes the greater part of his book to an account of Astor's interests in the beaver trade and in the China trade with which he buttressed it.

The account is straightforward, comprehensive, objective, and circumstantial. There is here no attempt at psychological biography — few subjects were ever less fitted to it than Astor. Mr. Smith treads expertly the intricate mazes of the fur trade. He makes no original researches, and probably, for Astor, few are called for. His judgments are always acute, and nearly always in accord with the best available evidence. He explains Astor's ambiguous faith in Canadian employees on the basis of an alien's dislike of American individuality and an instinct to keep the friendship of those with whom he was competing. He decides that the failure of Astoria was due, ultimately, to Astor's inability to comprehend the full possibilities of American expansion, his failure to see that national interests were his interests and national prosperity must necessarily make him prosperous. That is true, and Mr. Smith's assertion that Cornelius Vanderbilt might have forced the venture through to success by main strength is suggestive. But more forces were at work in the failure of Astoria than have ever been adequately charted. It will be impossible to speak authoritatively about this and other ventures in the trade till much available material has been threshed out, and till material not now available, but locked in the state departments of at least four foreign nations, has been made public. Astor shared a national frustration — in the secret opposition of nations that were looking desirously at Oregon and the California coast.

Mr. Smith does not gloss over the methods of the American Fur Company in its dealing with rivals, though one might ask for authentic evidence that anyone ever induced the Blackfeet to assault a caravan. Simply, the Blackfeet did not need inducing: Mr. Smith will find the true story of the raid on Fitzpatrick in Bonner's *Life of Jim Beckwourth*. His handling of the murderous competition for beaver is otherwise accurate and throughout realistic. He calls the American Fur Company the first trust, which is good perception, and is at his best in exploring the interrelations between it and the Canton trade. His account of this far-flung venture, a world commerce based on the pelts of beaver, is historical writing of the first class.

The book is not an essay in psychography, and has no other distinction, perhaps, than its honest portrayal of a sturdy peasant's rise to fortune through the progress of his country. That, surely, is enough: Astor's interests were intricately woven with America and his life becomes fascinating because of the rich fabric it was part of. Mr. Smith's biography will take its place as a permanently usable addition to our knowledge of our past.

BERNARD DeVOTO

The Nature of the Physical World, by A. S. Eddington. New York: Macmillan Co. 1928. 8vo. 361 pp. \$3.75.

PROFESSOR EDDINGTON is a scholar of the first magnitude; his book is the product of a profound and cultured mind. The charm of its style, as a popular exposition of an abstruse topic, has never, perhaps, been equaled — and this is said with a full realization of what Thomas Henry Huxley has done in the service of Charles Darwin. The difficulty with his work goes deeper.

Professor Eddington seems to find himself in the dilemma that is typical for any tolerant and receptive mind. He finds, first of all, that the ideas of classical science are insufficient to explain many modern observations and conceptions. Then he finds that the quantum theory leads slowly but inevitably to Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy, which can be stated so: a particle may have position or it may have velocity, but it cannot in any precise sense have both.

Obviously the laboratory difficulties which the relativity theory creates are nothing compared to the chaos which this apparently inevitable dictum brings about. And so Professor Eddington goes on: 'The conditions of the exploration of the secrets of nature are such that the more we bring to light the secret of position the more the secret of velocity is hidden. They are like the old man and woman in the weather glass; as one comes out the door the other retires behind the other door. When we encounter unexpected obstacles in finding out something we wish to know, there are two possible courses to take. It may be that the right course is to treat the obstacle as a spur to further efforts; but there is a second possibility — that we have been trying to find out something which does not exist. You will remember that that was how the relativity theory accounted for the apparent concealment of our velocity through the ether. When the concealment is found to be perfectly systematic, then we must banish the corresponding entity from the physical world. There is really no option. The link with our consciousness is completely broken.'

It becomes increasingly disquieting to observe how many entities science is becoming insistent upon banishing, to the entire confusion of our physical senses. With scientific detachment Professor Eddington refuses to regard the impasse as a cause for an emotional breakdown. But I suspect him, as a human being, of being deeply distressed at the possibility that we have gone so far off the course in our intellectual interpretations of what our senses and our supposedly ingenious aids to them have been showing us.

The distress and confusion of the layman are bound to be even greater. Thermodynamics has brought itself out to the prediction of the slowing up and eventual stoppage of the entire universe; on the way it has succeeded in conferring the

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boon of electric refrigeration. Science now comes out frankly and confesses its impotence; before it did so it obliged with the means toward radio sunshine hours and cheap aluminum. Science wears two faces; not the least of the layman's confusion lies in trying to determine whether to look at the tragic or the comic masque.

Once Professor Eddington finds himself involved in a denial of strict causality, his book pretty generally deserts mathematics. He takes refuge in a sort of naïve mysticism. He tries to set up, with his own apparatus, a new epistemology. Even this he finally abandons in the realization that he will not get anywhere without an elaborate discussion of reality, causation, and consciousness in general. All the elaborate laboratory observations and data come down in his own splendid but dispiriting words to this: 'Something unknown is doing we don't know what.' And he likens this modern scientific theory to Lewis Carroll's Jabberwock. Here is but one of many places where his frustration can find an outlet only in jocosity. It is typical of his art of writing which makes his book the magnificent reading that it is. It involves him, unfortunately, in the accusation of occasionally escaping from an intellectual quagmire by the device of turning a phrase.

The lay reader will make his own deductions from this book; hoping or despairing according to the complexion of his mind, which he can no more change than the color of his eyes.

In any event, this is a book that must be read. It is impossible to imagine how anyone could write more beautiful and luminous prose upon so abstruse and obscure a topic. Professor Eddington's magnificent gift for exposition never once deserts him; his ability to draw comparisons, set analogies, create metaphors, find the perfect illustration, stays with him unflinchingly from his first page to his last. Science has come out by that same door wherein it went. No matter how unprofitable the journey, it is worth while to have made it with a guide so witty, urbane, companionable, and profound.

ERIC HODGINS

Recent Books of Essays and Ideas

ARRAYED with elegance in sombre black, to match the title, honored by every service that respectful scholarship can offer, come two volumes of Boswell's essays, *The Hypochondriack*. Name and content suggest the arresting contrast in the eighteenth century between the zeal for temperance and sanity and the number of celebrated men who were either melancholic or insane. The spleen was supposed to be distinctively English. To find Boszy inflicted with it is a grievous surprise, but that he truly suffered, and fought the malady with pluck and the best resources of his time, these essays bear witness. His description of symptoms would do credit to a modern psychoanalyst. On the whole, common

sense triumphed and the essays are cheerful reading. Taken in connection with the admirable Introduction and Notes of the editor, Dr. Margery Bailey, they are a mine of information about the period. And if Boswell cannot vie with Addison in lightness of touch, or with the *Rambler* in weight of matter, we find none the less that he was a considerable person in his own right, beside being the greatest hero-worshiper in English letters. It is agreeable to hear him discourse on Luxury and Conscience, on Thinking, on Youth and Age, no less than on the subjects the editor tells us were nearer his heart, like Marriage, Drinking, and Country Life. One cannot feel that Boswell's melancholy struck very deep.

Like all his contemporaries, he wavered between the romantic and the neoclassic mood, and Dr. Bailey diagnoses his hypochondria and that of his age as due to the hesitant restlessness of men who had lost old sanctions and not yet discovered new. Perhaps; but no such explanation accounts for the *accidia* of the Middle Ages, that vicious misery of the wretches whom Dante plunged into mud because they had been sad under the sweet sun. The diagnosis, however, would cover very well our twentieth-century form of the disease. The Middle Ages considered its *accidia* a sin; the eighteenth century apologized for its spleen. But the twentieth jauntily parades an ultimate pessimism, and exploits the situation, describing its disillusion with gusto.

Harvey Wickham in *The Impuritans* discusses contemporary authors to some of whom this attitude is not unknown — Havelock Ellis, Cabell, Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, and Mencken. With politic strategy he joins at first in the popular pursuit of slaying the slain, and treats severely those very dead Puritans who really are not bothering us much. But we soon discover that he is of the reaction beyond the reaction. An obsession with sex is queerly frequent with the disillusioned modern, and it is this obsession which Mr. Wickham attacks. He beats his authors at their own game, insisting that they are romanticists, not realists; is as witty as they, and writes with quite as little reserve on themes which the Puritans declined to mention. Too little for some tastes. One questions whether the discussion of sexual perversions, even on a biological basis, need loom quite so large, and wonders if the exposure of indecency must inevitably become tainted with what it denounces. It is not only in Mr. Wickham, of course, but in the men discussed that one wearies of the assumption that the Seventh Commandment is the only one in the Decalogue. The Puritans did not think so, though Mr. Wickham says they did; Moses thought the nine others just as important, and Jesus laid a good deal more stress on some of them. Frankly, though the opinion be unorthodox, too much harping on sex can be a bore. It is a relief when Mr. Wickham turns to poking clever and justifiable fun at



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Ulysses. He hardly does justice to Joyce's brilliant parodies of successive English styles, the best burlesque history of style ever written; but he will be savored by all readers who, if the contents of consciousness, some of them very dirty, must be emptied out in a heap, would prefer it should be into the wastebasket. And he is in general refreshingly rational in his treatment of all 'those discouraged Aryans who solve their dilemma by a plunge rather than a climb.' He comes out frankly on the side of the angels, if not of the Puritans, in his brief last chapter, 'Divinamore,' with its quotation from that extraordinary genius, Frederick William Rolfe, Baron Corvo.

This is not the only volume that suggests sanity on the defensive. Here come three books from England; they impart to us a sense of sharing in the best talk going. Inge, Chesterton, Wells — typical of three schools of thought. To live with each in turn helps the suppleness of mind that makes for good cheer; and it is reassuring to find men who regard life from such diverse angles agreeing in their healthy-minded defiance of depression and faint-heartedness. Reprints of magazine articles, these books are not of primary importance; but they show the keen vitality in current English thinking. Even the Gloomy Dean, who beams genially on his jacket, refutes his reputation. *Labels and Libels* runs cheerfully afield against his usual adversaries, the Roman Catholic Church, the Labor Party, and the 'diabolical' government of Russia. He dislikes a remarkable number of things; but a good hearty dislike can be very enjoyable, and there is nothing elegiac in his thinking. He has borrowed a leaf from Mr. Wells, and amused himself with prognostications. Some are dismal, but not all. It is his candid conviction that 'the Northern nations and the Protestant religion have not yet found themselves, and have a future greater than their past.' 'Personally,' says he, 'I rest my hopes on a new Reformation on Erastian lines.' Of course it is easy to say, anent this enthusiasm for Protestantism, that the Dean, who starts out with denouncing partisanship, is a dyed-in-the-wool partisan himself; but he has his surprises for us. Hating radicalism and all its works, he is yet not so far from the radical Kingdom of Heaven. We find him remarking that social equality is a Christian ideal, and, however doleful he may be about democracy, saying that 'Christianity as a form of society is on its side.' He drops challenging ideas, that Hope was a virtue unknown to classic antiquity, that the Roman Church would have happened just the same if Jesus had not lived. He is always good-humored under criticism; one cannot help liking Dean Inge. The last two essays are autobiographical, and especially welcome as he states his wish that no formal biography be ever written.

G. K. C. even at his most casual is a pleasing companion. A glance at the table of contents of

Generally Speaking shows refreshing variety. From grave to gay, from lively to severe, he rambles, now protesting against the despairs of Buddhism, now against the speed of the movies; talking with zest now of detective novels, now of that forgotten classic, *Helen's Babies*. Epigrams and paradoxes explode round him as he moves, ceaseless minute sparkles and surprises, while we hold our breath with joy and our minds give little jumps. Some readers may be bored, as by a surfeit of firecrackers on the Fourth. But there is always an idea, there is usually a conviction, behind each small explosion. Real constructive thinking, obstinate defense of fine traditions, are always to be found in Chesterton; like Mr. Wickham, he shows that good people with correct views can be just as clever as naughty people with sex obsessions.

Only England could have produced these three men. Wells is not the least English, despite his inveterately cosmopolitan mind. He is also the most modern of the three. But will he always stay modern? *The Way the World Is Going*, articles written for the *New York Times* in 1926, dates already; readers indignant at the suppression of his article on Sacco and Vanzetti will be glad to find it here. In essentials, Wells's mind has not moved. Even without his kind signpost in the preface, the average reader would realize that the most serious contribution of the book was in the article 'Democracy under Revision,' a lecture delivered at the Sorbonne. Mr. Wells gave the occasion of his best. Not one of these men professes toward democracy the orthodox faith — the fact may well give Mr. Hoover's followers to think. Wells is the most hopeful of them; his title gives his clue. He has never put better or more succinctly the need on which he has long been harping, for synthetic sequence to the long individualistic phase. His great grief is the indifferentism of the mass, who clamor for self-government when deprived of it, but won't practise it when they get it. In contrast, the devotion of Fascists and Bolsheviks shines bright. Wells has a desirable power of recognizing good in systems he disapproves; all the more pity that he indulges in ill-natured pages about Shaw. Shaw not a thinker? It is too bad that *The Intelligent Woman's Guide* came out too soon to be grouped with this trio.

Finally we reach a book of graver significance than any yet mentioned: Stuart Chase's *Men and Machines*. Here are no occasional essays, but a volume that bears the stamp of long and keen investigation and of balanced thought. It is well that so searching a book could be so excellently written. Mr. Chase does not pepper us with paradoxes like Chesterton, but he is capable of neat epigram and fine phrasing, and the ordinary flow of his prose is eminently readable. His style can even stand the weight of statistical tables without sinking into the gulf of dullness. The book achieves the rare triumph of remaining literature in spite

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of conveying a lot of valuable information. It tackles our deepest reason for discouragement and melancholy — that endlessly discussed mechanization of the age, which the intelligentsia is so ready to survey with annoyed revolt. And at first we resign ourselves to the old arraignment, for the book begins with summarizing protests against the machine from Butler down. But presently comes relief; for Mr. Chase's impartial sweep of vision perceives all that is good in the machine age, and this not only or chiefly in regard to the multiplication of bathtubs and electrical appliances. We learn more than ever before about the human reactions of machine labor. Ground is given for hope that the worst is past; that mechanical development holds, in its future, diminution of the number of Robots, and increased incentive to individual expression in industry; that the personality of the plain man may have a better chance than is given it now. The book must be read, to find for what fresh, interesting, and solid reasons, based on careful investigation, these unfamiliar theses are maintained. Not that optimism is unbroken; the final note is one of anxious warning. Presented with some possible developments, the mind shudders aghast. But things are not 'in the saddle' yet, and man may dominate them if he chooses.

By and large, one rises from perusal of this crop of the season's books reassured against the invasion of the dark powers. While the swift play of minds continues to be as exhilarating and varied as in these volumes, we should be ungrateful and sullen creatures if we indulged in chronic low spirits about the civilization that produced them.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

The Hypochondriack, by James Boswell.

Edited by Margery Bailey. Stanford University Press. 2 vols. \$15.00.

The Impuritans, by Harvey Wickham.

New York: Dial Press. \$3.50.

Labels and Libels, by Dean W. R. Inge.

New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

Generally Speaking, by G. K. Chesterton.

New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

The Way the World Is Going, by H. G. Wells.

New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50.

Men and Machines, by Stuart Chase.

New York: Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

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